The Saturday Evening
POST
October 10, 1959 — 15¢

OCT 6 '59

My Father F.D.R.

By JAMES ROOSEVELT

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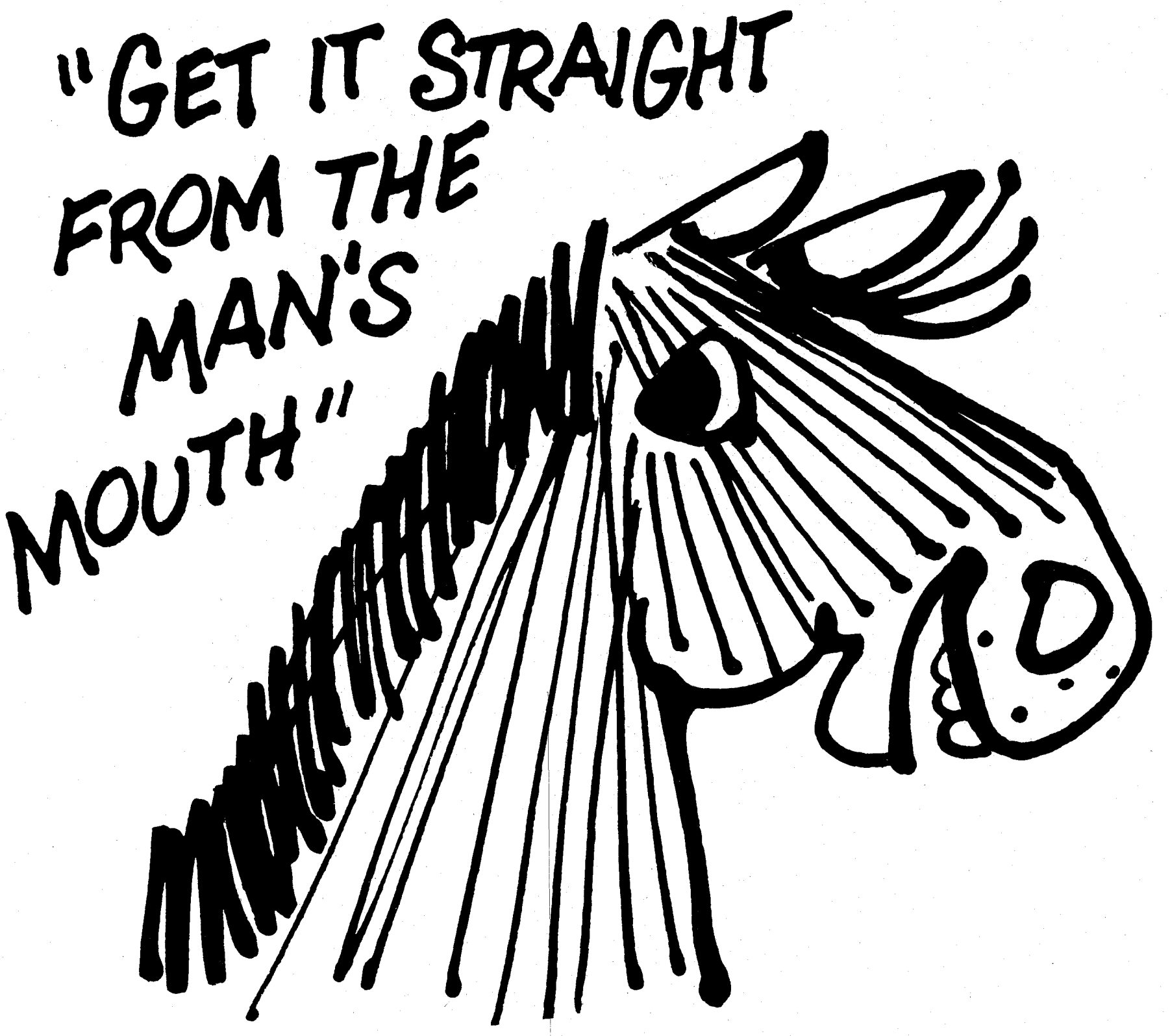

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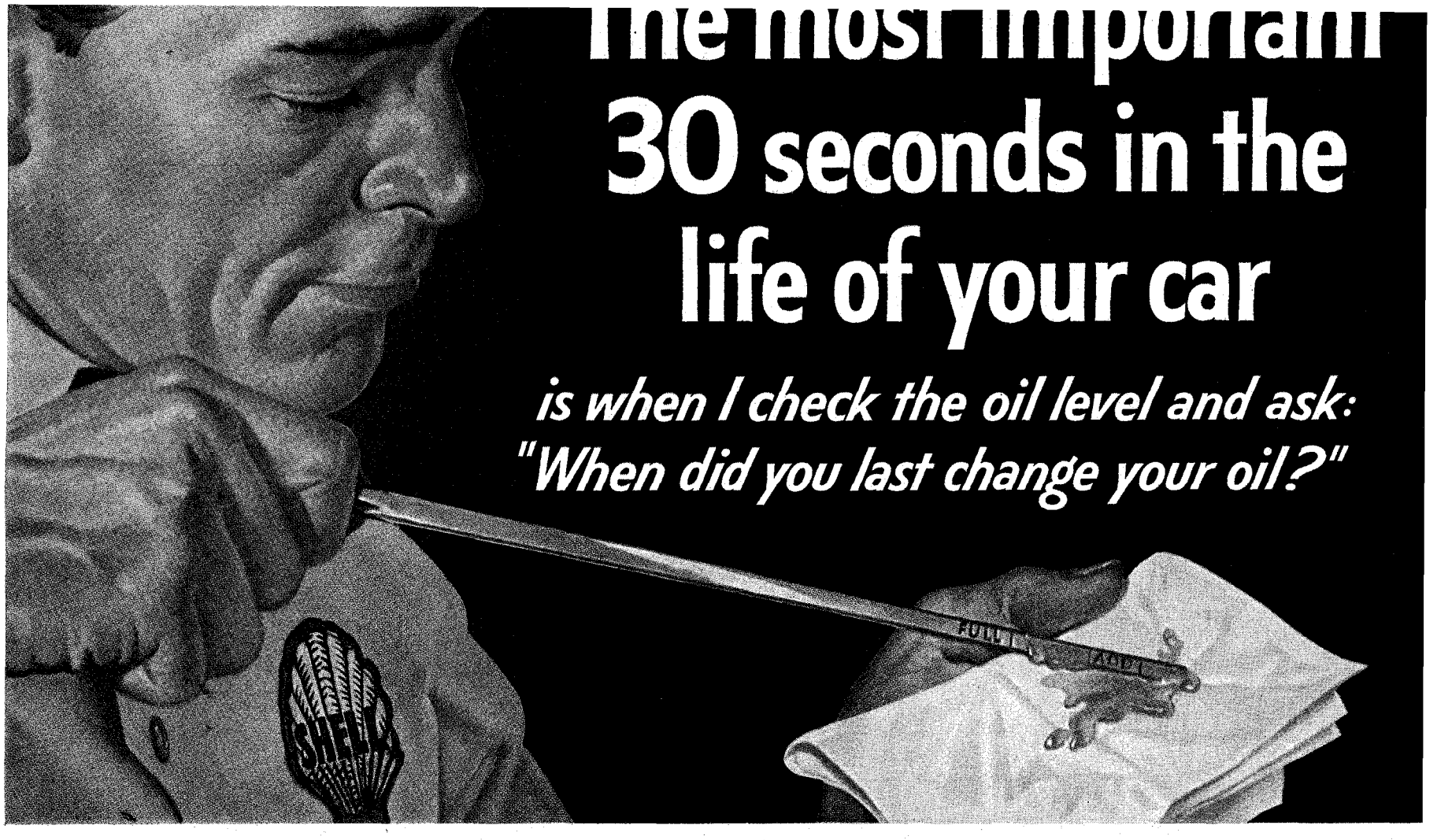
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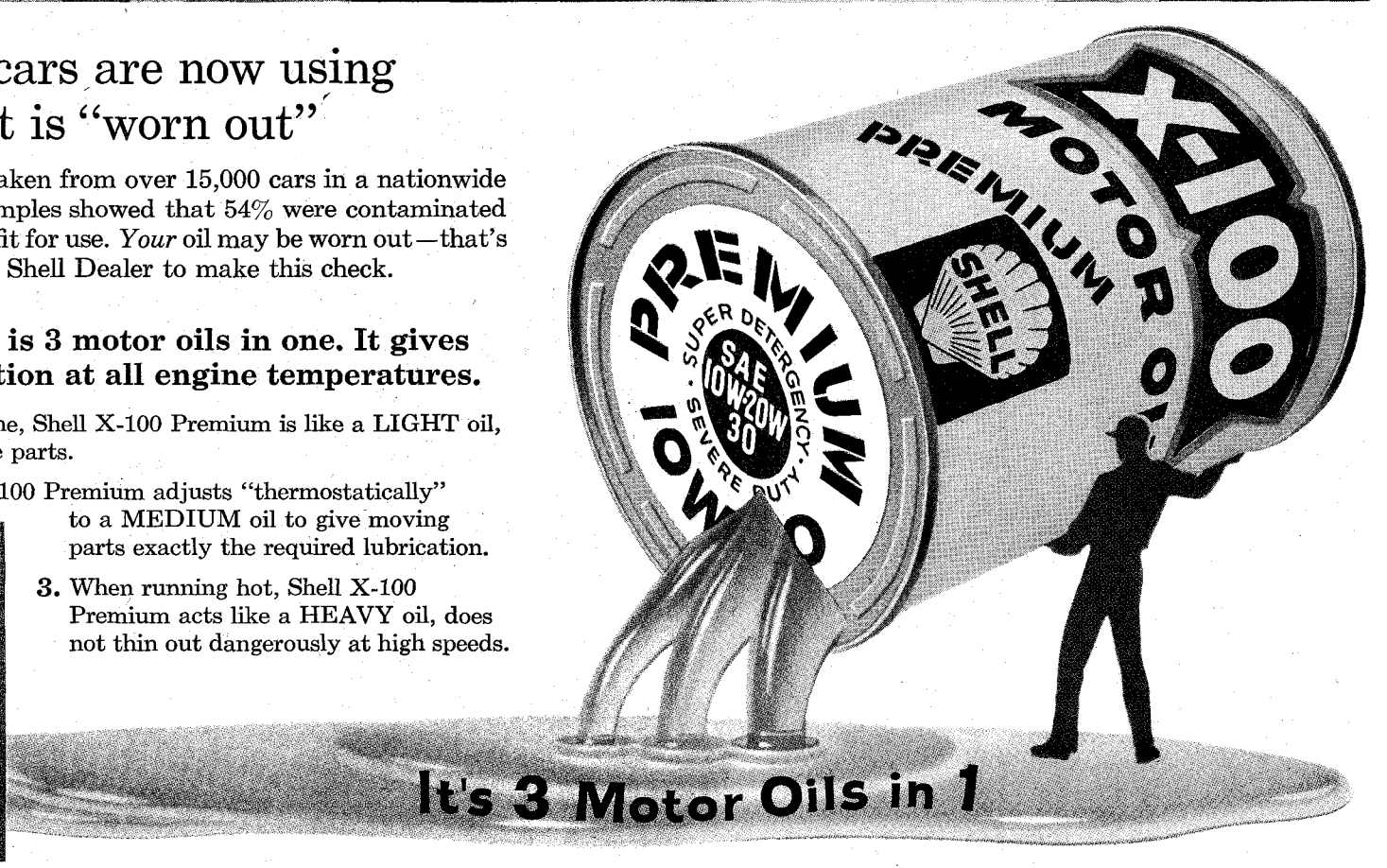

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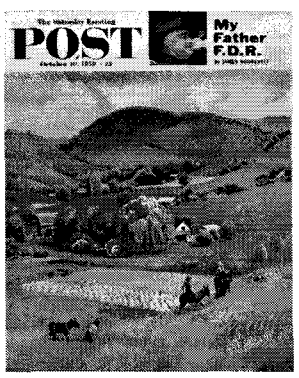

THE COVER

When those green highlands are seen from afar, they are blue, as highlands are wont to be. Hence, long ago somebody had an inspiration and named them the Blue Ridge Mountains. But these aren't in Virginia, like the ones in the old ballad featuring "the trail of the lonesome pine"—are you aged enough to remember that? These hills are near Boone, North Carolina, viewed from the trail of the nonlonely automobile. When Columbus discovered America he found the Americans smoking tobacco, and the work going on in the 'baccy field there testifies that the custom still persists. In the foreground you see a stationary burro, a detail which painter John Clymer probably considers a still life. It's a pretty fair bet that fifteen minutes from now the animal will still be still.

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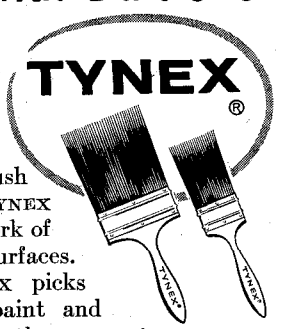

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Letters

The Silent Killer

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to *Post* editor Steven M. Spencer for clarifying the complicated and controversial issue of radioactive fallout [FALLOUT: THE SILENT KILLER, Aug. 29–Sept. 5]. On a highly disputatious subject he has managed to keep completely objective.

STEPHANIE M. MAY
Bloomfield, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

Most timely and pertinent. . . .

For the sake of public health and the genetic wholeness of mankind, the United States must put an end to its nuclear-bomb testing here and now, and exercise all its influence to get other nations to do the same. To continue the tests, knowing they are dangerous (but not knowing *how* dangerous), would be the height of moral and political folly.

ROBERT M. MAYHEW
Encinitas, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

When our atomic scientists are able to have *all* of the potentially dangerous fallout of their bombs descend solely within our own country, we *might* have a moral right to continue the tests. The same applies to Russia.

GENE M. HAGEL
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I am left with the eerie feeling expressed by Alexander Pope more than 200 years ago: "For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

There is one point in Mr. Spencer's discussion, however, which seems to suggest a contradiction. References throughout the article point out the danger of leukemia, bone cancer and cancer in general being caused by exposure to the similar radiations from the isotope strontium 90 and from X rays. Yet today the major medical treatments for advanced cases of cancer include extremely heavy exposure to X rays and radioactive isotopes. How can a cancer cause be a cancer cure?

HUGH W. LONG
Ostrander, Ohio

● *"The problem in cancer treatment," says Spencer, "is to destroy the cancerous tissue without injuring the adjacent healthy tissue. Doses of radiation not large enough to kill cells outright may alter their growth and induce cancer. Fortunately, many cancers, because their cells are dividing rapidly, are more susceptible to radiation effects than are normal cells."*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

It is stated that my view about the number of people affected by fallout radiation is the most pessimistic one, and that my critics point out that my estimates of damage are much higher than any genetic evidence warrants.

I do not believe these statements to be true.

For example, let me give you the estimate that I have made of the genetic damage predicted for the carbon 14 (radioactive carbon) released to the atmosphere by the bomb tests that have been carried out so far. My estimate . . . of last November is that this bomb-test carbon 14 will probably cause 66,000 children to be born with gross physical or mental defects, and in addition 204,000 stillbirths and childhood deaths, and 515,000 embryonic and neonatal deaths (with some overlapping between the last two categories). . . .

At essentially the same time a study of the same questions was published by John R. Totter, M. R. Zelle and H. Hollister, of the Division of Biology and Medicine of the United States Atomic Energy Commission. . . . Their numbers, for present world population, are 138,000

(Continued on Page 6)

FALL GUY

Dear Sirs:

The American male caught merry aitch this time, didn't he? All these in one issue (Aug. 1). Does the humor editor have a fixation or something?

A. MONKIEWICZ
Astoria, Ore.

● *No. See page 65 for proof that women occasionally get their comeuppance in* Post *cartoons.—ED.*

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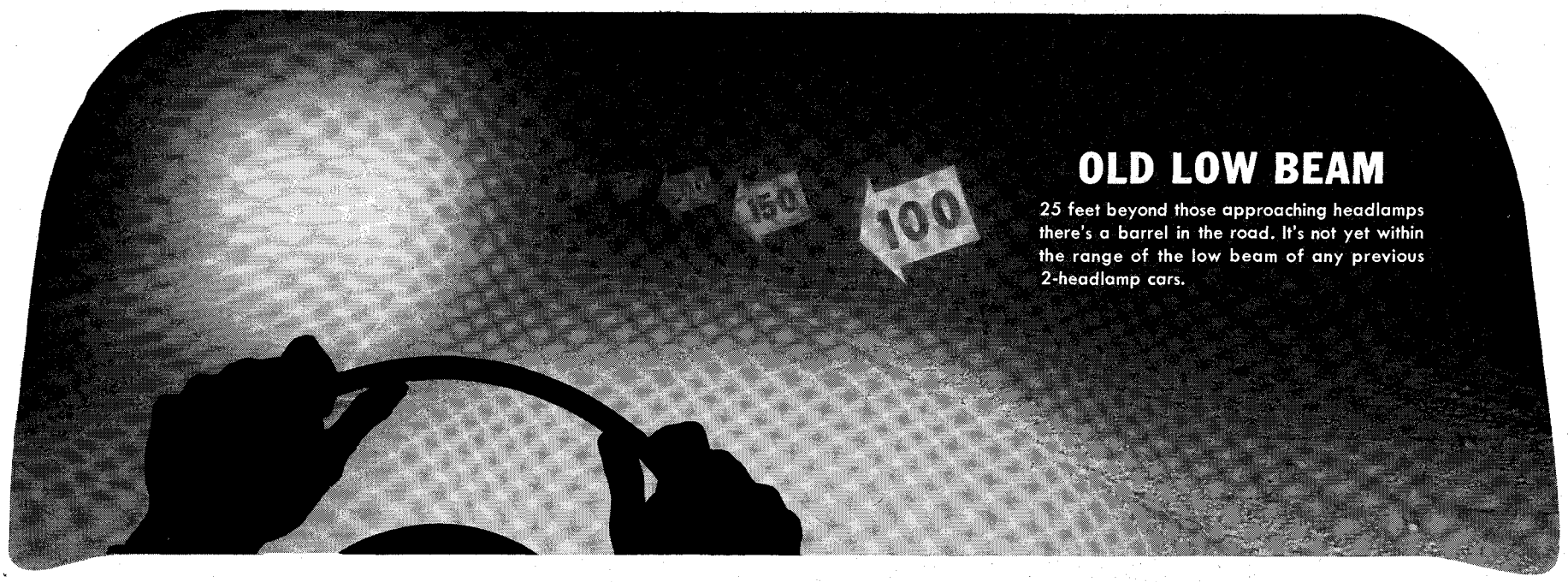
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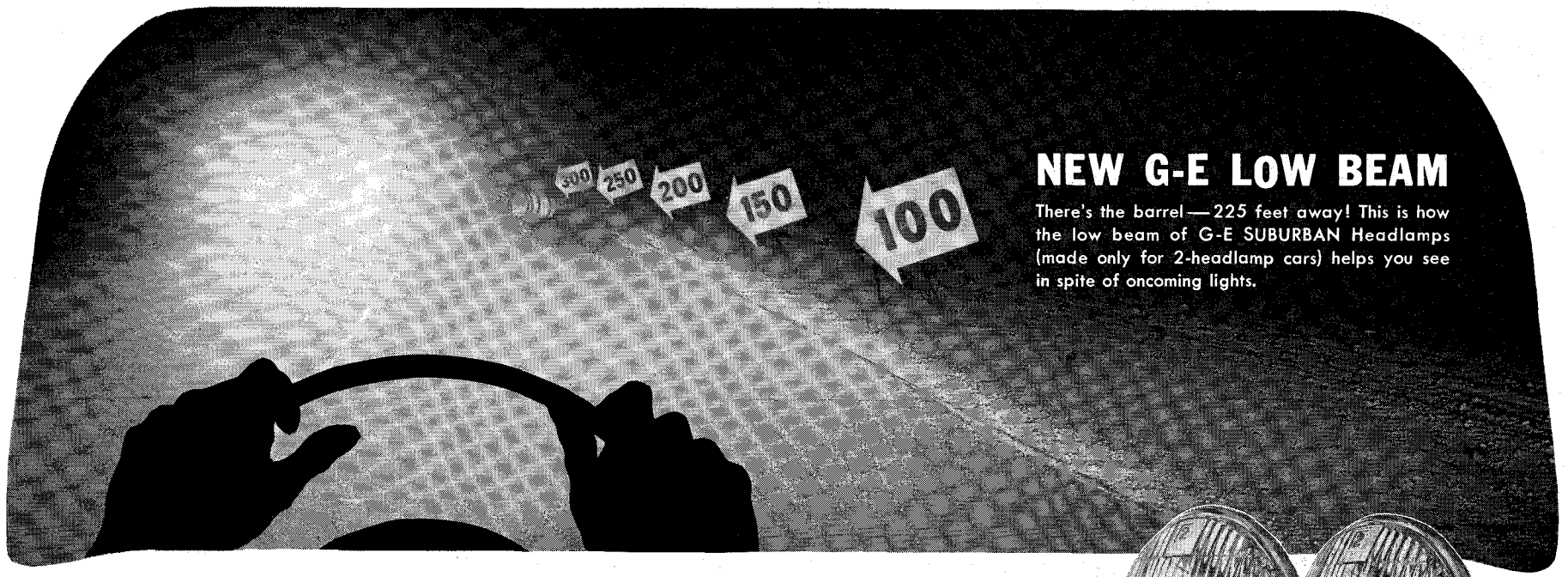
OLD LOW BEAM
25 feet beyond those approaching headlamps there's a barrel in the road. It's not yet within the range of the low beam of any previous 2-headlamp cars.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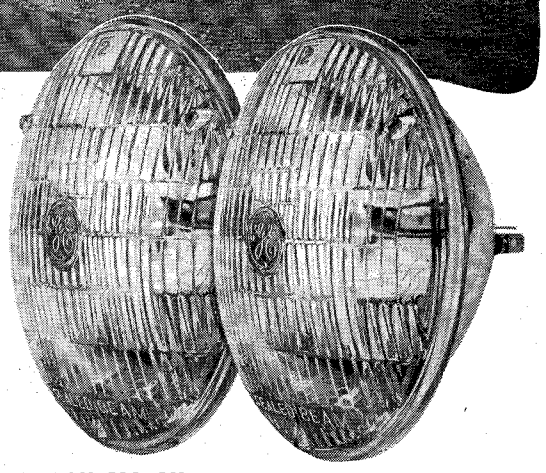
Since nighttime traffic has increased tremendously, motorists find they must use the *low beam*, more and more. So, General Electric now puts the *low* beam filament on focus to give maximum beam control where it's needed most—to provide a "spotlight" effect which directs more light down the right side of the road. That's why the low beam of new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps lets you see past the oncoming car when you're 75 to 200 feet apart. Only General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps have this feature for 2-headlamp cars. General Electric Company, Miniature Lamp Department M-905, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



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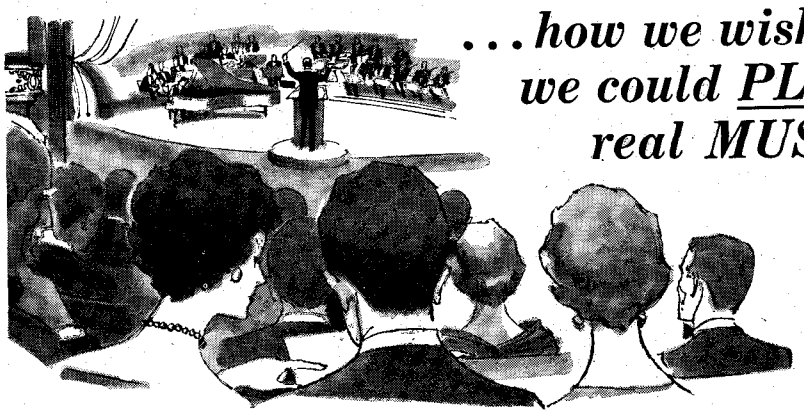

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

children with gross physical or mental defects, 520,000 stillbirths and childhood deaths, and 1,240,000 embryonic and neonatal deaths. Hence one might conclude that these three scientists of the United States Atomic Energy Commission are about twice as pessimistic as I am. In fact, there is considerable uncertainty in their estimate, as well as in mine; the correct values might even be somewhat smaller than mine or somewhat larger than theirs. . . .

It is said in the *Post* article that two years ago I gathered signatures of 2000 scientists on a petition to urge international agreements on stopping the bomb tests. . . . In fact, I gathered 11,000 signatures, from scientists of forty-nine countries (2875 signatures were of U.S. scientists). The petition was presented to the United Nations in January, 1958.

LINUS PAULING
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, Calif.

● *We are pleased to publish Doctor Pauling's estimate of his pessimism. The AEC scientists say their estimates are twice as large as Pauling's for this reason: Pauling based his calculation of damage from carbon 14 on direct-radiation effects only; the AEC men postulated an equal amount of genetic damage from the transmutation, in the body, of carbon 14 to nitrogen.* —*ED.*

Bewitching

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for another spell of fairy bewitchment by Robert Nathan [THE SNOWFLAKE AND THE STARFISH, Aug. 29]! And thank you for having James Lewicki illustrate it. What a happy combination—the painter capturing with his brush the intangible beauty of the poet's words!

MAJA MC SWEYN
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I read the story and cut it out to keep, to read over.

MICHAL E. LAUE, *age 10*
Hanover, Kans.

Pining Away

Dear Sirs:

Kay Nelson's "Don't Worry" letter home from camp [POST SCRIPTS, Aug. 29] seems almost too real to a parent who has had daughters at camp. Probably because I'm partial, I was even more amused at the postscript on my younger daughter's first letter home on her first day at her first camp: "I'm not homesick yet, but I will be soon."

ELEANOR B. ALDER
Cartersville, Ga.

P.S. She never was.

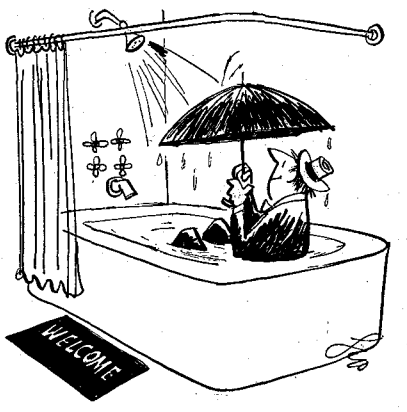
To the Showers

Dear Sirs:

Clarence Budington Kelland has been my favorite author from way back when, but in MARK OF TREACHERY [July 11–Aug. 29] I don't think he does right by our Avery. In the first installment Avery "walked alone back to his hotel, undressed and showered and went down to dinner." Embarrassing, don't you think? [Yes. See LETTERS, "Wrapped in Thought," Aug. 15.—ED.]

But wait! In the third installment Avery again "walked the few blocks to his hotel. There he took a shower and changed from his business suit to more comfortable sports clothing."

Any change should be more comfortable after showering in his business suit!



However, in the very last chapter, Mr. Kelland finally does right by our hero: "He bathed and shaved before going down to dinner, and dressed in a light blue suit."

Oh, well, all's well that ends well.

FRANCIS J. HUNT
Lexington, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

I agree with the reader in LETTERS who thought fictional characters take too many showers, especially the man who took one at Ft. Sill before such facilities were installed there. Under Chekhov's rule, which he did not always follow, a character would take a shower only if he were going to: 1. Slip and break his neck, 2. Get badly scalded, 3. Catch pneumonia, or 4. Discover that he had an operatic tenor voice.

JOHN JONES
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

MARK OF TREACHERY was . . . a pleasure. As far as I'm concerned, any of Mr. Kelland's characters may take showers any time they wish.

JOHN ALDEN
Lewiston, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I just suffered my way through . . . MARK OF TREACHERY. I am wondering how anyone who could create a cast with names such as Phryne Morningstar, Felicia Sewell, Deke O'Brien, Avery Truslow III, Abner Coons, Parsifal Nebo, Dan and Beersheba, Philidor, Footsy Bundle . . . could lower himself to hire a man with a name like Sam Bates to do his art work and illustrations.

L. J. ALBINATI
Grande Prairie, Alberta

● *Just plain Sam Bates was given that assignment not by Kelland but by associate art editor Frank Kilker.* —*ED.*

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No single whiskey has the Power to Please of the Calvert blend. The Hand of Skill combines many individually magnificent whiskeys to achieve Calvert Reserve. And to complete the masterpiece, the most highly-refined grain neutral spirits known to the whiskey-man are blended in for smoothness. The result? Calvert Reserve's full strength and easy-going taste!

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Impala Sport Coupe—one of 16 fresh-minted '60 Chevrolets you can choose from.

Nearest to perfection a low-priced car ever came!

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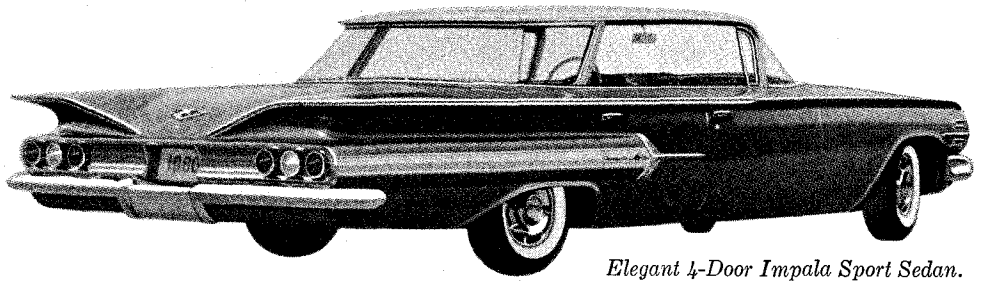


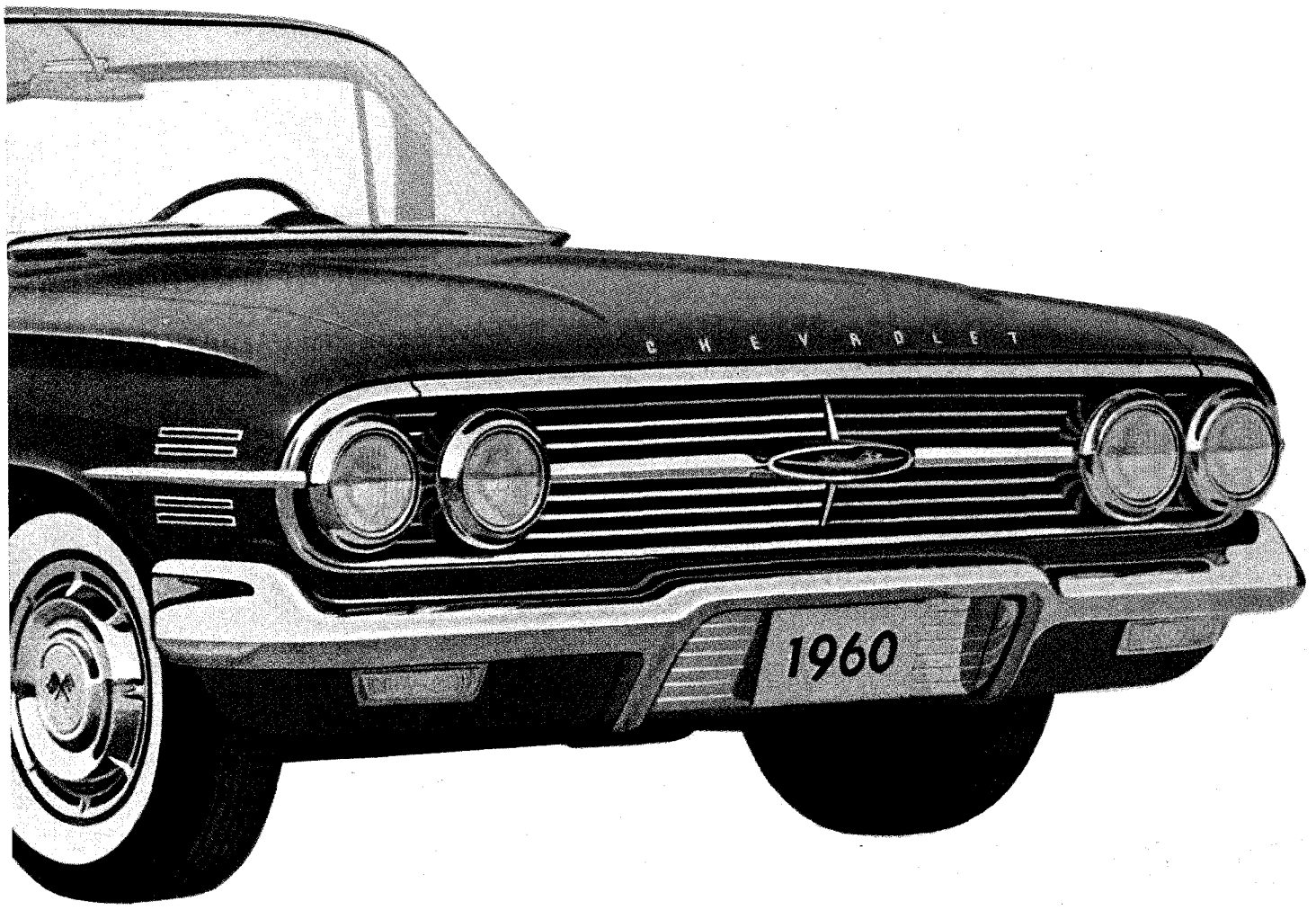
Elegant 4-Door Impala Sport Sedan.

[ere's new gem-bright beauty, new room to sprawl in and sit tall in. New lean-muscled engine :onomy, new spirit and silence in its going. For fineness of features, for precise craftsmanship—)r all the things that make a car good to own—the '60 Chevrolet stands alone in its price field.

st wait till you see it. Everything about the) Chevy, every styling accent, every engi- ering detail, has been polished and refined a degree of perfection never before thought ssible of a car in Chevrolet's price class. Picture practicality and economy (there's en more of it in a new gas-saving V8!) mbined with much of the luxury and hushed mfort usually associated with high-priced automobiles. That's Chevy for '60. Its overall effect is one of quiet elegance, a sophisticated new shape that embodies spacious inner dimensions. Space for long legs and broad shoulders, with sofa-wide seats and even more foot room for front seat passengers. Space that specializes in family travel!

Really, you have to see this one up close to appreciate its fresh beauty and fine workmanship. You have to take a turn behind the wheel to know its astonishing smoothness and almost total absence of road hum and vibration. We'll admit our enthusiasm's showing just a bit—but once you've dropped into your dealer's we're sure yours will be, too. *There's nothing like a new car—and there's never been a new car like this '60 Chevrolet!* . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

60 CHEVROLET



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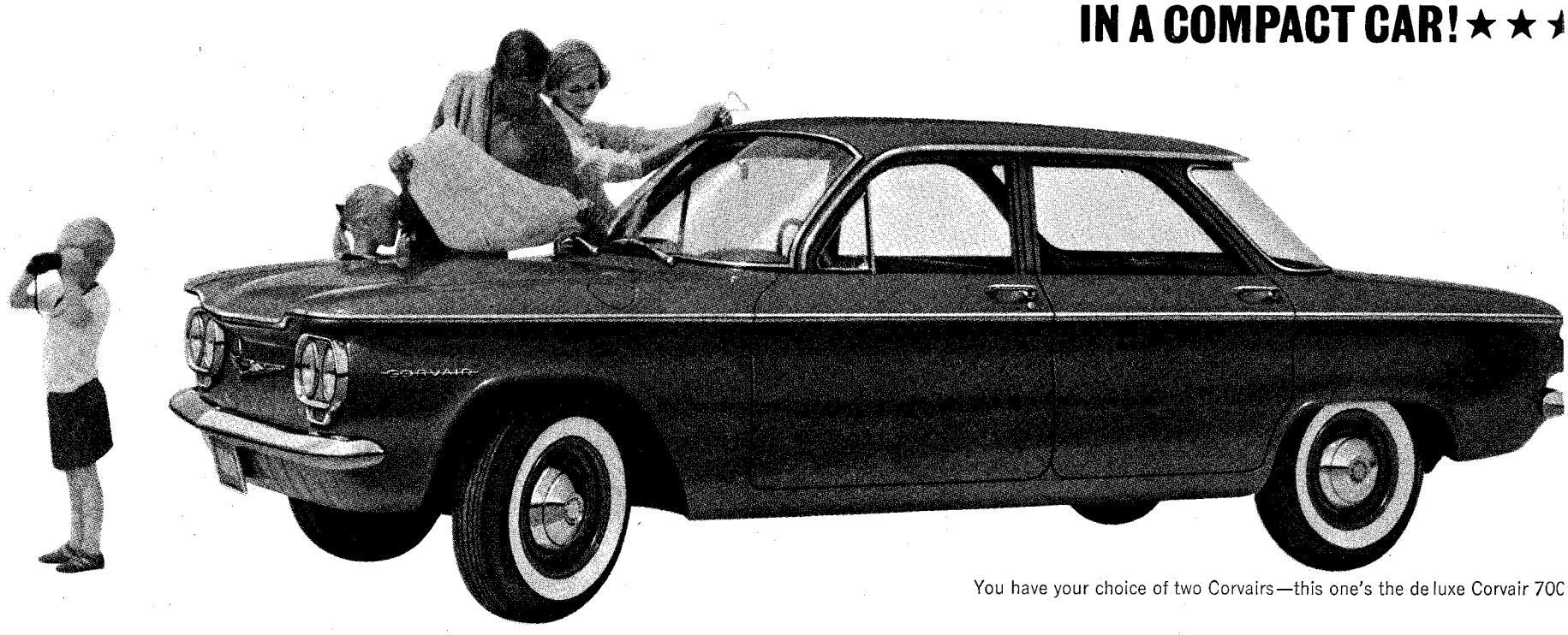
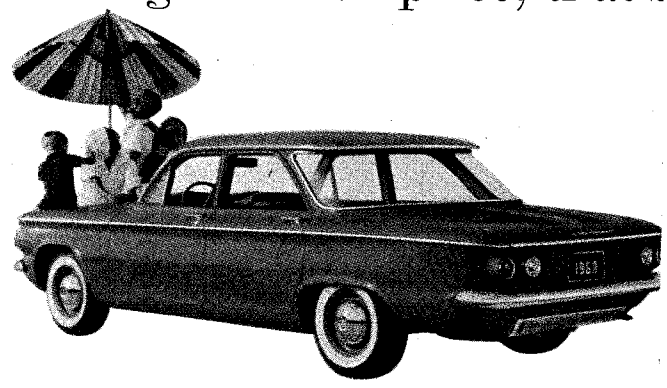
THE REVOLUTIONARY Corvair
BY CHEVROLET
WITH THE ENGINE IN THE REAR WHERE IT BELONGS IN A COMPACT CAR! ★★★



You have your choice of two Corvairs—this one's the de luxe Corvair 700

The rumors about this one were right—but they didn't go far enough. Because here, for the first time, is a truly compact, economical American car that retains the ride and 6-passenger comfort you're used to in a big one. ■ America's only rear-mounted aluminum engine is the key that makes this small miracle possible. With the engine, transmission and drive gears ingeniously packaged in the rear, Corvair's floor is practically flat—there's plenty of room inside for everybody. Shifting the engine to the rear also adds extra road-gripping traction, gives nimbler, smoother compact car handling. ■ As for price, that's the most practical thing of all about the Corvair. Just drop into your Chevrolet dealer's and see what a wealth of engineering marvels a modest amount of your money buys. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.



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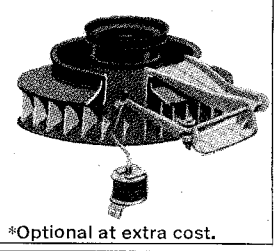
The only modern American car with an airplane-type horizontal engine! ★
The only modern American car with independent suspension at all 4 wheels!
The only modern American car with an air-cooled aluminum engine! ★★

AIR COOLED

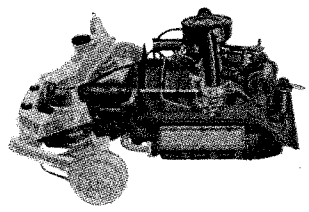
You never have to fuss with antifreeze. Turbo-Air 6 warms up quicker, with less wear on parts. Airplane-type heater* goes to work almost instantly.



*Optional at extra cost.

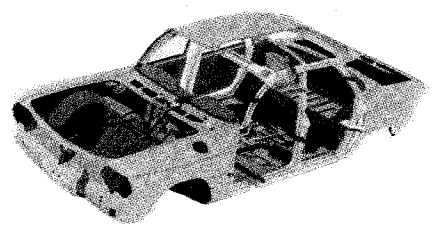
TRUNK'S UP FRONT

Lots of luggage space under the hood, where it's convenient for groceries, packages. Corvair's spare tire's easy to get at, too.

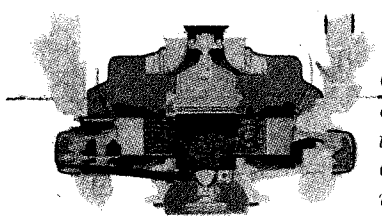


UNIPACK POWER TEAM

Engine, transmission and drive gears are all neatly wrapped in one lightweight package. Takes up less room, leaves you more.



UNISTRUT BODY BY FISHER. Body structure is welded into a single rigidly constructed unit that greatly reduces Corvair's weight and enlarges its passenger space.

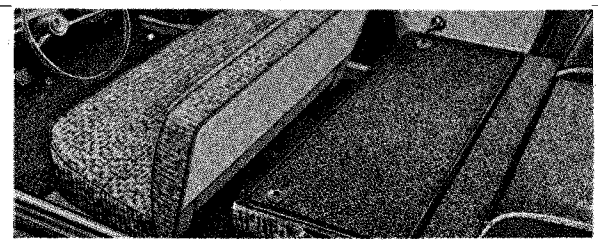


REVOLUTIONARY REAR ENGINE

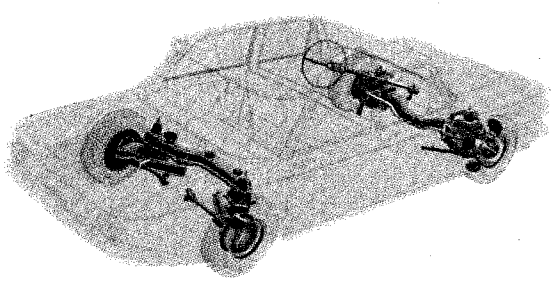
Gets up to 30% more miles on a gallon of regular! It's the world's first production 6-cylinder engine with the ultra-smooth power of horizontally opposed pistons.

5 INCHES LOWER
2½ FEET SHORTER
1,300 LBS. LIGHTER

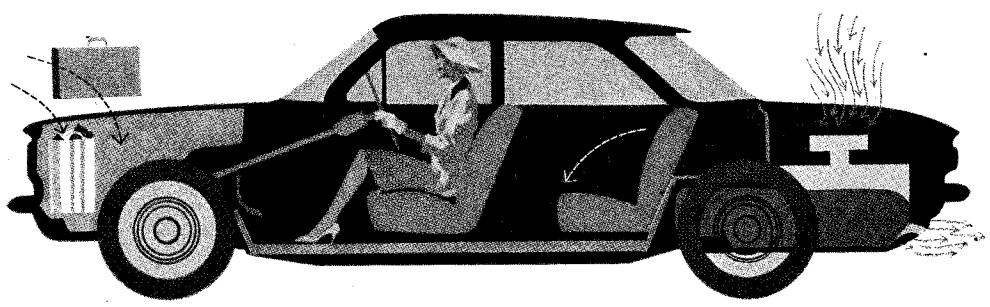
Corvair's compact size makes it a joy to jockey through traffic, a pleasure to park. No need for power assists.



FOLDING SEAT. *For extra storage space, folding rear seat* can be quickly and easily converted to make room for 17.6 cu. ft. of cargo. Fine, long-wearing fabrics and durable vinyl make up Corvair interiors.* *Optional at extra cost.*



4-WHEEL INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION
Wheels absorb bumps independently of each other for a ride that rivals much costlier cars.



The floor's practically flat for more foot room. And the engine's in the rear where it belongs in a compact car. With more weight on the rear wheels, you get extra traction driving on ice, mud or snow. Also, by avoiding nose-heaviness of front-engine compact cars, Corvair handles easier, brakes better, rides smoother. Every fresh, functional line tells you there's nothing like a new car—and no compact car like the Corvair.

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Editorials

Before We Weaken the Immigration Laws, Let's Study the Facts

If the numerous and persistent attempts to "liberalize" the immigration laws succeed, the chief effect, as well as the purpose of the sponsors, will be to increase the number of immigrants admitted. But the truth is that no one really knows how many immigrants the United States can properly receive and thoroughly assimilate.

This, of course, is a nation of immigrants and the descendants of immigrants, but the emphasis should be upon the word "nation," which has fused the immigrants and their descendants into one people, with their loyalty to the United States of America.

What too many Americans fail to realize is that the restrictions in the immigration laws constitute the first line of defense in keeping out of the country subversives, criminals and other utterly unfit elements. It is only by a constant, prodigious and at times desperate struggle that we even partially succeed in preventing floods of illegal entrances. Scores of thousands of aliens seek to enter the country illegally each year, and while thousands are apprehended, others escape detection, move inland and are lost in the population. Nearly 2,000,000 alien seamen and nearly 1,000,000 temporary visitors enter the country each year. Of the seamen, as many as 12,000 overstay their leaves or skip ship, and many of the temporary visitors never leave the country at all, but disappear and stay on illegally and usually undetected.

Aliens are smuggled in in automobile trunks, under seats, inside rear-seat cushions, between the radiator and the grill, between the motor and the hood, in the gas tanks of trucks and sprinkler wagons, and in all kinds of cargo, from baled hay to frozen fish. They are smuggled in over land, by water as seamen, and by air. Others come in with false documents, such as marriage certificates, birth certificates, offers of employment, passports and visas, all fraudulent.

A necessary aid to the enforcement of the immigration laws is the right to deport those who have entered illegally, and in a recent twelve-year period as many as 126,636 were deported. Not all, of course, were in the subversive or criminal classes, but 18,595—or about 15 per cent—were.

Unfortunately, many of the least-desirable aliens, major subversives and criminals, are often the ones who can afford to avail themselves of prolonged and repetitious court attacks upon the deportation proceedings. During a recent two-year period nearly one third of all criminal proceedings commenced in United States district courts had to do with offenses involving the immigration laws.

For all these reasons we welcome the suggestion of Rep. Francis E. Walter, joint author of the present immigration law, that a wholly impartial and scientific study be made of immigration's impact upon all facets of American life. Mr. Walter insists that there has been no such study worthy of the name since a commission appointed in 1907 reported in 1911.

As Congressman Walter says, "After half a century has passed, it is certainly time to assemble a group of impartial specialists in the various fields of human endeavor for the purpose of giving this country the benefit of a study answering some of the questions which many Americans are asking before they decide whether our long-range immigration policy should be changed."

If Hoover Was Less Than Cordial to F.D.R. on March 3, 1933, He Had Some Reasons

In the current installment of his account of My Father F.D.R., James Roosevelt presents his version of the tense meeting between President-elect Franklin Roosevelt and the retiring President, Herbert Hoover, on March third, the afternoon before Inauguration Day of 1933. Mr. Roosevelt recalls that when his father, accompanied by James, went to the White House to pay the customary formal call on the retiring Chief Executive, he was astounded to find that Mr. Hoover had at his side the retiring Secretary of the Treasury, Ogden Mills. Mr. Roosevelt describes this as an "attempt to involve father in some sort of footless contact with the subject he was determined to avoid." After the futile sparring match, Mr. Roosevelt recalls that his father made some reference to his lameness and added that, since it took him a long time to get up, he urged the President not to wait for him. To this Hoover responded "in a low monotone": "'Mr. Roosevelt, after you have been President for a while, you will learn that the President of the United States waits for no one.'"

There have been various versions of this encounter. According to James MacGregor Burns in *Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox* (Harcourt, Brace), the President-elect said that, inasmuch as Mr. Hoover seemed so busy, he would understand it if Mr. Hoover did not return his call; to which the President replied, "'Mr. Roosevelt, when you have been in Washington as long as I have, you will learn that the President of the United States calls on nobody.'" This sounds less ungracious than the James Roosevelt version.

Whichever way it was—and, after all, James Roosevelt was there—it is obvious that Mr. Hoover was in no mood for the amenities. However, people old enough to remember the bleak days of February and early March of 1933 will not look back in anger on any lapse from Chesterfieldian courtliness on his part. The country was in a financial crisis. Banks had been closing, and the unemployed were clamoring for relief to agencies which lacked funds to meet their demands. For weeks the outgoing President and the leaders of his Administration had been making heroic efforts to extract from the incoming President some assurance that, as Mr. Hoover put it in a letter to Mr. Roosevelt, written in his own hand, "there will be no tampering or inflation of the currency; that the budget will be unquestionably balanced, even if further taxation is necessary; that the Government credit will be maintained by refusal to exhaust it in the issue of securities."

This, according to Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in *The Crisis of the Old Order*, meant that "in the name of co-operation Hoover proposed that Roosevelt repudiate the New Deal." However, inasmuch as up to then F.D.R. had given no intimation that he proposed to inflate the currency or damage the Government credit, there would appear to be no reason why the newly elected Chief Executive could not have gone that far. Aside from some not too specific references to the miseries of the Forgotten Man and the need for "planning," the Roosevelt campaign was conducted along fairly conventional lines. Indeed, as late as October nineteenth, the candidate proposed to "reduce the national finances to the terms of a family budget," which require that the family "live within its income." A country, he said, which "is willing to make no sacrifice at all in spending . . . and continues to pile up deficits . . . is on the road to bankruptcy."

Opponents of Roosevelt have expressed the view that Roosevelt wanted the crisis to reach bottom so that he could stride in from left field and dramatically save the game. Be that as it may, Roosevelt insisted that Hoover should do whatever he decided to do on his own responsibility. This disheartened and doubtless angered Mr. Hoover, whose annoyance was not assuaged by the fact that Roosevelt's reply to his letter, as Mr. Schlesinger puts it, "by some mysterious chance—whether the product of Roosevelt's irritation or of carelessness in his office—was held up for ten days and did not arrive at the White House until March first."

The net of it would appear to be that for Mr. Hoover the arrival of Mr. Roosevelt presented a last-ditch opportunity to avert the closing of the banks by some sort of joint statement or action. In view of the critical state of affairs it seems a little naïve of F.D.R. to have anticipated a purely social call at such a moment. But to the exuberant Mr. Roosevelt, with *Happy Days Are Here Again* ringing in his ears, the visit was a duty call to be gone through as politely and agreeably as possible. Anyway, there doesn't appear to have been any good reason for James Roosevelt—even deducting twenty-six years from his present age—to want to "punch him in the nose."

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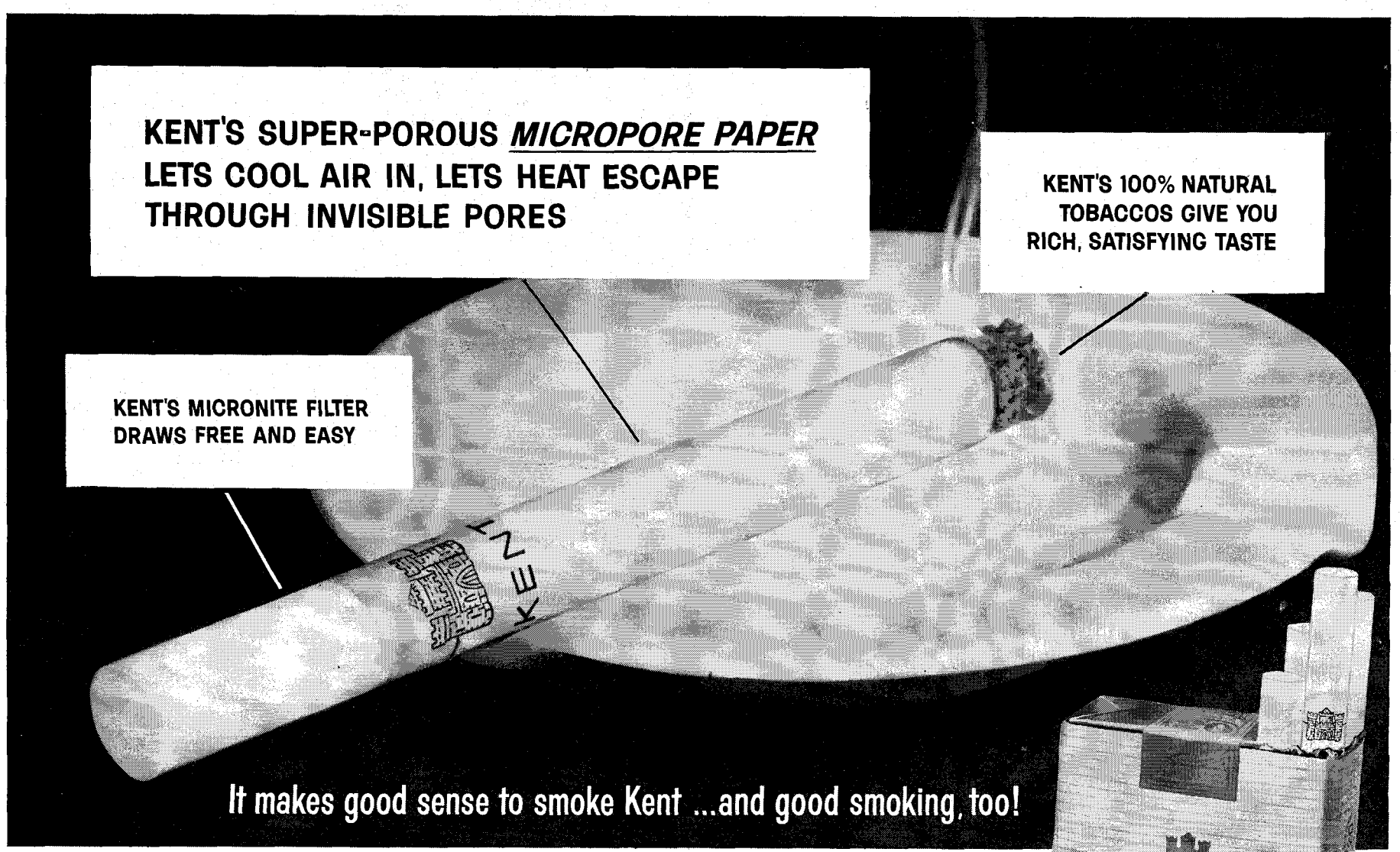
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POST

Inauguration Day, 1933, was a proud moment for James (right), who acted as his father's "legs" during the early days of F.D.R.'s tenure.

My Father F.D.R.

FIRST OF FIVE PARTS

By JAMES ROOSEVELT as told to Sidney Shalett

Here at last is the most intimate story yet written about the late President. His eldest son tells what F. D. R. was really like as the head of an extraordinary family.

Sometimes when I think back on the later years of my life with father, when he was "That Man" whom the people sent four times to the White House, and I, for a portion of that time, was one of his assistants, I find it incredible that one man—a prisoner of both the White House and a wheel chair—could have given so much of himself to his job and to his family.

Even today, more than fourteen years after father's death, lots of people still like to slice up us Roosevelts. Many times I have had it thrown up to me that my father, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, was so busy with national and world affairs that he paid no attention to the problems of his own restless brood. This was not true. We five Roosevelt children never wholly lost our personal father—our affectionate, witty, loyal and even overloyal "pa," as we sometimes called him.

A flood of warm memories resurges. I remember how pa would come to watch us participate in school sports and attend our college commencements. Even after he became President he would make long and tedious journeys to see us when we were ill, and would find time somehow to write us in his own hand affectionate, debonair little notes about our personal affairs or long letters about the history-shaping events in which he was participating. None of us will forget how he gave each of us our chance to view world history from a place at his side, or his unflagging, stubborn loyalty when our personal lives were under attack.

We recall his amazing thoughtfulness—how, in the midst of national calamities and

© 1959 by James Roosevelt and Sidney Shalett

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Outgoing President Hoover (left) with the President-elect on their way to the Capitol, where F.D.R. took his first-term oath of office. The day before, when F.D.R. paid his courtesy call at the White House, he was snubbed by Hoover. "Jimmy wanted to punch him in the nose," said Roosevelt afterward.

world conflicts he would send us little gifts and personal mementos: woolen socks when we were fighting in cold climates, gold watches from his own collection, autographs of renowned figures, family scrapbooks, a lemon squeezer for a grandchild. We remember how he made the White House a happy place where his grandchildren might romp on the lawn, or, as once happened, decorate the historic mansion just before an official reception by festooning toilet paper over the bannister of the grand staircase to the East Room. We also remember him for his wonderful companionship on cruises, when he became just pa, not the President of the United States; for the fascination of watching him both as father and as master politician on campaign trips, and for the sheer fun of just sitting down with him over a sociable predinner cocktail on the evenings at the White House or at Hyde Park when there were no official guests.

Above all, mother and every one of us will remember him forever for the courage he displayed after that awful day at Campobello in August of 1921 when polio cut him down. We missed father most during those lonesome years when he was fighting his way back from the effects of polio. That was the empty time when we had no tangible father whom we could touch and talk to when we needed him—only an abstract figure, a cheery letter writer, off somewhere on a houseboat, or at Warm Springs, struggling, straining, even crawling, of grim necessity, to win his personal victory over those dead legs that could lead—if he ever stopped battling—to a dead spirit.

In the beginning his plight was overwhelming to us kids. We approached our meetings with him with uncertainty, not knowing whether we were going to be able to keep the "stiff upper lip" that was supposed to be part of our Roosevelt training. But father showed us the way; when we saw him, he was so disarming, so lighthearted, so—well, so very gallant that he made you want to cry and laugh and cling to him and carry him in your arms and lean on him for support all at the same time.

Before going further, I should make it clear that all six of us Roosevelts—mother; my sister, Anna; my brothers Elliott, Franklin Jr., John and I—are highly individualistic persons with independent ideas. The opinions which I shall express about father are my own and not necessarily those of any other member of the family. However, in preparing this story I have had the generous assistance of mother, Anna and my brothers, and I am deeply grateful, for each has contributed facets which one son alone could not have known.

It is with the early part of father's tenure as President that I, as the oldest son, have more familiarity than the other children. During that period I was his "legs," his unofficial aide on numerous occasions and, eventually, a member of his White House staff.

I was with him, for instance, on March 3, 1933, the day before he was to take office, when he paid his protocol call on the outgoing President, Herbert Hoover, at the White House. Although I was a young married man, starting out on a business career of my own, it had been tacitly decided between us that I was to come to Washington as an unpaid assistant to make myself generally useful. Father was like that—he always wanted to have one of his own close to him. Since neither

1908: Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt with their two eldest children, James (left) and Anna. "Mother, in those days," says James, "was almost obsessively shy."

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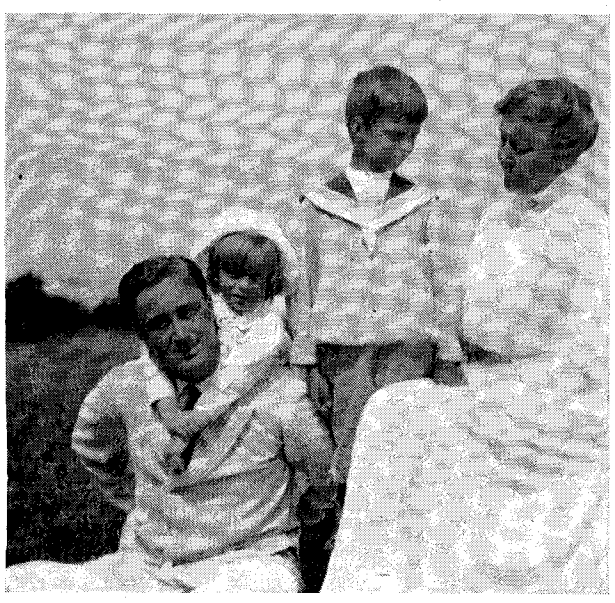
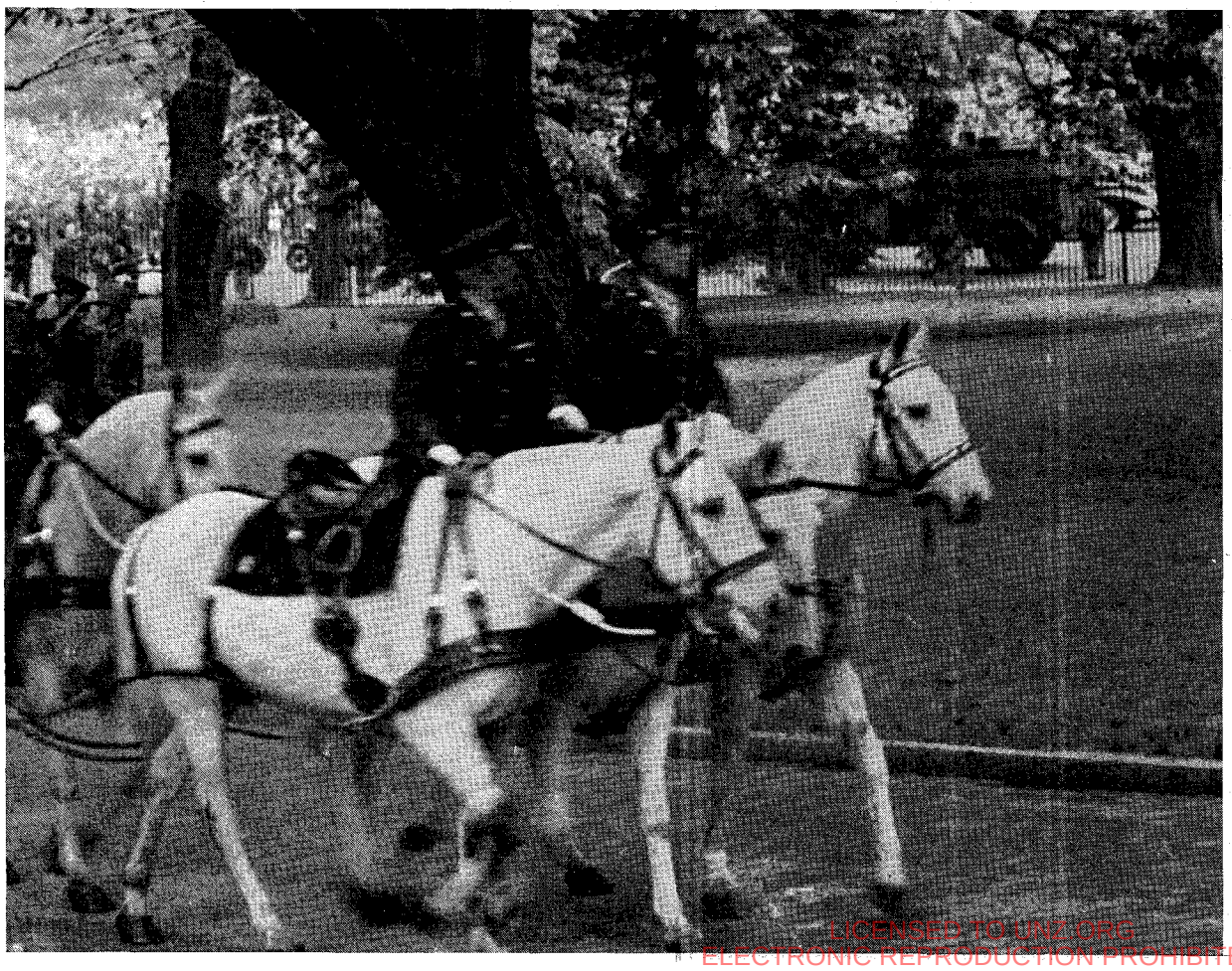
of us felt I should go on the Federal payroll, father's solution—a typical one—for my financial problem was to propose putting me on an allowance, just as if I were back at college. I rejected this suggestion as undignified. Thus, for the New Deal's first "Hundred Days" and for some time after, I simply was around, living at the White House but making do on accrued earnings from my insurance business. It was not a very satisfactory or businesslike arrangement, but I would not have missed being with father during those exciting days for anything in the world.

Father asked me and my wife of that time, the former Betsey Cushing, now married to President Eisenhower's Ambassador to Great Britain, John Hay Whitney, to accompany him and mother on their preinaugural visit to the Hoovers. He did this for two reasons: first, he had a (Continued on Page 93)



Campobello, 1913. From left: Roosevelt, his sons Elliott and James, and his "overadoring" mother at the family's summer home off the coast of Maine.

Christmas, 1939: On grandfather's lap are Franklin Jr.'s son, Franklin III (left), and Anna's son, John Boettiger. The war soon scattered the family, leaving Roosevelt with a "great loneliness."



April 14, 1945: Above is part of the crowd of 500,000 that gathered to watch the President's funeral cortege. Left: F.D.R.'s coffin, borne upon a horse-drawn caisson, as it arrived at the White House for the final public tribute.

The five articles beginning on these pages are being published in book form this week by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., under the title, *Affectionately, F.D.R.*

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"I'm going to live with you and be your wife," she said. "You're pleased, aren't you?"

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The Hunter and the Huntress

By HAROLD MEAD

Never had any man been courted by such an unusual young woman.

"That," they said at the local pub, "was an extraordinary thunderstorm. In May too. It's The Bomb, that's what it is. Those atomic fellers down to Winfrith. They ought to be forbidden by law."

A weather-beaten and earthy gentleman, who smelled of ferrets, turned away from the window to attend to his beer. "Likely it singed George Wilson," he observed with no great anxiety in his voice. "Proper bit of lightning, that was. If I were more'n what you might call sensible religious, I'd say it was a judgment stroke. Comes of living on top o' the hill by yourself, mindin' other people's business." He drank what looked like a silent toast to divine justice, but as he set down his glass a faint trace of worry appeared upon his features.

"I 'ope," he added, "it didn't do the pheasants no 'arm."

In the street there were some villagers lingering to look up the hill, several girls among them. The cloud still hung above the wooded summit, but it was beginning to break up and drift away, and now a streak of sunlight pierced it and fell upon the hilltop, vividly illuminating a grove of trees which stood at a little distance from the rest.

"Well," said a girl, "that's over. Soon come, soon past. But I've never seen a cloud come up that sudden. What are you staring at, Billy?"

Billy was an awkward youth of about seventeen, with sun-bleached hair. He colored when the girl spoke to him, as if she had discovered thoughts in him which he would rather not share. He rubbed his very bright blue eyes with grimy knuckles.

"Nothing," he replied emphatically. "Thought I saw something white moving up there. Must've been a cow. I was trying to see what he was looking at through them glasses, if you want to know."

"I bet you saw something. You've got eyes like a hawk."

Billy moved away from the group, as if anxious to avoid further questions.

A little farther up the street stood the chapel, and beside it the residence of the Rev. David Higginson, the minister. Mr. Higginson, a dark and tightly buttoned figure, was studying the top of the hill through field glasses. To be exact, he was studying the isolated grove of trees which the beam of sunlight had for a short time so clearly illuminated and which contained the site of a small Roman temple, the village's only claim to distinction. His expression was one of conflicting emotions, but on the whole he did not look pleased.

Lowering his glasses for a moment, he observed that he was being watched by a small crowd which included several chapel people. He turned to go indoors.

"What d' you see, Mr. Higginson, sir?" somebody called.

The minister hesitated, then made a reply which sounded in his own ears to be unnecessarily elaborate. "When that lightning struck the hilltop," he said rather loudly and clearly, "I went indoors to fetch my field glasses. It occurred to me that it might have caused a fire, or that gamekeeper Wilson's cottage might have suffered damage. But there is no fire and no visible damage, and Wilson's cottage is at the other end of the wood, as you all know. These glasses are very powerful, and I am sure that it is quite unnecessary for any of you to leave your work and go up the hill to see what (Continued on Page 75)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

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Science and Sex Ethics

By GEORGE W. CORNER

One June morning ten years ago in the Carnegie Institution of Washington's embryological laboratory, of which I was then director, some half dozen staff members stood about a microscope, watching a distinguished visitor from Harvard, the pathologist Dr. Arthur T. Hertig. For twelve years Hertig had been collaborating with us in the collection of human embryos at early stages of growth. He now emptied the contents of a small vial on a glass slide, adjusted the slide under the microscope lens and bade us each in turn look through the eyepiece. What we saw that morning nobody had ever seen before—a human embryo twenty-four hours after conception.

It was the climactic moment of a half century's research on both sides of the Atlantic. We could now observe every phase of human development from conception to birth. The specimen Hertig showed us, together with others obtained by him and his colleague, Dr. John Rock, clinical professor of gynecology at Harvard, also confirmed our understanding of the reproductive cycle. Behind the Hertig-Rock findings lay the arduous work of many researchers who had traced the sequence of events in the ovaries and fixed the time in the monthly cycle when the egg cell enters the oviduct.

The effect of all these discoveries upon the human birth rate has been profound. Innumerable couples the world over, for example, today use the "safe-period" method of birth control. As its originators, the gynecologists Kyusako Ogino of Japan and Herman Knaus of Austria, pointed out, the ovum is usually shed between the twelfth and sixteenth day following menstruation. Since the ovum remains fertilizable for only a day or two, the safe period spans the last week, if not a little more, of the normal twenty-eight-day menstrual cycle. This provides a statistically effective method of avoiding conception, even though not infallible in individual cases.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 60

About the Author

In 1958 Dr. George W. Corner won the Passano Award, established by the medical publishers, Williams and Wilkins, "in recognition of a long and distinguished career as investigator, educator, historian and philosopher of science, and for many contributions to knowledge of the physiology of reproduction, including the discovery of the hormone progesterone." Trained in medicine at Johns Hopkins University, Doctor Corner has been professor of anatomy at the University of Rochester, chairman of the National Research Council's Committee for Research in Problems of Sex, and director of the embryology department of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Author of many articles and books on biological topics, he is now Historian of the Rockefeller Institute. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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The Face of AMERICA

The Destroyer

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Flames soaring above the timbered shores of Kenai Lake furnish a spectacular example of one of Alaska's most worrisome problems. For the new state's vast forests—125,000,000 acres of them—are plagued by fire. Summer's lightning bolts spark many a blaze, but more to blame are burning cigarette butts, unquenched campfires and runaway trash fires. Man's carelessness is responsible for three outbreaks out of every four. And each year, on the average, about 2000 square miles of woodland (more than 1,200,000 acres)—an area as large as Delaware—go up in smoke. Rugged terrain, lack of roads and poor communications long have hampered the forest's defenders but, happily, aircraft plying Alaskan skies now quickly spot many of the outbreaks, and aerial fire engines help answer the alarms. Flying tankers dump loads of "borate," a fire-stopping chemical, on still-young blazes. Smoke jumpers parachute to the attack. Transport planes and helicopters rush fire-fighting crews and equipment to threatened areas. By such means, plus a "Keep Alaska Green" fire-prevention campaign, authorities hope to reduce the yearly "burn" to a mere 100,000 acres. It won't be easy. The fire you see here destroyed more than 5000 acres of the Chugach National Forest last summer.

● Photograph by Frank Ross

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"This person you've brought home, Bee Jay. Is he all right in the head?"

THE VARSITY SHEIK

By NEILL C. WILSON

Her father wasn't sure he could accept a glamorous Arab as a son-in-law.

In seminar or classroom, Al Bin was a studious young man who just closed his eyes and performed calculations with such ease that his professors declared he must have invented numbers. It was his ancestors, however, who had made that contribution. He was strong, healthy and tall. When seated at a study table or in a lecture-hall chair, he found it difficult to coil up his legs. These and his long arms were nuisances which distressed him. He wanted to forget the flesh and live with cosmic subjects, including the fourth and fifth dimensions. In short, Al was a Brain.

Barbara Jane Hobbs also was a serious young person. She went for fat horn-rimmed spectacles, very owlish, and big armfuls of books, usually slipping. But this was camouflage. This was the library or classroom Barbara Jane. The other, true Barbara Jane could have been found more characteristically during two previous autumns down in front of the rooters in the football stadium. There, with short red skirt and big red pompon, she had been a pure bar of music or breath of poetry, and if her function had been to keep the opposing team's eyes off the ball, she had considerably succeeded. Home team's too. And by this, her third, year, since the music and poetry still were there plus an even more fully assembled figure, she should have been on the platform below the stands as an assistant yell leader. But she wasn't. She was up here in the seventy-sixth row, with binoculars, as spotter for Assistant Coach Fertig. That's how dedicated she was to football. It was from this aerie that she caught her first sight of Al Bin. She groped for Walt Fertig's shirt. "That beautiful male down there!"

Walt said, "I don't see anyone to produce such a tone in a girl's throat. Where-at on the field shall I look?"

It was the opening game, the one with San Jose State, and Walt was connected with the bench and Head Coach Murphy by telephone.

(Continued on Page 52)

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Ewbank with Colts' president Carroll Rosenbloom (center) and their star quarterback, Johnny Unitas. Rosenbloom calls Weeb "my crew-cut I.B.M. machine."

For five seasons Baltimore's Weeb Ewbank stuck doggedly to his exacting coaching methods. Last year he finally won the championship.

Can the Colts Do It Again?

By AL SILVERMAN

Early in the 1958 game of games between the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants for the National Football League championship, Colt offensive end Raymond Berry caught a pass and was knocked out of bounds near his own bench. One of the last to hit him was Giant linebacker Sam Huff. As Berry lay sprawled on the ground, Huff then proceeded to make some sort of contact with the Colt player's ribs.

Hovering nearby was Weeb Ewbank, the five-foot, seven-inch Baltimore coach. As he saw it, the 230-pound Huff had kneed Berry. Ewbank rushed over and started flailing away with his fists at the burly Giant linebacker. Huff, who seemed more startled than angered, swung back without too much conviction. Then players moved in and pulled them apart. Afterward Huff insisted that he had placed his hands rather than his knees on the fallen Berry, and had done so only in the process of getting back up on his feet.

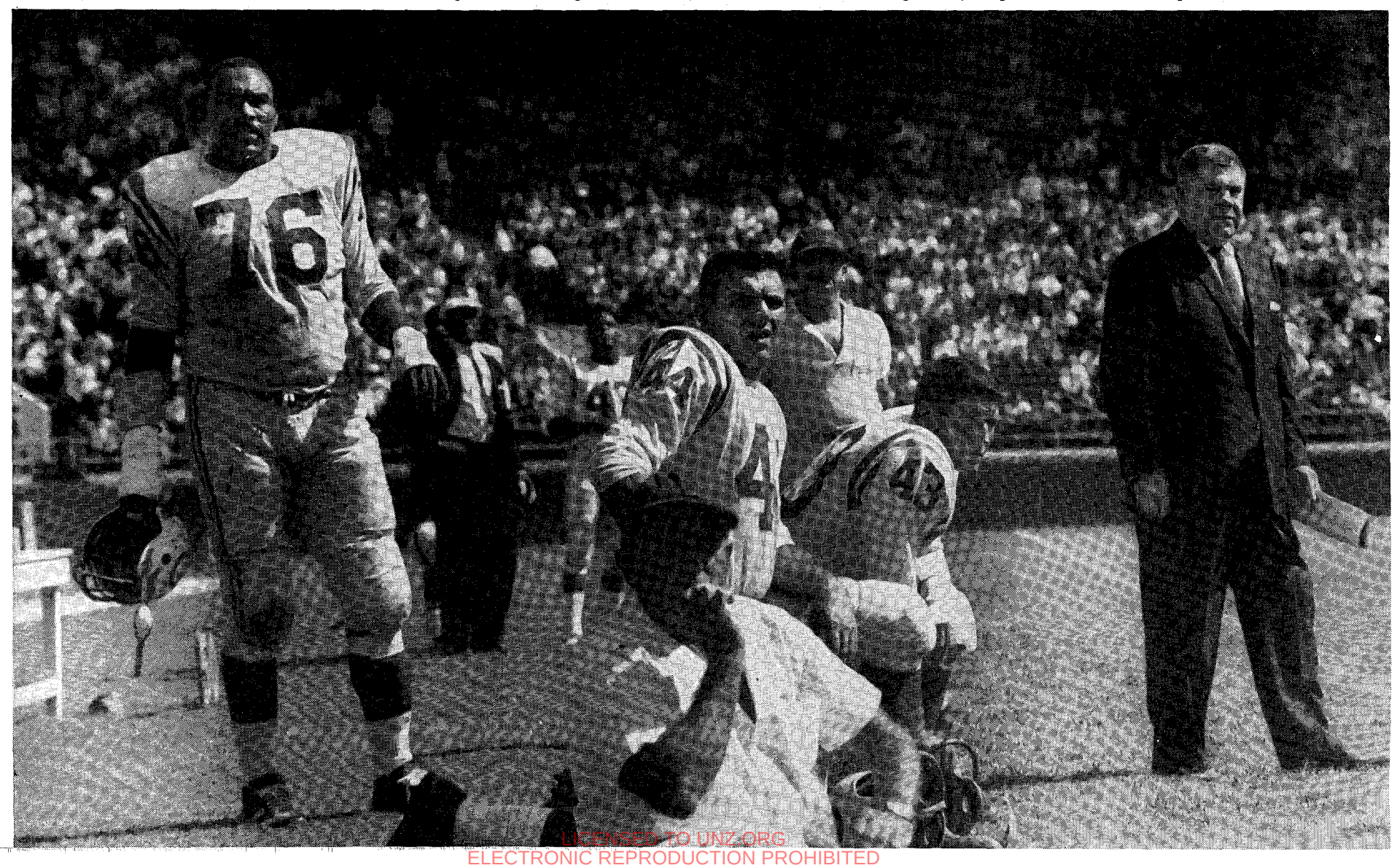
Weeb Ewbank is an emotional man by nature, but he had never before let his emotions carry him that far. He recalls the incident today with some embarrassment. "It was a hot game and the kids were fired up," he says. "I'm sure Sam is not proud of what he did—he could've broken Berry's ribs. As for me, I know I'm not proud of what I did."

From a psychological standpoint, it is easy to understand Ewbank's impulsive act. Five years of frustration and failure were coming to a climax that day. So much was at stake for him that he could hardly be blamed for losing his equanimity.

Baltimore's eventual 23–17 triumph in an unprecedented "sudden-death" overtime period meant a great many things to fifty-two-year-old Wilbur Charles Ewbank. The victory brought him election by sports writers as Pro Coach of the Year; a new car from Baltimore admirers; a fat $25,000 bonus and a lucrative three-year contract at $30,000 a year from the Baltimore management. Most satisfying of all, there was complete vindication for the way Ewbank had developed and run his ball club.

(Continued on Page 71)

Weeb (right) as he watched his team lose an exhibition game to the Eagles last month, 35–13. No. 76 is Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb, the Colts' 288-pound tackle.



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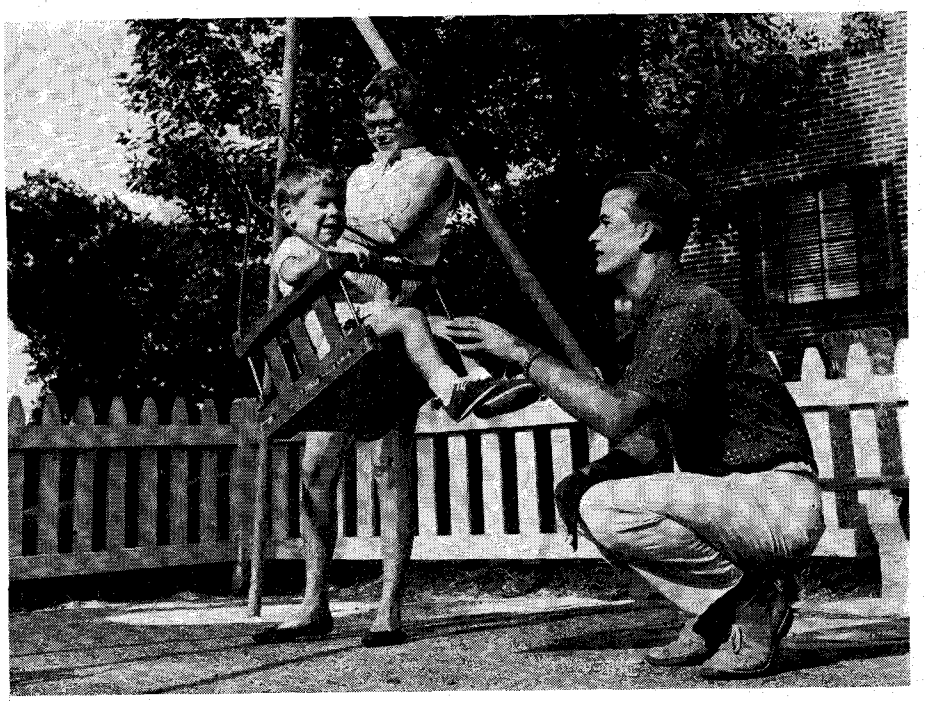
"I am always puzzled," says Clark, "why anybody should dislike me because I am associated with young people, and because I defend teen-agers' musical likes and dislikes." He is shown above during a broadcast of his daily *American Bandstand* TV program.



Dick, with his wife, Bobby, and their two-year-old son, Dickie, outside their $110-a-month apartment in a Philadelphia suburb. After seven years there they recently bought a house of their own and will soon move.

At right, three couples chosen by Clark from the audience demonstrate their rock-'n'-roll technique on his show.

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I CALL ON

DICK CLARK

By PETE MARTIN

The phenomenal young man who runs TV's spectacularly successful *American Bandstand* defends teen-age tastes—and tells why he won't divulge how much money he makes.

Millions of people view him each week as the master of ceremonies of a show called *American Bandstand*—a TV production that looks like a dance going on in a high-school gym. Other millions catch his Saturday-night performances in *The Dick Clark Show*. Still more millions began to view his new TV enterprise, *Dick Clark's World of Talent*, last week, on Sunday night. This new production—it may become a giant enterprise—will mark an effort to fascinate "adults," an audience which he so far has reached only as a by-product of his teen-age-angled television performances. He is quiet, smooth-voiced, neat in appearance. Obviously he has been brought up to be polite.

Aside from these things, he firmly and continuously defends that amorphous group known as "teen-agers." In spite of his mannerly attitude, he has had applied to him such titles as The Czar of the Switchblade Set and The Kingpin of the Teen-age Mafia.

He has also been labeled The Elder Statesman of the Young People, a title which makes him sound like a hepcat Barney Baruch.

I was sitting in his Drexel Hill apartment in suburban Philadelphia, talking to him about such matters as rock 'n' roll. Politely, quietly and firmly, Dick Clark was trying to tell me that musically I was an elderly fuddy-duddy. "Unfortunately," he told me, "as we grow older our minds close in certain areas, music among them. The real truth is that you adults are more preoccupied with rock 'n' roll than the teen-agers.

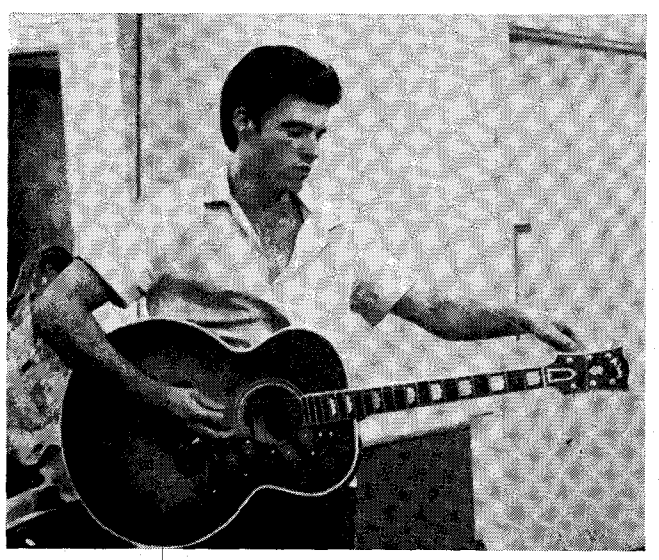
"As far as the kids are concerned, rock 'n' roll is just a portion of their musical knowledge. Youngsters today have a widely varied musical background. Someday they'll sift some things and be more discriminating. In the meantime they're having a little bit of everything. I think it's a very healthy situation."

"I don't see anything healthy in the rock-'n'-roll riots still going on," I said. "Apparently they happen when a rock-'n'-roll band puts on a concert in a huge auditorium and, as a result, all hell breaks loose."

"I'm not trying to ignore those situations," Dick Clark told me, "but it is unfortunate that nobody talks about the thousands upon thousands—probably millions—of young people who gather to hear popular music performed and have no trouble at all. All that the papers say is, 'There was violence,' and they blame it on the music a youngster's heard in an auditorium.

"Even if the newspaper accounts are correct, I don't think they (Continued on Page 69)

CLARK HELPED THESE YOUNGSTERS BECOME IDOLS OF THE TEEN-AGE WORLD



Ricky Nelson, age 19. In the past two years, his followers have bought 12,000,000 of his records. His father, Ozzie, refuses to let him sing in clubs or bars where liquor is served.

Fabian, a 16-year-old from Philadelphia. His total sales have passed 4,000,000 and are still climbing.

The Everly Brothers of Brownie, Ky. Four of their recordings have topped 1,000,000. Biggest hit: *Wake Up Little Susie*.

Frankie Avalon (left), another 19-year-old. Avalon fans bought more than 1,500,000 copies of his recording of *Venus*.

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She sighted on Wild Bull's forehead.
"Face to face!" she yelled. "Fire!"

Wild Bull could outshoot most men. But this opponent was a woman.

DUEL IN THE DUSK

By GERALD KERSH

Hearing frenzied footsteps and a hooting of predatory boys, the old lady came out of her quiet little house, leaning upon a light hickory stick with a silver band under the handle. She could detect one boy running nimbly ahead of the rest and knew, by his breathing, that he was in some distress.

So she waited until the hunted boy was in the shadow of her porch and his pursuers were giving voice. She paused, listening, then smiled and came into the open, brandishing her stick and calling the boys by name almost playfully as she struck at them: "Oh, your back, Charley Lygoe—your back, your back!... Oh, poor Jack Sparrow—your legs, your legs, your legs! . . . Oh, your arm, John Cotton, your poor arm!"

They fled, terrified. Her stick stung, but her voice bit deep; and there was something especially frightening in the way the pale-eyed gentlewoman called her blows.

Now she turned to the boy who had been running away. He had caught his breath.

"What did you run away for?"

"They wanted this pie, ma'am."

"So you ran?"

"Yes'm"—he was urgent in his own defense—"I can run rings around 'em. I did not run for fear. I had this pie to bring to you. I figured I might wind Charley Lygoe and the others, then fight it through, ma'am, and save this pie."

"Good boy. And what would you've done if they had caught you, eh?"

"Ate some of the pie, slapped the rest in Jack Sparrow's face and run again."

"And what about Charley Lygoe?"

"Oh, he'd be down, and then there would be only one by the time Jack Sparrow got the pie out of his eye. So I would have tackled John Cotton, and anyone can handle him."

"Good. I like you. You will go far."

The boy asked, breathless again, "Are you telling my fortune, ma'am?"

"Fortunes cut two ways," said the old lady, laughing. "Everyone goes far, don't you see—up to heaven or down to t'other place."

"Yes'm."

It would have been inaccurate to call this old woman tender in her manner—"tenderized" is the word for her, as for strong flesh rendered soft by hard knocks and the passage of time. She was much feared in Troy Grove, Illinois, because it was believed that Mamma Fixum, as she was called, had the gift of second sight.

She looked, as it were, through a film of skim milk; yet you sensed that she was aware of your every movement, even of your change of expression. Certainly, for a blind woman Mamma Fixum was fantastically perceptive.

She was supposed to go abroad at night when she should have been sleeping and not walking; but if she was—as rumor had it—a witch, her magic was of the white sort that heals but does not hurt, and lays no curses; and for her blessings she made no charge to rich and poor alike.

Still, to be on the safe side, the housewives of Troy Grove used to send her cakes and jars of preserves, with their compliments and kindest regards, while their husbands raised their hats to her in the street. At all events, they said, old Mamma Fixum is a lady.

All the same, they crossed their fingers behind her back when she passed, tapping with her little stick, because hers had been no ordinary life.

She knew every one of the children of the neighborhood, even if they did not speak, only by the way they (Continued on Page 55)

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

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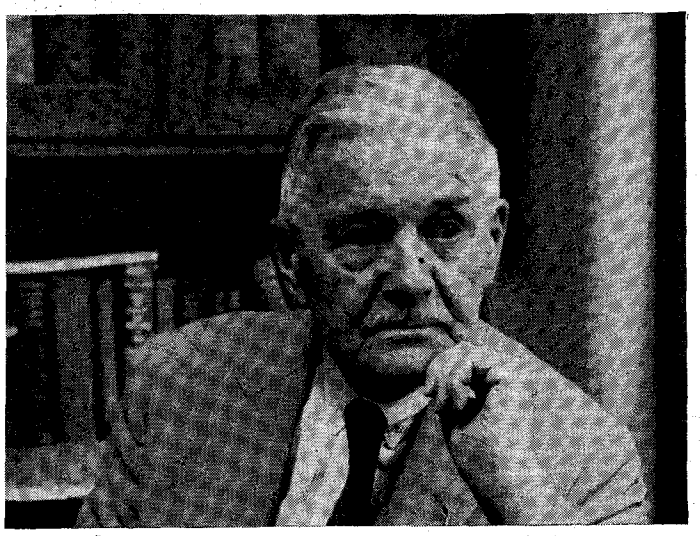
Hunting the Invisible Killers

CONCLUSION

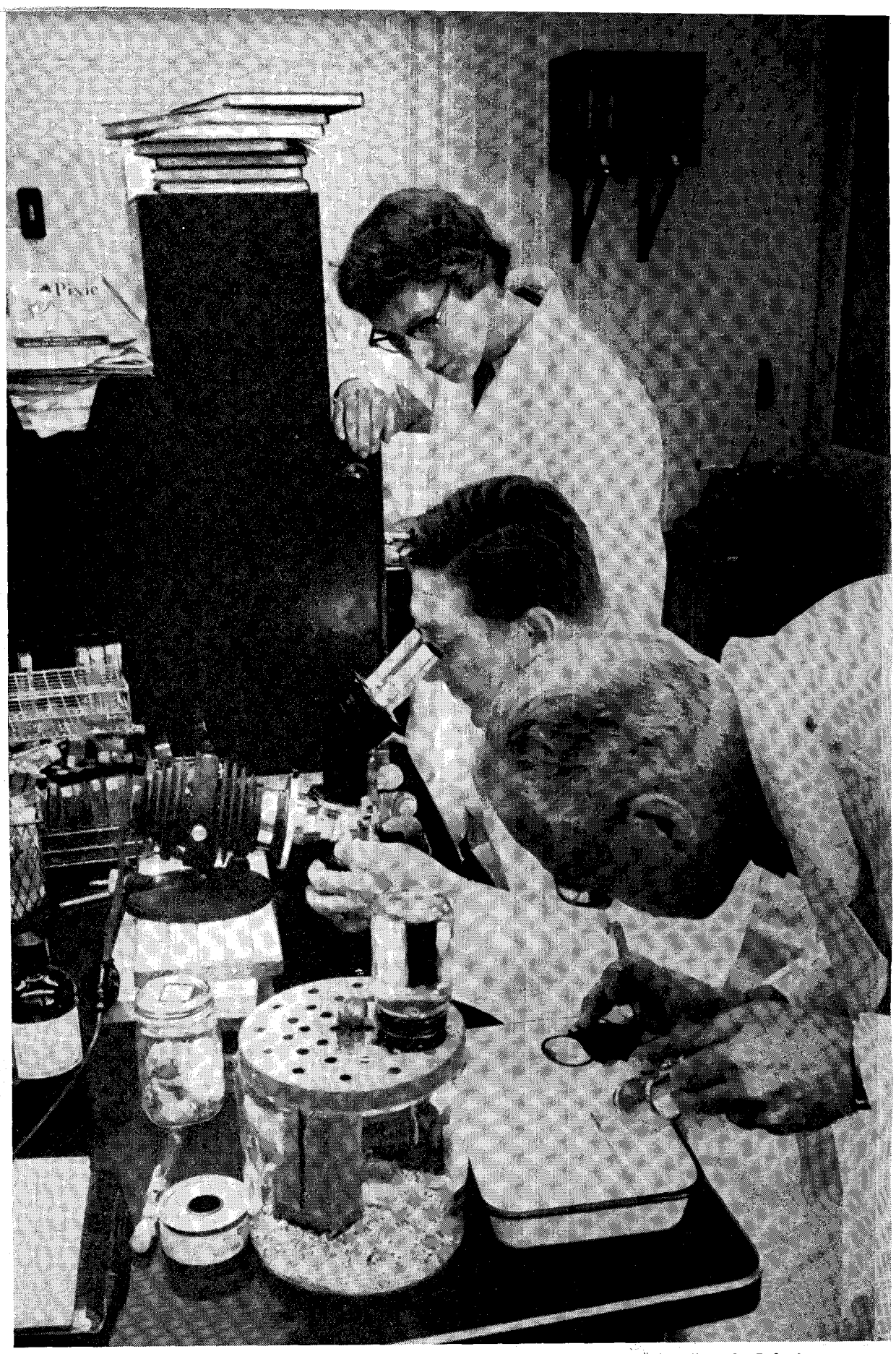


Dr. Alphonse Dochez (above), a pioneer in the field of cold-virus research. In 1930 he became the first to succeed in making an animal—a chimpanzee—catch cold.

THE ERA OF NEW VIRUSES

How teams of virologists are uncovering some startling secrets about infectious diseases, including that most baffling affliction of all, the common cold.

By GREER WILLIAMS



Bethesda, Md.: Dr. Robert Huebner (center) with Doctors Janet Hartley and Joseph Bell in the Infectious Disease Laboratory at the National Institutes of Health. In his search for the cause of the common cold, Huebner and his team have discovered more than two dozen previously unknown, submicroscopic viruses.

Bacteriologists in the last eighty years have taught us to live with dangerous bacteria—or without them. Their germicidal methods have been amazingly successful, with but few exceptions. The classic microbe hunters' story reached its grand climax in chemotherapy—first the sulfa drugs in the 1930's and then the antibiotics in the 1940's. Pneumonia, the No. 1 killer in 1900, has dropped to sixth place; tuberculosis, from second to thirteenth; bacterial inflammations of the stomach and intestines, from third to nineteenth. With the coming of the wonder drugs, the age of microbes appeared almost past.

© 1959 by Greer Williams

But now take a second look. Suddenly it dawns on us that in the 1950's we have witnessed ten years of almost continuous excitement about virus discoveries. Despite the virus diseases controlled through vaccination, we seem to have as many virus infections as ever. Some experts would say more than ever.

The large microbes, we might say, have surrendered the center of the stage to midget microbes. Strictly defined, of course, it is a question whether a virus can be classed as a microbe. A virus is mainly a kernel of protein-coated nucleic acid without the bacterium's usual protoplasm and covering membrane. The microbe traditionally has been thought of as a microscopic, one-celled form of plant life. The submicroscopic virus, in contrast, has no independent cell life of its own; it depends, perfect parasite (Continued on Page 98)

This is the last of three articles drawn from a book by Mr. Williams, entitled *Virus Hunters*, to be published November sixteenth by Alfred A. Knopf.

—THE EDITORS

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The story of a father whose young son taught him a . . .

LESSON IN COURAGE

By WILLIAMS FORREST

"Around here it's like being a horse thief to mess into a man's toolbox." The voice was that of Soup Bannister, superintendent of the assembly shop.

Stacy, kneeling, turned from Cus Borchard's tool chest and looked up, his face framed in the light coming through the windows high up in the concrete walls. Soup Bannister's two hundred and fifty pounds were looming ominously over him.

"I'm not stealing his tools," said Stacy. His voice fitted the stern lines of his face. He offered no further explanation.

The machines, benches and parts stood silent and murky, hinting of dormant power. Strands of the evening sun swung on hoists and chains.

Laughter rumbled in Soup and rose to his big mouth. He stood over Stacy like ironic judgment. "Sure, sure," he said, "I know." He waved a hand over the messy open chest of Cus Borchard's tools. "I know you wouldn't want any of that junk." Then he looked at the open box containing Stacy's personal work equipment. The tools were shiny, arranged in order and fixed in brackets. On the inside of the open lid were metal slots to hold the wide range of Stacy's micrometers. One slot was empty.

Stacy said, "My partner borrowed one of my mikes. Forgot to give it back. I'm just sorting through for it."

"O.K., find it."

Stacy rooted through the box, found the micrometer in a corner. It was broken. He dropped it back in Cus's box and closed the lid. Then he closed his own box and locked it, as did all the master craftsmen who owned and loved their tools. (Continued on Page 64)

Through the window, Stacy watched Bobby go out to meet his tormentors.

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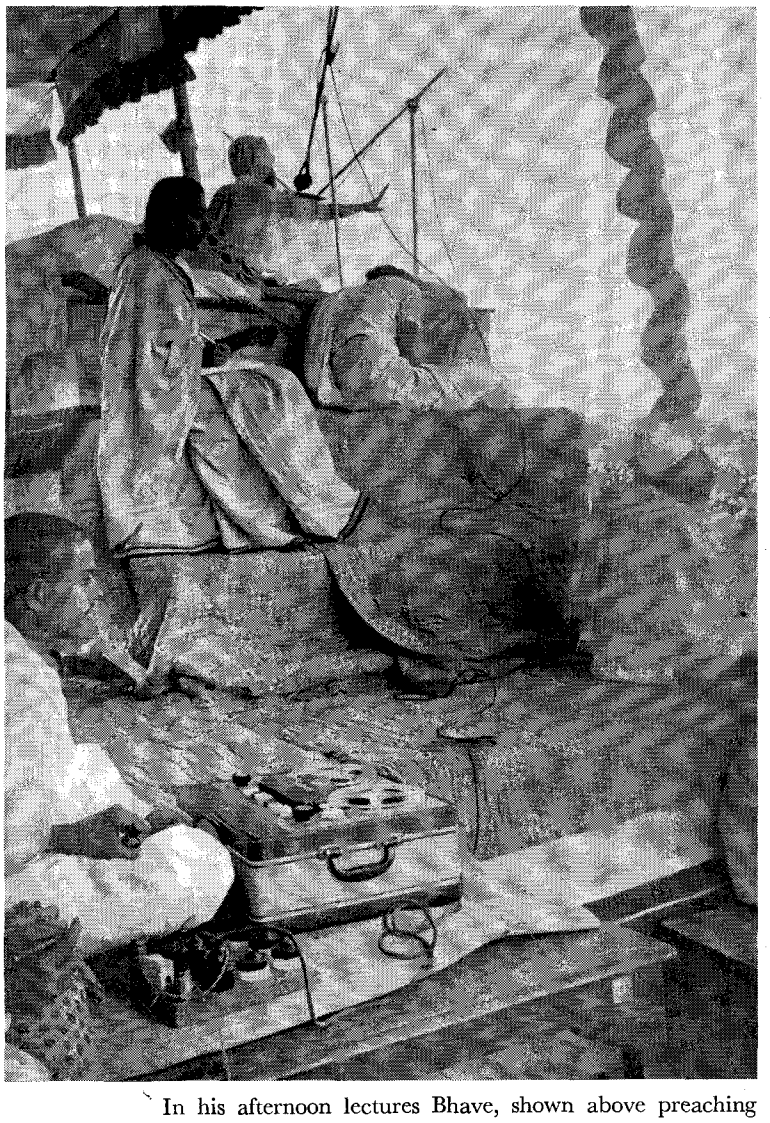
Bhave (far right) leading a group of his followers into the city of Ahmadabad. His march, reports the author, has taken on the proportions of a triumphal procession.



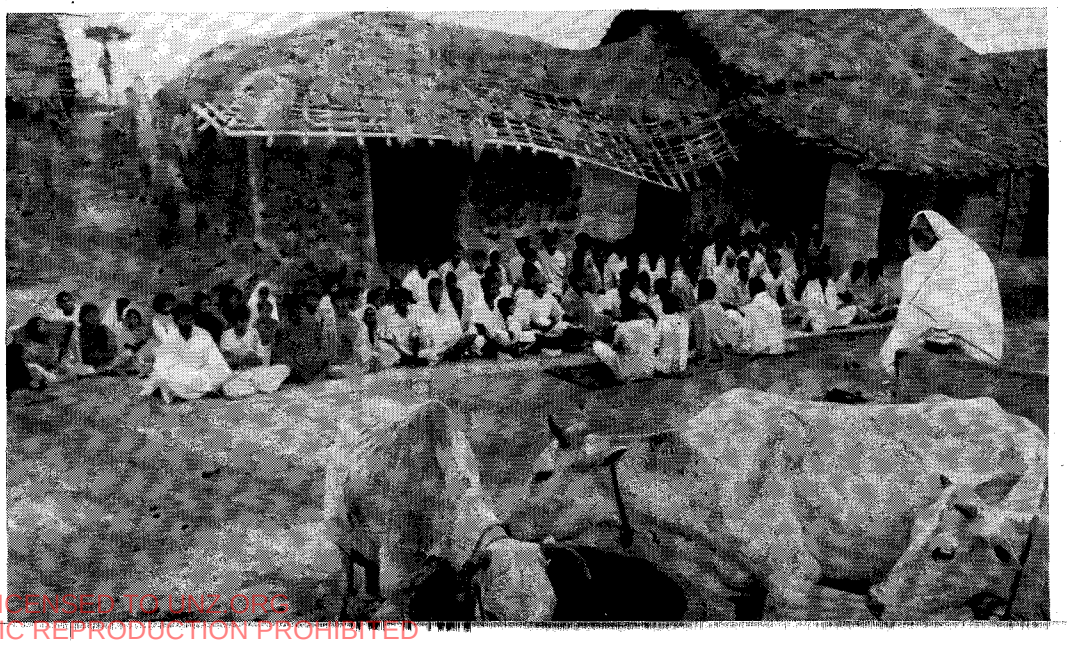
In his afternoon lectures Bhave, shown above preaching at Ahmadabad, exhorts villagers to help solve India's critical land problem by pooling their property holdings.

In Gandhi's Footsteps

Vinoba Bhave, a mystical white-bearded wanderer, is waging a remarkable singlehanded battle to prevent millions of land-hungry Indians from falling prey to the Communists.

By ARTHUR BONNER

Evening scene at Beraih, Bihar Province. In this *gramdan*, or "village gift" community, 200 Indian peasants jointly own 23 acres. Already they have accumulated $1840 in cash and capital improvements.



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There is a silent struggle going on in India between democracy and Communism. It does not attract big headlines, but what happens here is of vital interest to free nations throughout the world. One out of every seven persons in the world today lives in India. If the Communists seize power in India, the United States will be outflanked in South Asia, and Communism will have a powerful springboard for a leap to the Middle East and Africa.

The poverty of India seems to make this country a natural breeding ground for Communism. But this is an ancient nation with its own traditions and culture. Mahatma Gandhi showed how typically Indian methods could be used in the struggle for India's independence. And now Vinoba Bhave, Gandhi's spiritual heir, is trying to use the spiritual traditions of India in the even more difficult struggle against poverty.

Bhave is the strongest antidote to Communism in India today. He is a spindly-legged man of sixty-four with black hair and a long white beard, and he looks as if a puff of wind would blow him over. But he is not so weak as he appears. During the last eight years he has walked tens of thousands of miles across almost the length and breadth of India, preaching the Gandhian doctrine of *sarvodaya*. This literally means "welfare of all," but in fact it is much the same as the Christian's "God helps those who help themselves."

Recently I went to the tiny village of Nawada in the state of Rajasthan to join his march. The houses had been newly whitewashed, and the narrow, crooked streets were spanned with arches of leaves and banners inscribed with phrases of welcome. The villagers were listening to Bhave deliver his customary afternoon lecture. He speaks most of the fourteen official languages of India, including English. On this afternoon he spoke in Hindi, the language of most of North India.

Bhave's father wanted him to be an engineer or a chemist and had him learn French in preparation for study in Europe. But this was not his destiny. He left home to study Sanskrit, the language of ancient India, at the sacred city of Benares. In 1916, when he was twenty-one, he joined Gandhi and lived most of the rest of his life as a humble and obscure disciple of the Mahatma. He first gained prominence in 1940 when Gandhi picked him as the man who would first symbolically break some petty law and get himself (Continued on Page 46)

Bhave lives on a Spartan diet of curds, honey and fruit. (He has a stomach ulcer.) The devout peasants believe him to be a saint.

Bhave's best-known disciple is Jaya Prakash Narayan (at left below), a former socialist political leader who joined the movement in 1954.

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ENGINEERS DON'T FIGHT

German tanks were closing in through the fog. And the green lieutenant was supposed to cross a bridge that wasn't there.

BY WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

You will take over the third platoon at once," Captain Lopez ordered Bunny Flagg.

For a grass-green second lieutenant, this was a rough assignment. Bunny's first mission would be to get five thousand pounds of TNT to Abenschendt, in the Huertgen Forest of Germany, where the Umpteenth Engineer Combat Battalion was fighting for its life. The only route was the tortuous Zweibrau Trail, a mountain road under heavy German bombardment.

In Paris Bunny had fallen in love with a Red Cross worker named Cindy Barnes. Her father commanded the Umpteenth Battalion, which Bunny was about to join. Cindy, in a letter, told rough-and-tumble old Colonel Barnes of the burly young engineer's dogged belief in the rule-book maxim that engineers build, but don't fight.

The colonel's reaction was explosive. "I'll show him whether engineers fight or not," he roared.

CONCLUSION

At 2200 the third platoon of Baker Company, already behind schedule, was still in Odendorf. Snow was falling heavily now; it danced like white rose petals through the spear of the truck's headlights as Sgt. Reno McNabb superintended loading the five thousand pounds of TNT that the third platoon would presently transport across the Zweibrau Wehr and up to the Abenschendt ridge. The rest of Baker had pulled out an hour before, and worry was beginning to gnaw at Reno now as time slipped by and the night got older.

"All right!" he yelled at the loading detail. "Shake it up! Shake it up! We ain't got all night!"

A big shape appeared in the glow of the headlights, and Reno groaned. It was Second Lt. Bunny Flagg.

Reno had hoped that Bunny would stay back at the schoolhouse, doing whatever it was that second lieutenants did, until the TNT was loaded. It had been an idle hope, he found now. Bunny stopped beside him, a paper in his hands.

"Loading almost finished, Sergeant McNabb?" Bunny asked in a crisp voice. "Good! I have made up a march table for tonight. We will move in two serials. First serial—one jeep and two men, who will scout ahead and check the road."

"Yes, sir," Reno said woodenly. He was thinking: *Dodd's teeth! We got a jeep and four dump trucks, and he's talking about serials! He must think he's moving an armored division.* Aloud, he mumbled, "One jeep in the first serial, lootenant."

"You will command that serial, sergeant," Bunny went on. "The second serial will be composed of the four dump trucks, the truck carrying the TNT in the lead. I will command the second serial and will ride in the truck with the explosives."

Reno blinked. To the east the German artillery kept up its intermittent cannonading, the bong of the shells blending to make distant thunder. Pretty soon they'd be right up there in the middle of those shells, Reno thought unhappily. His unhappiness was eased a little as the import of what Bunny had just said came home to him.

"You're goin' to ride the truck with the TNT, lootenant?" he asked, as though he wasn't quite sure he'd heard aright. "That ain't goin' to be exactly the safest spot in the world, sir."

"So what?" Bunny answered absently. "Are you sure that you understand the order in which we move out, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," Reno mumbled, but he was thinking: *I got to give the guy an "A" in guts, even if he flunks in brains.* "I got it, lootenant. O.K., what's the dope, Mike?"

Sgt. Mike Brito, in charge of the loading detail, had come up to where Bunny and Reno stood. "Ready to roll, sarge," he said.

"Head back for the schoolhouse," Reno told Brito. "We'll form up the column there. When we start forward, divide your squad up among the other three trucks. I don't want no more men ridin' with that powder than has got to ride."

"O.K.," Brito grunted. "Here we go."

The truck jounced off into the curtain of the falling snow as Bunny and Reno McNabb followed on foot, stumbling over the broken ground. This place had been given a thorough creaming by American artillery before the breakthrough had come.

"What are the loads in the other trucks, sergeant?" Bunny wanted to know as they went.

"Engineer tools in two of 'em, lootenant," Reno said. "Heavy infantry weapons an' ammo in the other. With the platoon ridin' we'll be carrying maximum loads in all four trucks."

"Sounds O.K.," Bunny approved. "Especially the tools."

Reno was about to mumble, "Yes, sir," when he heard a crash ahead and saw the headlights of the TNT truck come to a sudden stop, canting down at an unnatural angle. Whitey, the driver, began a steady and violent cursing which put a dark premonition of trouble into Reno as he sprinted forward. That premonition was justified. The truck had slid into a shell crater and there was something in the way that a front wheel was tilted that told Reno he could scratch one G.I. truck. Whitey confirmed that belief with profane details.

"Well, *that* rust bucket ain't goin' nowhere tonight," he concluded. "I was edgin' past that damn hole when the ground give way."

"So what do we do?" Mike Brito asked, coming up.

Bunny was down on his hands and knees in the mud, looking at the damaged wheel, and Reno answered. "Unload the tools from Denny's truck," he said morosely. "We'll transfer the powder to that. The tools will just have to stay behind."

Bunny heard that as he came back through the headlights. "Nope," he said in a positive voice. "The tools go with us, sergeant. We'll leave the heavy infantry weapons behind."

"Sir," Reno protested, "there's Krauts up where we're going. We're liable to need them machine guns an' bazookas ——"

"The tools go, Sergeant McNabb," Bunny said firmly. "An engineer without tools is about as useful as a gun without a cartridge. It's unfortunate, but that's the way it is."

"Yes, sir," Reno said glumly. "Unload the heavy weapons and ammo, Mike. And shake it up—we got to get moving!"

It was close to midnight when Reno, riding with Corporal Maglie in the jeep ahead of the column, reached Jagerhaus. It was here that the Zweibrau Trail started down. Four days ago there (Continued on Page 80)

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

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"Come out of there with your hands up!" Bunny yelled. "I'll poke this down the hatch if you don't."

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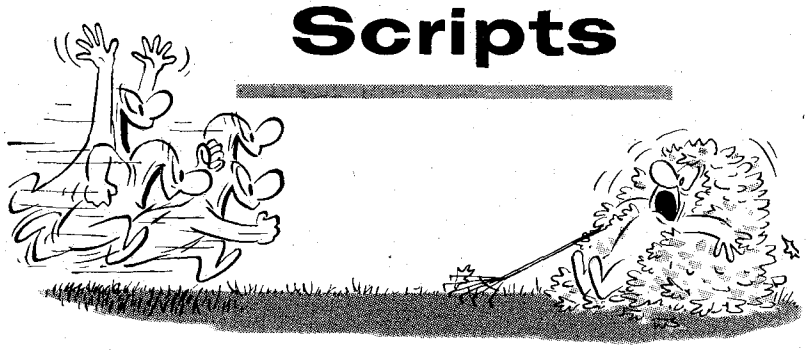
Post Scripts



Enfeebled English

BREAKFAST DUET

G'morn, Bueful! — Morn.

Wearza coffee? — Rine frun of you.

Jeerda weather repord? — Yeah. Cloudy widda kayshnal shars. Bedder care yumbrella.

O.K. Watchewgunna dewdaday? — Omina shob around fruh pogga book. How bowed mean yuh fuh lunge?

Fine! Wunna clog add my office? — Cheg!

Wow! Loogada dime! Godda run. Slong, Hon. — By, Swedie!

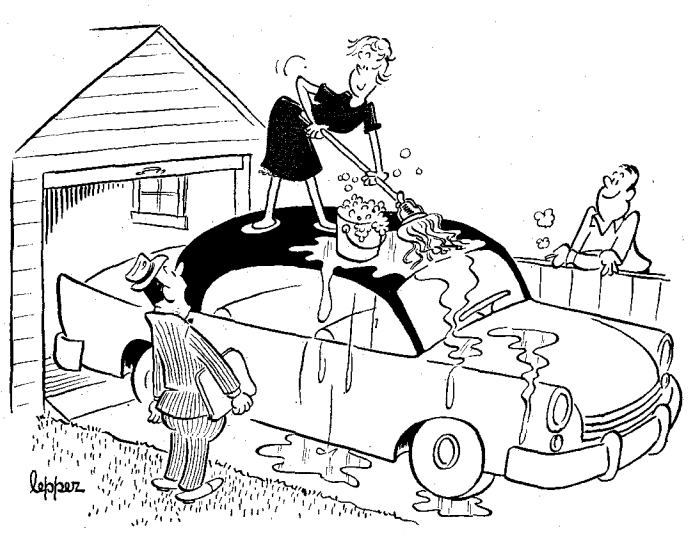
HERB GOCHROS

Disgruntled Damsel

Wait, they keep telling me,
Wait for the right man,
A clever and bright man,
A suave and polite man,
One who's so loaded
It's almost pathetic,
But handsome, athletic,
Gay, sympathetic . . .

He certainly sounds
Worth waiting for ——
Like someone, what's more,
I could madly adore,
But if he's all these
We must also agree
He'd be nuts as can be
If he's waiting for *me*.

ETHEL JACOBSON



"Good heavens, Bertha!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HURRY HOME

September 10, 1947

Dearest Jim,

Please hurry home; I miss you so! I think your boss is the meanest man I ever knew—sending a new husband away on a business trip!

Yesterday I tried out your mother's recipe for meat loaf, and it was wonderful! And, oh, honey today I ironed four of your white shirts! Aren't you proud of me?

Sweetheart, I'll just die if you aren't home on Friday for our anniversary! (Two months, or sixty-one days!)

I miss you! Love and kisses,

Barbie

MRS. JAMES HARRISON 1063 MONROE APT. 8

TAKING EARLIER PLANE. BE HOME TONIGHT. ALL MY LOVE DARLING. JIM.

September 10, 1959

Dear Jim,

What do you mean, you may have to stay over till Monday? I don't think I can make it through another weekend with you gone.

Herbert finally got here Wednesday to fix the sprinkler system. He dug up all the ground under the clotheslines, and then got in a fight with the plumber and simply marched off the job! I ran out the door yelling, "Come back, Herbert, come back!", but he pretended not to hear me and just drove off. You know how touchy he is.

Your mother had a run-in yesterday with her landlord. He came by to tell her he's raising her rent $25, and he saw all those holes she made hanging pictures. She said he talked terrible to her, and she's all upset.

The car is choking and gulping at stop signs again. Well, if it stops completely, I'll just stay home. It's hard enough to get a sitter for three kids, let alone six new pups.

Roger's having an awful time with fractions. That's the first thing you'll have to see to, after you get your mother straightened out.

Hurry home.

Love, Barb

Dear Daddy You got to fix my rabbit hutches before Saturday thats The pet show. Love, Sara.

Dear Dad,
Mother says no I can't go horseback Sat but can I Dad can I? Please come home soon and argew her outof it. Love,
Marcia

MRS. JAMES HARRISON 33 HILLSIDE DRIVE

IMPERATIVE I STAY TO MEET HARMON MONDAY. SORRY. LOVE JIM.

KAY NELSON

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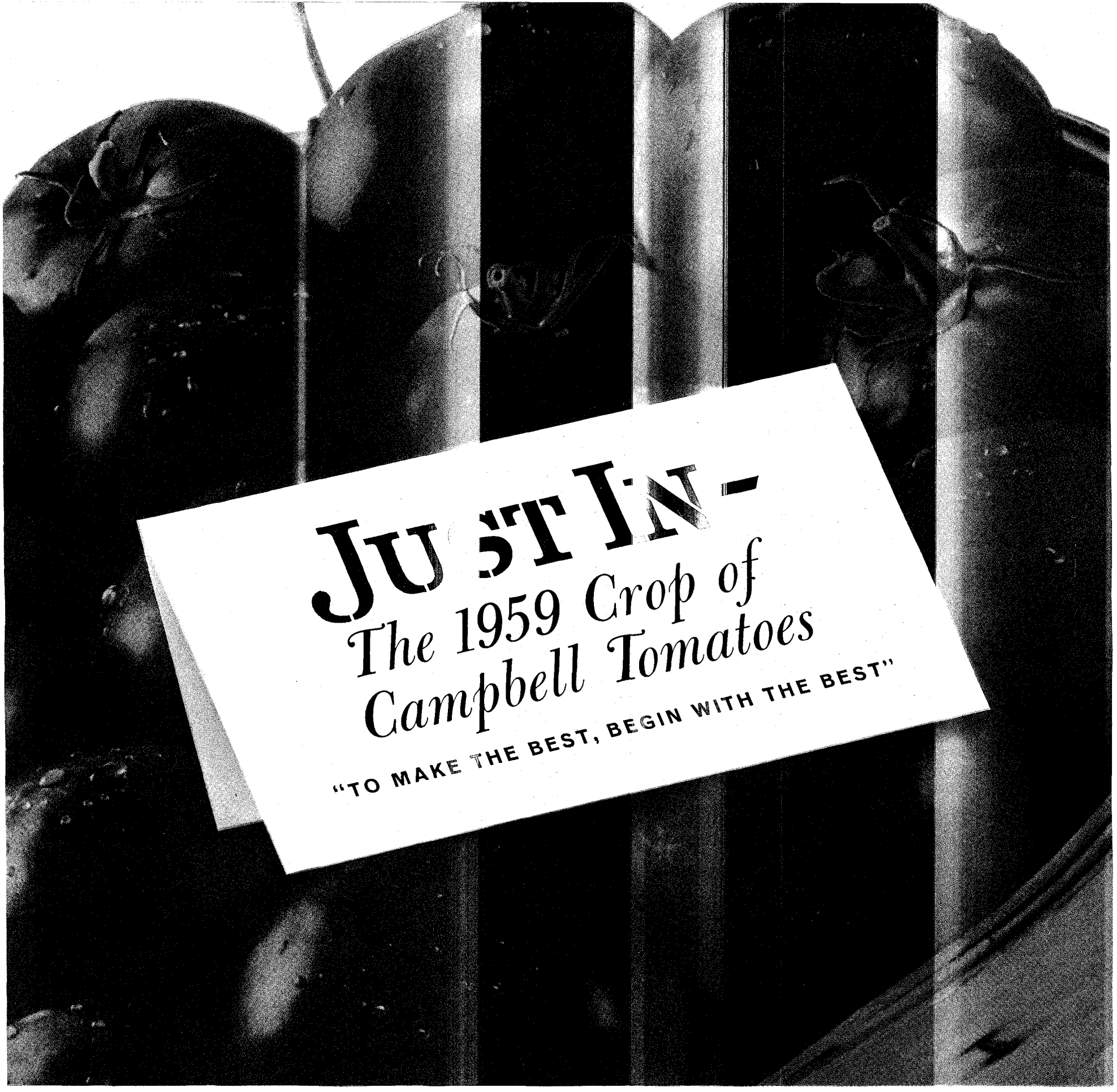

After years of patient planning and pampering, the top of the crop is just a shelf-reach away

Round, red tomato beauties just like these roll into the Campbell Kitchens when the harvest is on. It's a tomato lover's dream that comes to life in Campbell's Tomato Soup, juices, and in Campbell's new Tomato Rice Soup, too.

But all this abundance of perfection didn't just happen. Back of it all are years of research to develop just the right strain and then a continuous program to maintain the strain just the way we want it.

Pampered from seed to simmer

In the early spring the seed from this very special strain is put to earth down South, where the seedlings bask in the sun and grow strong and sturdy. At planting time they're rushed North in temperature-controlled trucks. And there they grow to maturity, pampered every step of the way.

You'd think after all this that every tomato would make the grade. But some don't. They have to pass a rigid inspection for the uniformly bright tomato color we demand. They have to taste right out of tomato heaven. In other words, they have to be just about perfect in every way or they are just not used.

Quality that's ready for your reach

The happy result of the 1959 crop of Campbell Tomatoes is now at your grocer's. You can enjoy it in our Tomato Soups, Tomato Juice, and V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices. Once you taste any one of them, we know you'll agree with the wisdom of our little motto: "*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

- Soups
- Frozen Soups
- Tomato Juice
- Pork & Beans
- V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
- FRANCO-AMERICAN Products
- SWANSON Products

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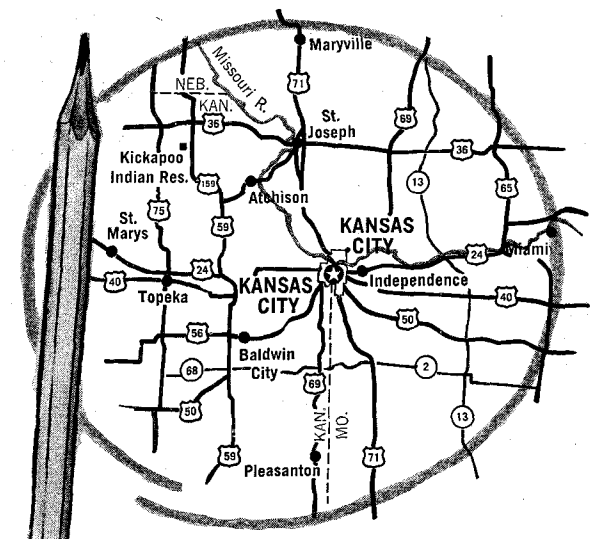
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

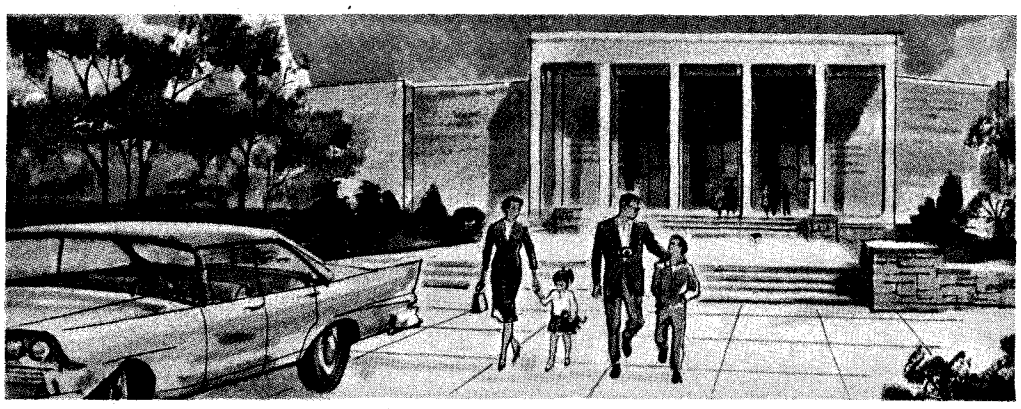
This Kansas City Magic Circle is a living history book, and still another example of the kind of "magic" that circles you anywhere you live. All you need are your car keys.

This series of advertisements is published by Ethyl Corporation, *New York 17, N. Y., to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.*

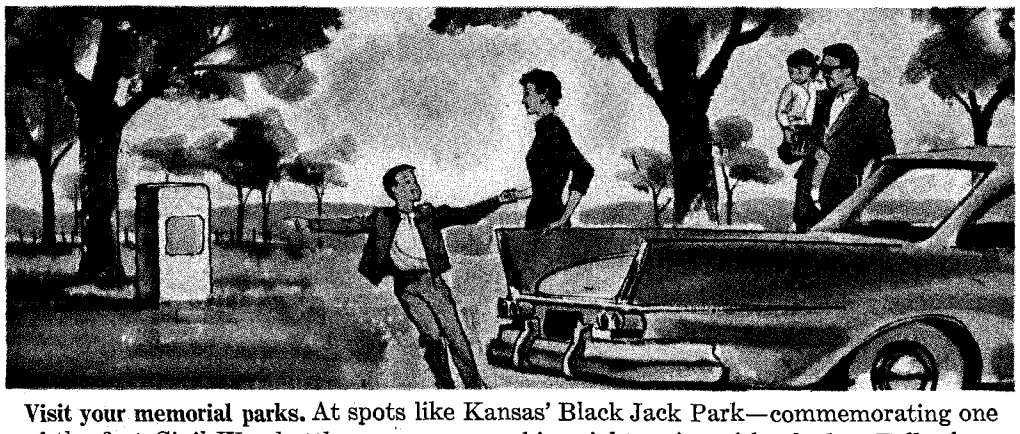


Take a pencil and map out your Magic Circle. Your car is the best investment in fun you ever made. Don't miss out on its endless happy returns. Start driving—start *living*—next chance you get.

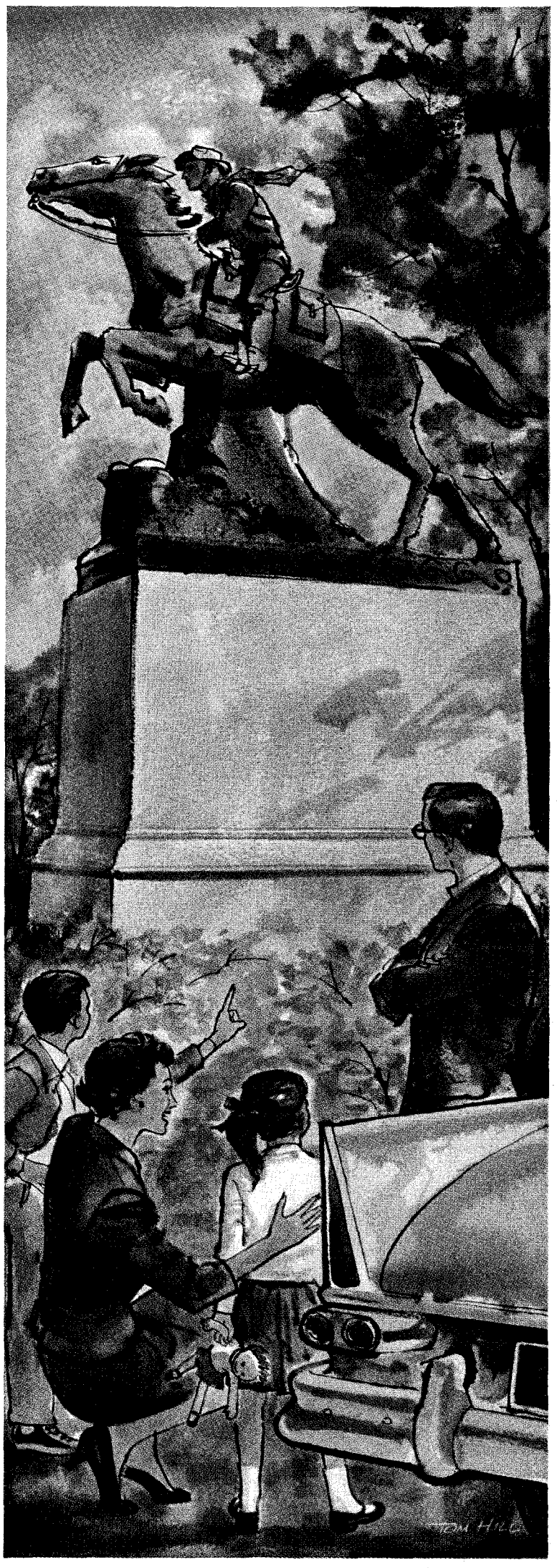
Hit the Indian trails. From Kansas City, it's just a pleasant drive to the Kickapoo Reservation. In *your* area, you'll find mementoes of the Indian days, if not reservations.



Bring recent history to life. At Independence, the Truman Library recreates events many of us remember. Let your car show you your own landmarks. It's fun for all the family.



Visit your memorial parks. At spots like Kansas' Black Jack Park—commemorating one of the first Civil War battles—you can combine sight-seeing with a look at Fall colors.



Countless frontiers await you. A destination like the Pony Express statue in St. Joseph (where you can also see the Pony Express Depot) can conjure up all the drama of early America. And think of the contrast, for example, between the dusty Pony Express trails and today's fine highway system.

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The Case of THE WAYLAID WOLF

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

What was it about the dead man's past that these two were trying to keep secret?

"Here are five names," Orval Kingman said to Perry Mason. "If you check them, you'll find out where I was the night of the fifth."

Kingman, bookie for the murdered Loring Lamont, was one of two men bearing the initials, O.K. These were the cryptic letters Mason found on a check stub at the scene of the crime. The second man, Otto Keswick, a caretaker for the Lamonts, had also given Perry an alibi.

At the preliminary hearing, two witnesses identified Perry's client, Arlene Ferris, as the girl who was with Lamont the night he was slain. Now Arlene became even more deeply enmeshed in the crime: Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide alleged that Arlene had planted evidence to corroborate her story—that Lamont had made violent advances and then pursued her through the woods before she escaped in his car. Tragg then dealt a crippling blow to Arlene's defense when he stated that the victim's clothing bore no signs of a chase through the woods.

As the hearing recessed, Perry turned to Arlene and said, "If those trousers or shoes don't show mud stains or indications of having been wet, you're either going to prison for life—or to the gas chamber."

VI

"I can't help it, Mr. Mason. I've told you the absolute truth."

Mason became thoughtfully silent.

She said, "Couldn't the murderer have changed clothes on the corpse after ——"

"Oh, sure," Mason said sarcastically, "just try selling that idea to a jury. The murderer knows that you're going to have a fight with Loring Lamont and run out on him in Lamont's own car. The murderer goes out there with an extra pair of trousers, socks and shoes. He waits until Loring Lamont comes back to the lodge, then he stabs him, then he opens the man's

(Continued on Page 86)

"You're covering up, both of you," Mason said.

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AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

Today, at showrooms across America, we introduce the totally new . . . totally wonderful Imperial.

It is new in design, new in interior styling, generous in its passenger space, new in many of its comforts and conveniences . . .

. . . but most spectacularly new in the manner of its building and assembly. It is built more carefully, tested more thoroughly, than any other car which has been or will be introduced this year. It requires more individual hand-crafting than other cars. It takes longer to build . . . because the skills which build it are the kind that can't be hurried. It has brought automotive crafts-manship back to America.

In this new Imperial of 1960, you rest in six thick inches of foam rubber . not for mere softness, but for a positioned support that eliminates fatigue. T high, throne-like back of the driving seat cushions you from shoulders to hi

The new instrument panel is clarity itself. Bold, readable calibrations . logically placed controls . . . and a remarkable new Panelescent lighting whi aids vision and depth perception at night by eliminating glare and reflectic

New swivel seats turn outward automatically as the door is opened . . . new, exclusive, *automatic* version of Auto-Pilot tends the accelerator on lo trips (two eminently practical options) . . . the engine produces more whe turning power than any other passenger car engine in the world.

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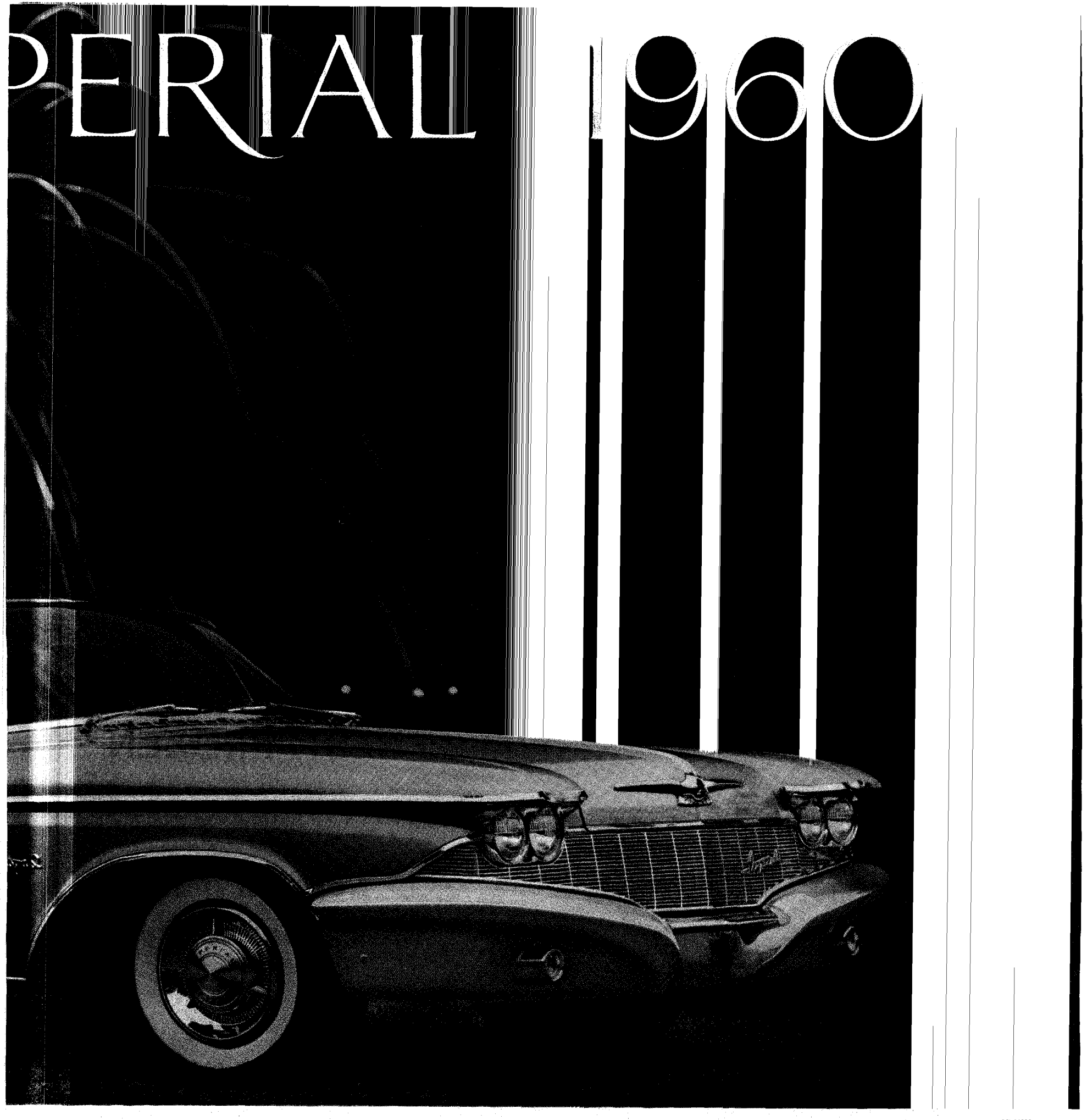
PERIAL 1960



THE IMPERIAL CUSTOM FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON

And into the great dignity of our 1960 Imperial, we've injected a generous measure of pure, joyful eagerness. It handles, steers, accelerates, stops as if it were a thousand pounds lighter than it weighs. Its exclusive torsion bar suspension system produces a buoyant ride no other fine car has yet equaled.

We think you will agree Imperial of 1960 proves one satisfying point . . . that a fine car can be almost awesomely impressive, and still be a vivid, engaging personality . . . a good companion as well as an obedient servant.

Compare Imperial with any other fine car . . . in riding quality, in space and comfort . . . in ease of entry and exit, front and rear . . . in driving liveliness . . . and learn that it is, in luxurious fact, the finest car America has yet produced.

THE EXCLUSIVE IMPERIAL OF 1960

PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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Win a refrigerator

IN THIS $100,000.00

FRESH-FROZEN ORANGE JUICE

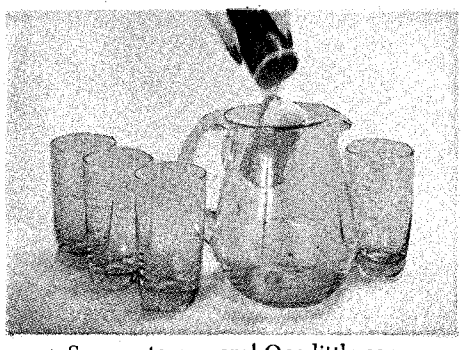
NEW "PACK" SALE
now going on!

FRESH-FROZEN ORANGE JUICE

Redeem the 12¢ coupon today!

Get Nature's Powerhouse of Vitamin C

...you need it every day!



So easy to prepare! One little can makes **four big glassfuls.**

Get the real thing!

No synthetic substitute gives you natural Vitamin C and the other health benefits of fresh-frozen orange juice. And frozen Florida orange juice is so deliciously sweet—so satisfying—just perfect as a quick refresher and a quick energy pickup, too. Keep several cans handy—mix a big pitcherful *often*.

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October 10, 1959

full of cold cash

SWEEPSTAKES

FIRST PRIZE

$25,000.00

In a Giant General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer!

10 SECOND PRIZES—
Corvairs by Chevrolet! America's first rear-engine compact cars!

50 THIRD PRIZES— General Electric Combination Refrigerator-Freezers! Shelves swing open! 13.5 cubic feet!

1000 FOURTH PRIZES— New GE Automatic Electric Can Openers! Open cans quickly at a touch!

1,061 PRIZES!

IT'S EASY TO ENTER—THERE'S NOTHING TO BUY!

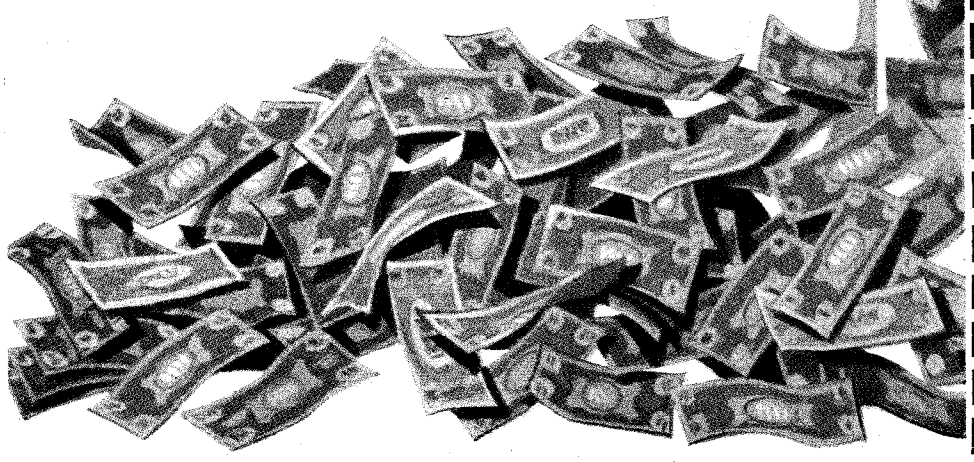
Here's all you do—

RULES: 1. Answer the four "true-false" questions on the official entry blank (or on a plain post card, list the numbers "1" through "4" and opposite each number write a "T" if the statement is true; "F" if it is false). Print your name and address and mail to:
Frozen Orange Juice, P. O. Box 267, New York 46, N. Y.

2. Submit as many entries as you wish; each entry must be mailed separately. (Get extra official entry blanks from your grocer or use post cards.) Entries must be postmarked not later than December 1, 1959, and be received by December 8, 1959. Winners will be chosen by the Bruce, Richards Corp., independent judging staff, in a blindfold drawing. Only entries with correct answers are eligible for prizes. Judges' selections are final.

3. Sweepstakes is valid only in the U. S., its possessions and territories, except for residents of Nebraska, New Jersey, and of any other state or locality where sweepstakes are prohibited.

4. Employees of all frozen orange juice processors and their affiliates, their agencies, their immediate families, and judges not eligible.



Mail this **SWEEPSTAKES ENTRY FORM** *today!*

Easy to enter! Nothing to buy! Just answer these four questions "true" or "false" on this official entry form, or on any ordinary post card. (For additional official entry forms go to your food store.)

	TRUE	FALSE
1. Orange juice gives you natural Vitamin C.	☐	☐
2. Orange juice is nature's powerhouse of Vitamin C—you need it every day.	☐	☐
3. One small can of Fresh-Frozen Orange Juice makes four big glassfuls.	☐	☐
4. Orange juice is a refreshing, quick-energy pickup.	☐	☐

Write your name and address below and mail to:
Frozen Orange Juice, P. O. Box 267, New York 46, N. Y.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

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In Gandhi's Footsteps (Continued from Page 33)

arrested and thus touch off the great Quit India movement. He was so unknown that Nehru asked, "Who is Vinoba?"

After Gandhi was assassinated in 1948 Bhave passed into obscurity. It seemed that his life had been led to little purpose. But then the Communists began a civil war in the Telingana area of South India. Bhave was inspired to go to the scene to try to restore peace. The peasants said there could be peace if they had land. Bhave asked if anyone would donate land. He was promptly offered 100 acres for free distribution to the landless. He walked to the next village, again asked for land and again got it. He has been on the march ever since.

He has collected about 4,000,000 acres as *bhoodan*, of which 1,000,000 acres have already been distributed. He hopes to distribute another 1,000,000 acres in the next few years. The remainder is uncultivable. However, several years ago Bhave stopped asking for individual land gifts. His approach changed after an entire village gave its land; this sort of gift has come to be called *gramdan*. *Gram* means "village," and *dan* means "gift." Bhave now asks for entire villages and so far has received about 4500 *gramdan* villages. He says the only permanent solution to India's land problem is for the villagers to abolish private property and pool their holdings into a single, joint farm. He says they should also use better methods of agriculture and develop cottage and small-scale industries to add to their income from the land.

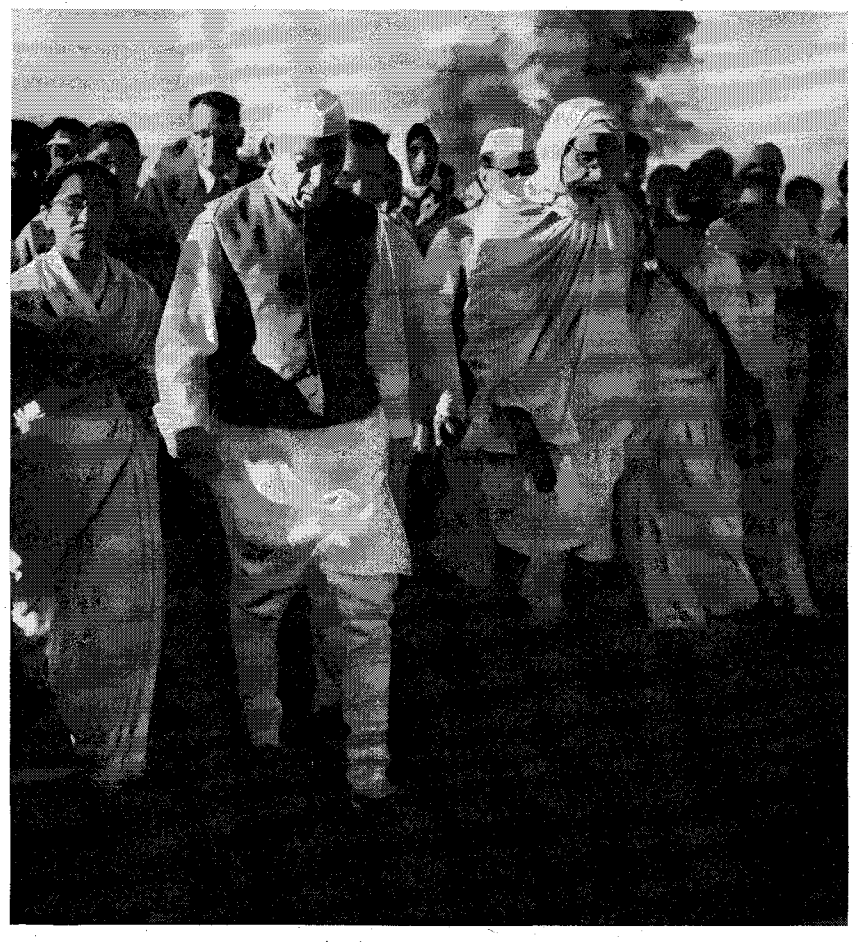
Some of these ideas seem to hint at Communist seizure of private property and the terrible events in Red China, where people were herded into communes. Bhave and his followers believe in God, and they do not believe in any sort of violence. After Bhave finished his lecture at Nawada, I asked one of the young *sarvodaya* workers if the movement could be infiltrated or misused by Communists.

"No one with other ideas can come in," he replied firmly. "We ask people to give up private property, but we rule out the possibility of violence. Say there is a village where a big landlord will not join in *gramdan*. We will say, 'That is all right. We will lay down our lives to protect you.'"

I joined the volunteers for dinner. Bhave eats alone. He has a stomach ulcer and lives on a Spartan diet of curds, honey and fruit. The rest of us sat on the ground while simple vegetarian curries were ladled out onto plates made of leaves. There was a pause for grace. They chanted in Hindi, "Let us work together. Let us eat together. Let us perform great deeds together. Let there be no quarrels among us. Let there be peace on earth." As I sat with them, eating Indian-style with my right hand instead of a knife and fork, I looked down the rows. There were only a few men of middle age or older. The others were mostly in their early twenties. This augurs well for the durability of the movement.

Later I was shown a place where, like the others, I spread my blankets on a bare floor. At eight P.M. we gathered outside Bhave's room for evening prayers. Bhave is not sectarian; the hymns that were sung emphasized that God Is One under various names. We were asleep soon afterward and were up by four A.M. Bedding and baggage were loaded on a truck to be taken to the next village. Without breakfast, we soon began to march, picking our way across fields and along narrow paths by the light of kerosene lanterns.

I had first seen Bhave about two months previously and had spent most of the intervening period trying to discover the whys and wherefores of his movement. Land and population are the two basic problems in India. About 75 per cent of the people depend on agriculture for their living. However, more than 70 per cent of the agricultural population of India is landless or has fewer than five acres. This huge group owns only 17 per cent of the land under cultivation. On the other end of the scale there are those who own more than fifty acres. They comprise only 1 per cent of the individual landholders, but they have 16 per cent of the cultivated area. In other words, 1 per cent of the big landlords have almost as much land as 70 per cent of the small landowners and landless agricultural laborers.



India's Prime Minister Nehru (left), with Vinoba Bhave, "Gandhi's spiritual heir" (right), as they marched together for a few miles in Bombay State last spring.

Redistribution of the land would iron out only some of the glaring inequalities; it would not solve the basic problem of poverty. About half of the land area of India cannot be cultivated, principally because of a lack of water. The population is estimated at 400,000,000. If all the land under cultivation were divided equally among the people dependent on the land, each person would get less than one acre.

Bhave says there should be *gramdan* villages to eliminate inequality and small-scale industries to ease some of the poverty. Bhave does not claim originality for these ideas. He points out that it was a simple landowner who gave the first *bhoodan* and that it was the simple peasants of a village who, on their own, first thought of *gramdan*. He sees the hand of God at work and says he is merely an instrument of God. The devout peasants of India believe him to be a saint; they believe that the very ground upon which he walks is made holy by his feet. But there is no vainglory about him; he is a humble man.

We passed through a village where the windows and doorways of the huts were lighted with the small orange flames of hundreds of clay oil lamps. Villagers, who had remained awake all night to put up these decorations, reverently lined the way. Gradually the stars faded and, as the sun peeped over distant blue hills, Bhave stopped to recite an ancient prayer. Farther on, a small group of peasants began singing one of Gandhi's favorite hymns to the accompaniment of metal rattles and a small harmonium. More and more peasants joined our train—women in their boldly printed, multicolored saris, and men with huge red, pink, orange, blue or white turbans twisted around their heads.

We entered the town of Shahpura. The road on either side was lined with a welcoming committee of little wide-eyed girls holding on their heads clay jars filled with grain. Bhave has asked everyone who believes in his movement to keep such a jar in his home and every day have the youngest child of the family put into it either a handful of grain or a small Indian coin worth about one fifth of a cent. The grain is later collected and sold, and both this money and the cash contributions are used to support the local *sarvodaya* worker. The movement thus is free from dependency on large offerings from a few rich people. It keeps itself closely associated with the poor, who feel that the movement is their own.

Each person who keeps the jar in his home takes a pledge that he will not participate in violence. Bhave emphasizes peace in all of his lectures. He is forming a *Shanti Sena* (Peace Brigade) of persons who promise that whenever there is violence nearby they will go to the spot and try to restore peace. The need for peacemakers is urgent—political, economic and linguistic quarrels are tearing at the web of Indian society. One of the worst trouble spots is Ahmadabad in Bombay state, where, for the past two years, there has been an agitation to form a separate state for those people in northern Bombay who speak Gujarati. During riots the police have had to fire into the crowds to restore order. The Communists did not actually start this trouble, but they have joined in and are fanning the flames.

Bhave's Peace Brigade saw its first "action" during severe rioting in Ahmadabad in August of 1958. I went there to talk to Kakubhai, the man who led the action. His father owns several textile mills, but Kakubhai has given his life to Bhave. He walks barefoot to identify himself with the poor. When the rioting started, Kakubhai and a few others went to the scene of the greatest trouble and found a mob on one side of an open plaza throwing stones at the police. The peace soldiers, as they call themselves, begged the crowd to stop. The crowd called them agents of the government and told them to go away. Then the police fired tear gas and charged with long, brass-tipped staves. The crowd fled, but Kakubhai and his friends stood their ground. They were bowled over by the staves and hobnailed boots and severely beaten by the angry police who mistook them for rioters.

Kakubhai believes it served a good purpose. "Later on," he said, "some of the leaders of the crowd came to me. They said they were sorry I was beaten on their account. They now realize I am not an agent of the government and that I only want peace. Maybe next time they will listen to me and we can prevent violence."

After passing the little girls at the entrance to Shahpura we walked through streets crowded with people. Others on the roof tops shouted, "Mahatma Gandhi *ki jai!* Vinoba Bhave *ki jai!*"—victory to Mahatma Gandhi, victory to Vinoba Bhave. We had to push our way through the throng which surrounded a schoolyard where we were to camp for the day. Soon afterward, we had breakfast—a leaf dish of figs and a bit of cooked wheat—and then we went to a nearby pond to wash away the dust of twelve miles of country road. The *sarvodaya* workers also rinsed out their white, homespun clothes. About 3000 persons gathered for the afternoon lecture.

These lectures are full of allusions to Hindu mythology, which make it easier for the religion-steeped peasants to follow the ideas. But they are confusing for a foreigner—especially since Bhave usually talks only of broad principles. He leaves it to others to find the logic behind these ideas and work out the detailed practices.

The man who interprets Bhave best is Jaya Prakash Narayan. From 1922 to 1929 Narayan lived in the United States and worked his way through schools in Wisconsin. He returned to India to become the leading exponent of socialism and was once believed to be the logical successor to Prime Minister Nehru. But he quit politics in 1954 to join Bhave's movement. When he is not traveling around India explaining Bhave's ideas, he lives at a training center for *sarvodaya* workers in Bihar state. I met him there.

Narayan spends a few hours a day doing some physical work around the center, even if it is only sweeping the dirt paths. After he finished his chores we sat cross-legged on the veranda of his simple, whitewashed mud cottage I asked him how the *gramdan* ideal is working in practice. "We are just getting started," he replied. "But it is remarkable what can happen. There is a village called Beraih here in Bihar. A year ago the villagers agreed to farm their land jointly. They have only twenty-three acres for about 200 individuals. Some of them are artisans, like carpenters, who can earn about fifty-five cents a day. But everyone has agreed to take only twenty-one cents a day. They (*Continued on Page 48*)

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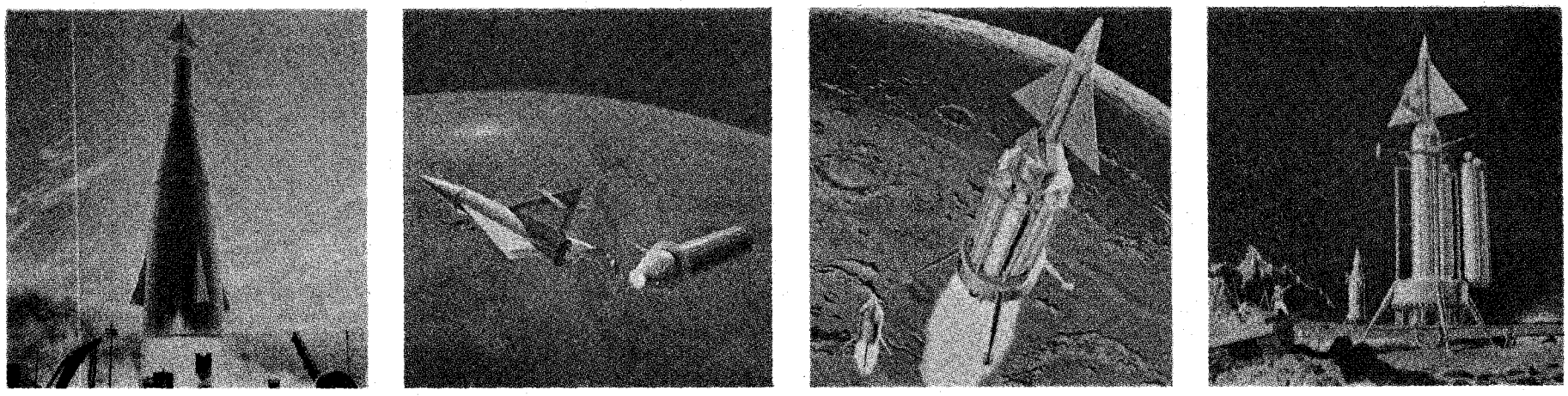

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Get the honest taste of a LUCKY STRIKE

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(*Continued from Page 46*) have now accumulated $1840 in cash and capital improvements built with their surplus labor. They are also spinning enough yarn to make their entire clothing needs."

I said that the accent on hand labor seemed backward and that what India needed was more industry. "Vinoba has a pragmatic approach," he said. "He is not against industry, provided it does not become your master. He is against overcentralization. Why should there be slums and terrible misery in the cities? The thing is, these slums will breed Communism in India just as the slums of Europe gave birth to Marx. Moreover, our population is growing at the rate of six millions a year. Even with industrialization, there will never be fewer people dependent on the land. Thus the course of development in India must be different. It must be labor-intensive, in order to provide at least some work for all these people, rather than capital-intensive."

It is estimated that 100,000,000 peasants in India are unemployed or underemployed for at least four months in the year. Narayan is not a faddist with notions about the "soul-fulfilling" aspects of hand labor. He says that the peasants must be taught to use their labor potential to produce goods which otherwise they would not have the money to buy. He also says small industries should be located in the villages in order to check the drift of people to the cities.

At Narayan's center I met Mishra, a former English teacher who gave up his university post to join the *sarvodaya* movement. Mishra told me about a *gramdan* village where he now worked. "One person from each family was elected to the village council, which was given legal title to all the lands. But moneylenders from a nearby village had mortgages on the land and came with their men and plows to take possession. I told them we did not believe in cheating anyone, but we would not give up the land. A debt-settlement commission was appointed. It discovered that one man had borrowed thirty-five rupees (seven dollars and thirty-five cents) nineteen years ago and had worked for the moneylender ever since. Still, the moneylender claimed the debt was not paid."

I asked Mishra why he was attracted to Bhave. "The new interpretation of religious institutions affected me," he said. "Vinobaji (the polite form of Bhave's name) believes religion can become the vehicle of social change."

I remembered his reply as we left Shahpura at five o'clock the next morning, resuming our march. The previous day I had noticed a young man with large bright eyes set off by his brown skin who had borne himself with quiet, unhurried dignity. From his dress and shaven head I recognized him as a *sanyasi*, roughly what we would call a novitiate pledged to chastity and austerity. I fell in step with him, Karandikar by name. He came from a Brahman family in Bombay state. After finishing high school he left his family and broke his sacred thread, thus renouncing the ordinary principles of caste to seek a spiritual life. He spent six years in meditation and study, maintaining complete silence for two of these years. He lived in an abandoned temple and was fed by neighboring peasants. One day Bhave came to the village. Bhave praised Karandikar for his spiritual efforts, but he said he should now follow another path. "He told me the proper way to worship God is by serving the poor. He said the best prayer is service."

Just as the first light of dawn spread over the flat plain across which we were walking, the peasants began joining our party. After a hike of about ten miles we crowded into the tiny village of Teetodi. There were about 1500 persons at the afternoon lecture. The next day at the small town of Jahazpur there were about 5000 persons. On the following morning's march we were joined by the chief accountant of a large irrigation project under construction about fifty miles away. The local superintendent of police, in India a great power for good or evil, also walked humbly behind Bhave. Bhave is a "fisher of men." These two came only to observe, but every now and then there are those who are inspired to give their entire lives.

When we arrived at the fairly large town of Deoli, the crowds were so large and their enthusiasm so unrestrained that Bhave had to break into a trot to keep from getting trampled. At the afternoon lecture about 7000 men and women covered the ground before Bhave like a huge oriental carpet. As I sat on the platform I wondered what it all meant.

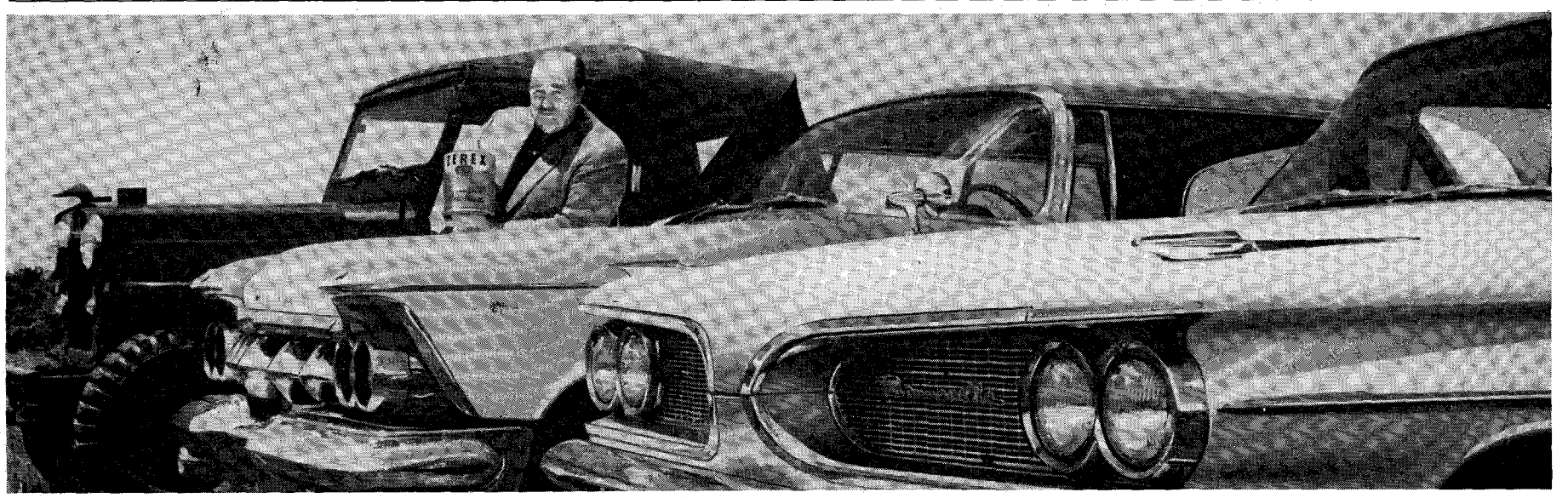
Among the rural masses, Bhave is surely the most famous and most respected man after Prime Minister Nehru. His march has taken on the proportions of a triumphal procession. He is building an organization to put this enthusiasm to constructive use. There are about 2000 full-time *sarvodaya* workers—the equivalent of majors and captains—but there are never more than about twenty with him at any one time, including the local workers. The workers try to spend at least a few days every year walking with Bhave to get new ideas and inspiration, but they otherwise concentrate on land distribution and in trying to get the *gramdan* villages started on their new way of life. There are *sarvodaya* centers in every state. In Bihar, for instance, there are three besides the one managed by Jaya Prakash Narayan. The movement has attracted such outstanding persons as Nabakrushna Choudhuri, the former chief minister—roughly the equivalent of an American governor—of Orissa. He, like Narayan, has quit politics to devote himself full time to *sarvodaya* activities.

Politics is a curse in India. Almost every public person is identified with some political party or some special group. Corruption becomes more widespread every year. The politicians fight over the spoils, although they pretend that high moral issues are involved. The worst of-

Grid Gripe

By Helen Emmons

Right now is when a lot of yak'll
Concern itself with run, pass, tackle;
At parties now the men will hunt
A spot to talk about some punt;
And weekends will be even worse,
Thanks to the television curse;
Each Saturday and every Sunday
Will be, through fall, a nothing-done day;
And when at last you think you're done,
When every game's been lost or won,
When, frankly, sanity's departing—
That's when the bowl games will be starting!



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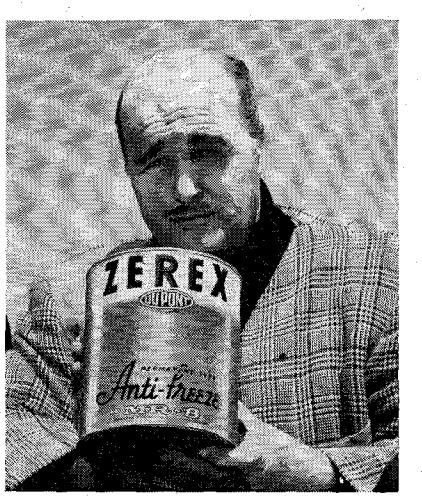

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fender is Prime Minister Nehru's Congress Party. It is split by feuding groups in every state and every city. The clique not in power tries to undermine the administration of those who are in power. As a result, the government's work is often paralyzed. It was this state of affairs which made the people of Kerala so disgusted with the Congress Party that they voted for the Communists.

Bhave, by drawing good men away from the morass of politics, is helping to build up a neutral area where men of good will can work together. As the movement grows it is bound to influence politicians now in office and also create a climate wherein better men can get elected. *Sarvodaya* can play a role similar to those many nonpartisan better-government groups which helped curb the corrupt political machines in the United States.

Bhave's movement also can help bridge the gulf between the few, educated elite in India and the vast, illiterate masses. The stringent rules of caste and untouchability are no longer observed, but these old customs have left their mark. There are few rich or well-educated persons in India who will actually mingle with the poor in order to help them. The Communists go into the slums of the cities and the huts of the former untouchables in the countryside and preach class warfare. Bhave insists that his followers actually get out among the masses and work and not merely preach. They must set examples.

Some of his ideas are obviously too idealistic, although they are not unique in human history. A hundred years or so ago when Europe and America were beginning their industrial development, there were also those who had utopian visions of abolishing private property and living together in small, self-sufficient communities. Because Bhave eliminates coercion, it is unlikely that private property will disappear in India any more than it has in the West. Less than one out of every 100 villages in India has given *gramdan*, and many of those that have been given are concentrated in a tribal area of Orissa, where the attachment to the land was never very strong.

But Bhave's movement is only one aspect of the struggle against poverty and backwardness. The Government has established an extensive system of community-development projects to teach better methods of agriculture. There is also the industrialization program. I visited a steel mill which India is building at Rourkela in Orissa state with loans and technical assistance from West Germany, and another steel mill under construction at Bhilai in Madhya Pradesh state with help from Russia. I was greatly impressed by the confident Indian engineers in their late twenties and early thirties who have already taken complete charge of sections of these mills. They say that soon they will build another steel mill without foreign technical aid. You can find other industries springing up and other young men manning them throughout India.

However, the struggle will be long and difficult. The Planning Commission of India estimates that by the end of the fourth Five-Year Plan—that is, after twenty years of concentrated effort—the per capita annual income will be only $100. There will be poverty for the Communists to exploit for many years to come.

The important point that Bhave has demonstrated is that idealism—or, as he might put it, the power of God—is strong in India despite the poverty of its people. Thousands have surrendered their land for the good of the poor. Others have dedicated their lives to the cause. The Communists know this spirit is their enemy. In a recent pamphlet B. T. Ranadive, the firebrand of the Indian Communist Party, warned his comrades that *sarvodaya* "will only create illusions in the minds of the people that their aims can be realized through propaganda and emasculate the movement of the masses for democracy and socialism." This Communist double talk means that as long as the people believe they can solve their problems in a peaceful manner they will not turn to the violence of Communism.

At the end of his lecture at Deoli, Bhave asked the audience to be silent for five minutes of meditation. It took a while for the young boys, keyed up with the excitement of the day, to quiet down. Then there was a hush, broken only by the crying of a baby hidden beneath the end of its mother's sari. I looked at the people and concluded that democracy in India has a fighting chance.

THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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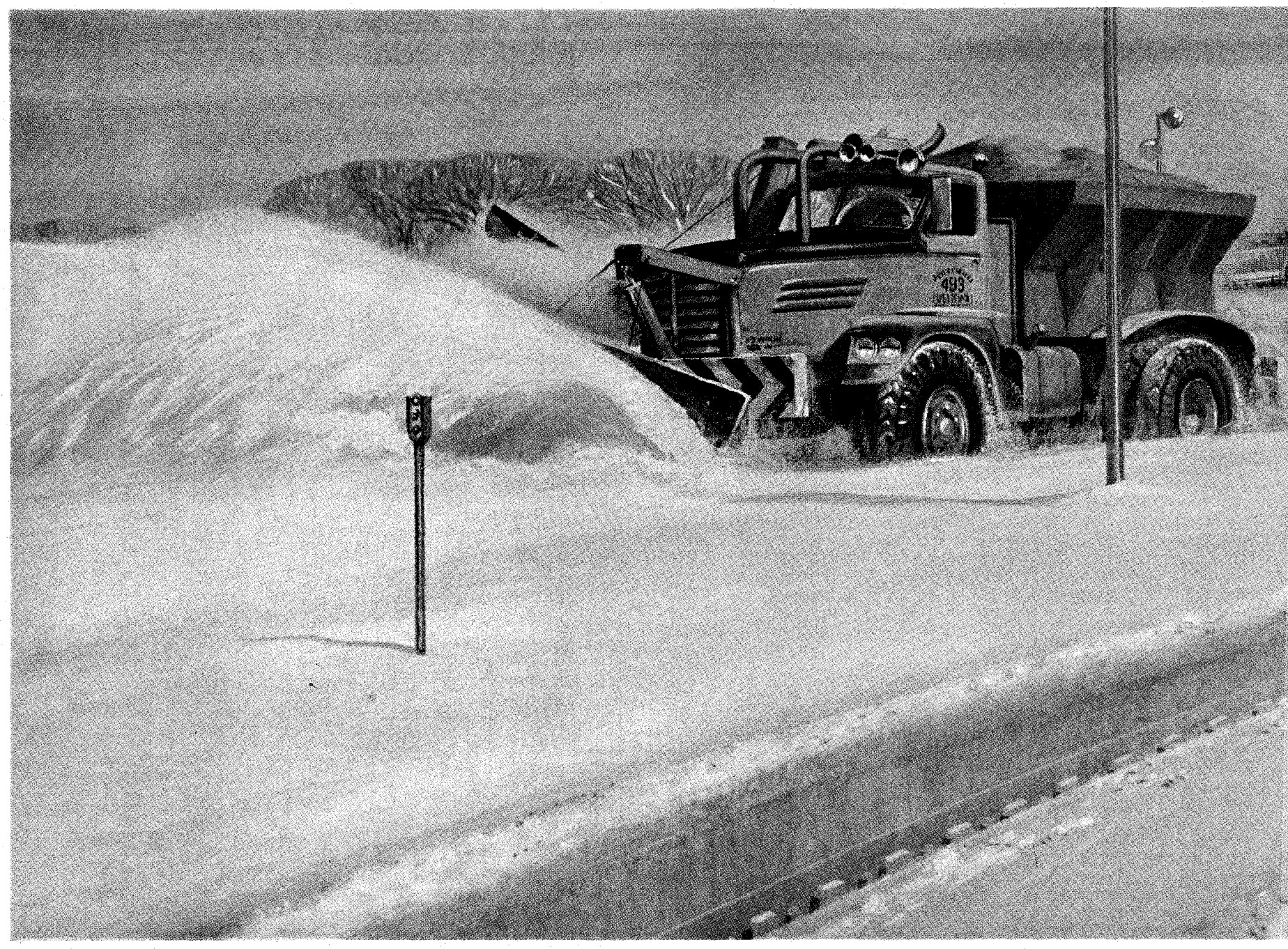

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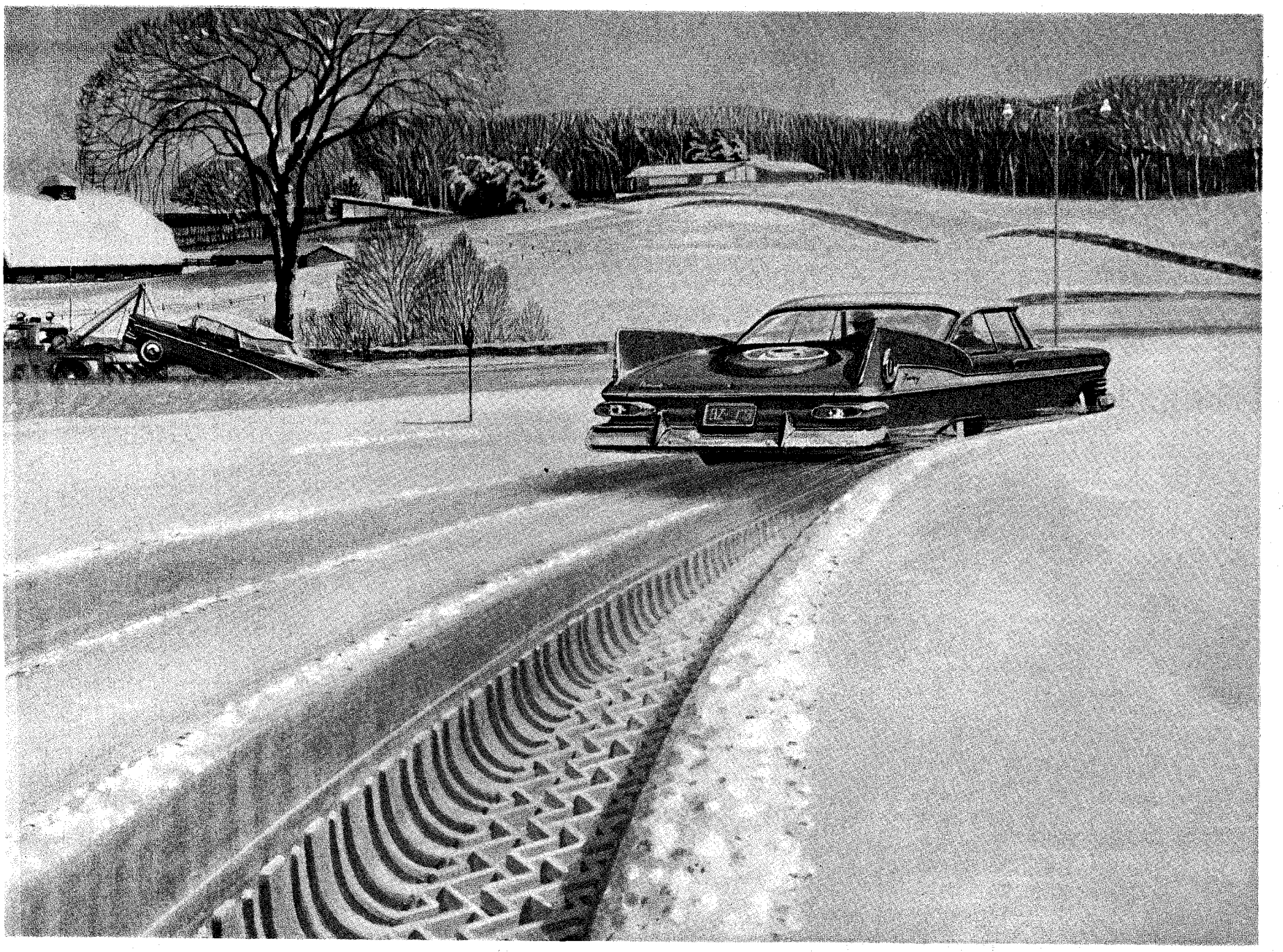

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The Varsity Sheik (Continued from Page 24)

Barbara Jane Hobbs stated, "He isn't on the field. He's in Row Two. He's standing up and buying a hot dog."

"If he isn't suited up, what good is he to us?" Walt was looking forward to a hard season, if not, indeed, a complete clean-out of coaches at this autumn's end.

"He is about five feet, seventeen inches tall," adjudged Barbara Jane. Her binoculars remained busy.

"I make him now. He looks like just a scholar to me," said Walt, who had never been one. "Probably majors in English."

"He's the end we've been looking for," affirmed Barbara Jane.

The trouble with Walt Fertig as assistant coach was that he'd been all-Coast center in his playing days and had no real appreciation of the ends, which are a football team's rockets. He personally was built like a piece of heavy-duty earth-moving equipment. After inspection through his own binoculars, "He might do for a goal post," Walt grudged.

"He has hands as well as reach. I wonder if he has the good old nimble, also the swift?" pondered Barbara Jane.

"My guess is he's a stack of books. Otherwise why does he sit with the boys instead of turning out with the men? Oops! Our line seems to have got itself knocked flat."

"Our ends were turned in too. Oh, Walt, why don't you go down and talk to that godlike creature?"

That was where she blundered. Walt Fertig had his own plans about Barbara Jane Hobbs, and in those plans one godlike creature of the male variety was enough. His hackles rose. "If that hot-dog grabber ever comes out for Pop Murphy's inspection, our fourth string will fold him like an envelope. They'll curl him like a bedspring. I'll throw one block at him myself. Oops! Something knocked our middle line flat again."

"And bent the ends like hairpins," said Barbara Jane. "Oh, Walt, I wish I were a big, strong, hairy-chested man!"

"The notion is quite shocking to me," said Walt. "Also, it is distasteful."

"I want to do something for Stanford," moaned the daughter of George D. Hobbs, who'd been two times All-American. Her binoculars still were poised. "Our interesting individual just reached for his second hot dog."

"I hope it bites him," said Assistant Coach Fertig.

"You didn't see the stretch of his arm."

"I was watching the middle of our line make like a wet paper sack."

The Monday morning following that sad Saturday, as Barbara Jane Hobbs advanced down the library steps with her shapely forearms locked about a profusion of books and ring binders, she passed—almost—the five-foot-seventeen-incher coming up. Her property spurted out of her clutch like toothpaste out of a tube. The ascending male, halted by the clatter, laid his own books down, reached about widely and gathered up all the scattered items without moving his feet.

"Thanks," said Barbara Jane, as breathless as if she, not he, had done the bending. She'd been right—his reach was superb. And his hands capacious. Also he was romantically constructed. Dark hair, exciting dark eyes, old-ivory complexion into which a deep tan had been worked until it was part of the texture. Maybe he'd been a lifeguard. "Thanks so much," she said.

The young man picked his own books up—three thick ones at one grasp. Straightening, two steps below her, his eyes came level with hers. His own books spurted and spilled. She promptly put hers down and helped him recover his. That was how their hands touched. He jumped.

"Well, you don't have to jerk as if I'm an electric connection or something," said Barbara Jane. "But it does show you have quick reactions. Pop Murphy will count that in your favor. What did you say to me just now?"

"The sun, rising, never knows what marvel he will see before he sets." The young man carved each word as if from amber. Her heart sank. Perhaps he was indeed an English major in a time when Stanford needed rough, tough engineers.

He spoke again. "You are graceful as the green young grass that greets the rain."

"I don't know about green, but I suppose I'm young," conceded Barbara Jane, refusing to give up hope, "and I like your hands." Looking at them, she found renewed comfort. "They are even bigger than daddy's."

"Let us cut our next two classes," said the tall youth. "Let us go to the shore of the lake."

"And to think," joyed Barbara Jane, "that I was wondering if you have any swift. Well, you have."

They moved for the shore of the lake.

"I'm Barbara Jane Hobbs. Some people call me Bee Jay."

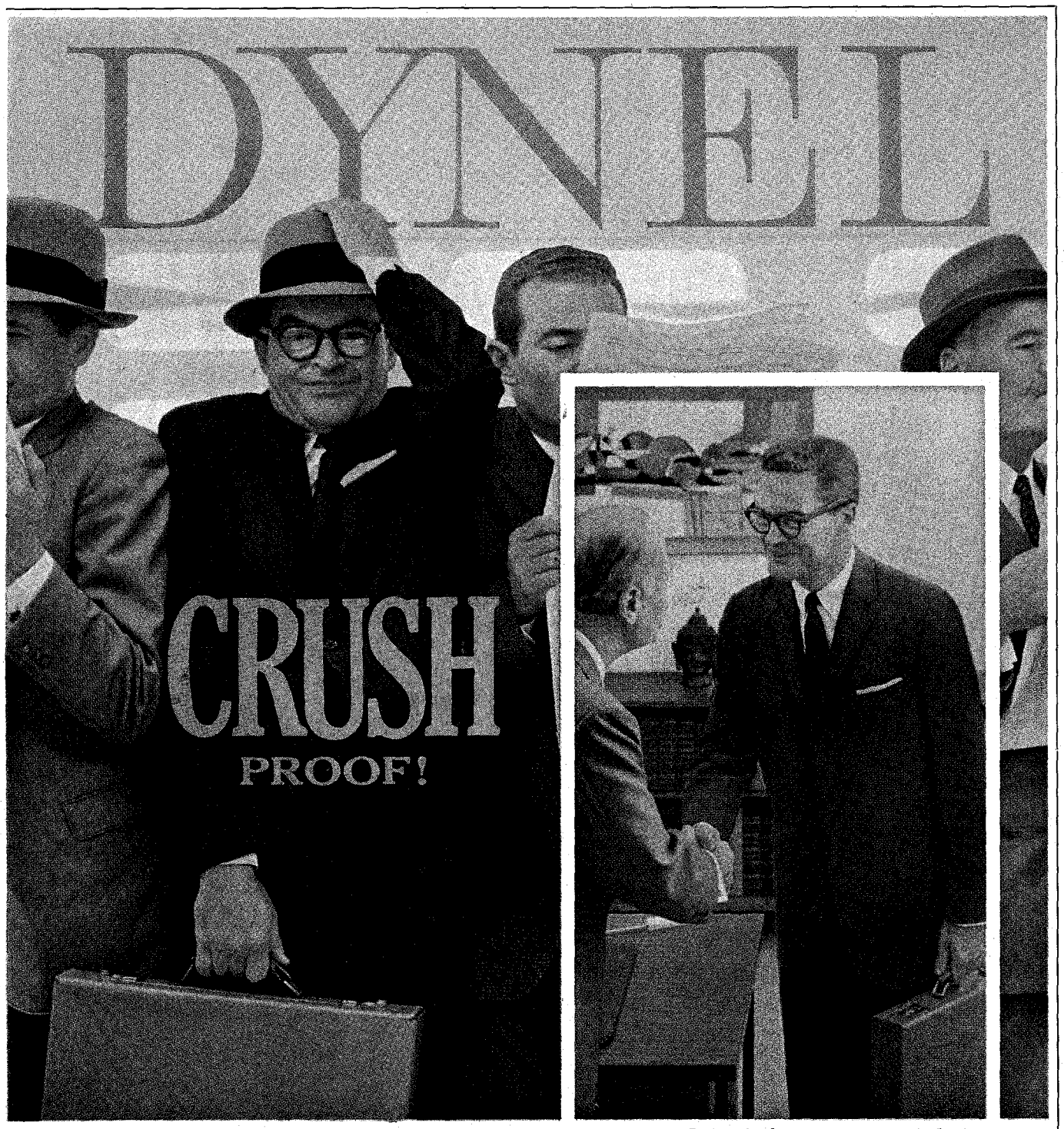
"I am Al Bin."

"B-I-double N?"

"No. Only one."

"I guess it's allowed," said Barbara Jane. "What is your subject?"

"Astral mathematics."



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Her breath went out in relief. At least it wasn't English. "I major in history, but what I'm wrapped up in his football."

"I do not understand this game, which I saw for the first time last Saturday. All was push and indignity—like a riot. They did not teach it where I tutored."

Barbara Jane saw she was going to have to do some educating.

Al Bin went on, relaxing beneath the willows at the rim of the lake, "Your eyes are blue as the tent of the sky. Your limbs are sleek as the wings of the curlew."

"Those are *non sequiturs,*" advised Bee Jay. "Irrelevancies. Out of play. I was wondering if you can be taught to make use of your large hands." Her eyes widened. "I guess I'm not wondering now. But the point is, hands are everything when one goes up for passes."

What followed was another *non sequitur*. "Look, Albert Bin," admonished Bee Jay, "or Alfred—the passes I am talking about are those on the field of battle. If I'm to sit here when I should be at the Teutonic migrations, let's talk to a purpose. Pop Murphy needs an end. You must turn out at once."

"You are fair as three chickens in a bowl of rice. You are a flowing well in a parched land."

"Algernon Bin, or Alvin, you've been dipping into more than math. Was that Song of Roland or Song of Solomon? I am trying to make something useful out of you. Something big and strong and fierce. And here you —— Oh-h!"

Moments later, "That will do. A girl should wear a nose guard. At least you've proved one thing to me. Walt Fertig thinks you are the quiet type—timid. I find you're bold as brass. With a diving tackle that would take a whole backfield out. If you can conduct yourself as aggressively in a stadium as you do at a lake, you'll be all-Coast in your first year and perhaps ——"

The next moments left her without so much as a wiggle. Almost without speech. "There!" she gasped finally. "Where was I? Oh, yes, I was going to ask where you're from."

"The desert of Dahana."

"Is that in Arizona? Are you an Apache?"

"I do not know this tribe. My people are the Nakhwa."

"Well, you Nakhwas would really spread the Apaches around thin if you ever hit them. You just see to it that you report in a football suit this afternoon, and tell Pop Murphy that George Hobbs' daughter sent you out there."

Barbara Jane was in the stands with Walt Fertig when her Nakhwa tiger came out. He loomed above the two scrimmage lines like Hoover Tower. Bee Jay gave a coo of pleasure; Walt a grunt of doubt. A quarterback lobbed the ball to Al Bin, and the whole scrub opposition, known as the Chopped Meat, charged him. Al turned and fled.

Barbara Jane moaned. Walt Fertig snorted. It took two halfbacks and a water boy to turn the new recruit and head him back into scrimmage.

"That should be the end to your end," said Walt, not hiding his satisfaction. "Plumb scared to death."

"I don't think so," said Barbara Jane. "I think he just lacks proper viewpoint."

After two more line clashes around the person of Al Bin, Pop Murphy lumbered out to talk to him. Pop had arthritis, and walking onto the field was painful to him; he wouldn't have done it if something hadn't caught his eye. Barbara Jane's binoculars took in the significance of this. She saw Al listen attentively to Pop, watched him lower the boom afterward, and announced decisively to Walt, "I'm going to take him home tonight for a talk from daddy."

Walt choked noisily, doubling over. He gasped finally, "Count down slowly before you blast off, can't you, Bee Jay? What are you planning to do, marry the slat?" For some time Walt, with Barbara Jane's and his future in view, had been selling cars on the side for her old man.

At the finish of practice Barbara Jane waited on the path leading to the men's gym. She intercepted Al Bin, who was trudging at the rear. She demanded to know, "Why did you run away the first time you had the ball?"

"The wise man considers his odds. The foolish man recklessly confronts them."

"You're coming home with me right now to get some pointers about this game from daddy. He used to play so much end for Stanford that the other teams, I'm told, complained we were using twelve men."

"The dough is kneaded before the loaf is baked," said Al wearily. He'd had a hard afternoon. "The clay is worked before the jug is molded. Do with me as you will."

"I live in San Jose and I have my own car."

"The dwelling of a righteous man always has coffee for the wayfarer."

"You listen to daddy, and tomorrow do what he said."

"I shall race for this ball like an ibex and pounce like a hawk on a plover."

"You'd better watch your language, or daddy won't know what you're talking about. All he knows is football and automobiles. He's the Mister Car Dealer in our town."

"You are beautiful as a ——"

"I know. Three chickens on a pile of rice."

Walt Fertig was already at the palatial Hobbs home when Bee Jay and her tow arrived. Walt had news of a prospective four-truck deal for Bee Jay's parent. His expression went quincelike when he saw who unfolded from beside Barbara Jane in the robin's-egg blue convertible.

"This is Al Bin, whom you watched in what is laughingly called action this afternoon," she introduced. . . . "Al, this is Assistant Coach Fertig."

"Why, in heaven's name, did you turn your back ——" began Walt.

"Oh, daddy," called Barbara Jane, catching sight of her sire, "this is our new end, maybe, and he has everything, positively everything, except experience. Won't you please load him up with some truths of football that you learned the hard way?"

George D. Hobbs regarded the tall frame, long arms and springy legs and said, "Young man, you come right into my den with me. Dinner can wait."

Walt and Barbara Jane found themselves alone. Walt demanded, "Why didn't you set him down on the lawn and simply let him try to run through me?"

"I don't like your tone, Walt. It doesn't suggest a desire to bring out the best in people."

"It suggests a desire to bring out the color of a busted fried egg."

"He has everything except the viewpoint, and he's getting that now. He's going to race like an ibex and pounce like a hawk on a plover."

"Bee Jay, I want to talk with you. Your father and I feel that I have a real talent for the motor-car business. It's surer than coaching. I have a red-hot prospect for a fleet of four laundry pickups. If I can land the sale, will you marry me?"

"Ibexes and plovers! Am I supposed to be picked up along with the laundry?"

"This is serious, Barbara Jane. To me you are like—like ——"

"A flowing well in a parched land."

"Yeh! That's it! Say! Where did you get that?"

"On the library steps," said Barbara Jane, "which you never saw much of when you were an undergraduate. Oh, Walt, let's wait with all this. The rising sun himself doesn't know on what marvels he will set."

"You've been cracking the books too hard. What you need is a complete change. Like eloping with me to Reno."

"Not tonight, Walt. I have to get my passenger back to the campus. Here he and daddy come now."

Walt scarcely got the eager look on his face straightened into appropriate respect for George Hobbs when the pair was before him and Bee Jay. George D. seemed puzzled. He said to Walt, "Suppose you try talking to this chap, Walt," and drew his daughter aside. "This person you've brought home, Bee Jay. Is he all there in the head?"

"He must be. He majors in astral math."

"I told him not to let pass receivers get behind him, and he said, 'Always expect the skulking raider at the side away from the face of the tent.' I told him to drive in low and hit hard, and he said, 'My people favor the hamstring hack, the poke to the throat and the backhand slash.' Where does he get that stuff?"

"From the Dahana desert, daddy. I thought at first that it's in Arizona, but now I think it's beyond."

"Oklahoma, I'll bet. Those Sooners are apt to pull anything. I warned him that fooling with the other side's hamstrings in this conference will cost fifteen yards for clipping. And the poke to the throat—unless it's an honest straight-arm, it will get him thrown out of the game. I can't even guess what he'd draw for a backhand slash."

"He is but clay for the potter, daddy. The dough is kneaded before the loaf is baked."

"Well, if he's a little short of dough and makes the grade with Pop, tell him he can sell a car or two for me, will you? It's within conference rules, and I might up the commission a trifle."

"I'll tell him, daddy. This is going to pay off in touchdowns."

"Bee Jay, I pray you're right!"

On the ensuing afternoon, four assistant coaches took Al Bin in hand and drilled him in fundamentals. For three days they drilled him. Pop Murphy watched. He began to nod, as if a Jim Thorpe or an Ernie Nevers had come on the field—a taller, slimmer Jim or Ernie, with bigger hands and even more speed. Saturday brought the game with Oregon. An Oregon back lunged Al's way with the ball hugged in his arms. Al said something and bowed with extreme politeness. Before he could then dive in for the tackle, he was high, low and middled by three blockers. "There he goes," said Walt Fertig to Barbara Jane Hobbs up in the stands, as stretcher bearers down below took the chivalrous one away. "I warned Pop you can't depend on these unknown types."

Barbara Jane visited Al Bin in the hospital. "You shouldn't have bowed," she chided.

"I was only saying '*Salam alaikum.*' It is customary in Dahana desert. These people from Oregon behave like infidels."

Explained Barbara Jane, "In football, courtesy is for the birds."

"Knowledge gained through pain is as if carved on stone," affirmed Al.

In the U.C.L.A. game the next week, the tall end, fully recovered, was not courteous. The first man who came at him went down with a jar that cost him two fillings. After the second and third, nobody tried Al's corner. When the enemy attempted a pass over his head, he went up for it and through for forty yards.

When he intercepted two more high ones and carried them to the distant end zone, Walt said to Barbara Jane, "What have I done to you that you do this to me?"

"Hush. I'm dreaming," said Barbara Jane happily. "About what he'll do to U.S.C."

But in point of fact, Al did nothing to U.S.C. He didn't show up. He hadn't been to practice for five days. U.S.C. macerated Stanford. Barbara Jane Hobbs was shocked to the soles of her pretty pumps. Walt Fertig, alone among all Stanfords, took it calmly. "What did you expect of a scholar? No steadiness of purpose."

The hopes of the student body, lifted to delirium by the U.C.L.A. game, had been dropped with a squashy thud. The

What's Going On Here?

It is a hot summer day in 1884. There are rumblings of trouble. An executive from Toledo, Ohio, at the time in Louisville, Kentucky, receives a threatening note. If he proceeds as planned, the note says, there will be a dramatic lynching. The Ohioan alters his plans to avoid violence. His decision affects an entire phase of American activity for many years. What was the decision and its outcome?

ASTON J. WATERS

(*Answer on Page 54*)

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rooters moved from the stadium afterward as if in a daze.

However, the success of a Stanford football season depends, traditionally, not upon what the Big Red machine does to the first six or seven, but on what it does to California. Which is often spectacular.

By Friday, what with bonfire rallies and other whoop-ups, the student body was coming out of the ether. That morning on the library steps Barbara Jane encountered Al Bin. He was badly whacked up and was waiting for her.

"I'm sorry about U.S.C.," he said. "I received a telegram early last week and I was called away. But about tomorrow's game—if I do well in it, will you marry me?"

"Oh!" cried Barbara Jane. "But you're on a crutch!"

"You ought to see the Beni Hasa," said Al Bin.

"Have you been in a fight?"

"All my House and people have been in a fight. We brothers lost our father."

"How awful, Al! Also, how sad!"

"The great palm topples, but the seedlings stand. Also, we have arranged the succession. My eldest brother now heads our House. But I have just now asked you a question. Did you answer yes?"

"But I don't even know how the people live in this Dahana desert of yours!"

"Worry in the breast is as a camel amid the tent ropes. We shall live right here."

"At Stanford? What on?"

"I desire to become a professor. Before that, an associate professor. Before all else, a teaching fellow until I win my doctorate."

"But father will expect you to support me! He is terribly old-fashioned!"

"That camel, too, have I chased away. Now do you say yes?"

"Well, for three touchdowns tomorrow ——"

Away went Al's crutch over a middling-high oak tree. "Let us go to the shore of the lake and plan our house."

They seated themselves beside the lake. "About the house," said Al. "Must it be this eternal Western ranch type?"

"Football first," steered Barbara Jane. "Whenever you get hold of the ball tomorrow, for heaven's sake hug it tight."

"Like this?"

"Yes, sort of," said Barbara Jane. "But you don't have to squeeze the wind out of it."

"Let me try again. A blend of gentleness and firmness."

"You don't have to be that gentle. I ski and play good hard basketball," said Barbara Jane.

After the Cal game there was some assembling in the Hobbs home in San Jose.

"Al and I are going to be married," announced Barbara Jane to her parents and friends.

"Barbara Jane!" cried her mother as mothers do.

"That fourth hawklike grab, followed by the ibex sprint, was even prettier than the others," said George Hobbs. "A chromium-plated beauty with tail fins. What did you say just now, Bee Jay, about somebody getting married?"

"I. Me. To Al Bin."

"I thought he had something extra today in his gas tank," said George Hobbs. "I played the same way the day I became engaged to your mother. What are you going to live on?"

"Selling cars, he tells me," said Barbara Jane.

Al Bin, overhearing, explained, "That should suffice for our needs. I plan on taking only one wife."

"Well, that's considerate," said Barbara Jane.

"I have made the first sale," went on Al.

"No!" exclaimed George Hobbs.

"Yes. A deal for suitable cars of the longest wheel-base. For each of my brothers."

George steadied himself for what might be a very attractive piece of news. "How many brothers have you?"

"Forty-two."

George groped for something to sit down on. A man wilts easily when he has been on his feet, yelling, all afternoon. "Forty-two cars, did you say?"

"Well, no. My eldest brother wishes thirty for himself. The others, ten each."

George perceived he was being taken. He rose to his tired feet, quivering in anger. "And all the accessories, I suppose!"

"Quite so," said Al Bin. "Here is the certified check. It also includes two cars each to my hundred and nine male cousins."

The heart in George Hobbs' breast was a sound one, but a man in middle life has to take precautions, so he sat down again. Besides, he wanted to show how calm he was. Calm enough to haggle, even. "Do I have to fill all the tanks with gas?"

"Not at all. The American engineers are piping a million barrels a day out of Dahana desert. My House owns half."

"What house?"

"The House of Nakhwa. The tribe of Hasa tried to challenge us last week for the lordship of South Arabia, but we brothers strove toe to toe with them, with the hamstring hack, the poke to the throat and the backhand slash. Great is Allah! My brothers and cousins crave to know when they can get delivery."

The invitations first read: "Barbara Jane . . . to Mr. Rahman al Dammam bin Hofuf Aziz Feisal al Khobar bin Nakhwa," but Bee Jay said that sounded like marrying a whole committee, so Al legally became Al Bin. The news he gets from home is fine. His sixty sisters and four hundred girl cousins also now want to drive. Lots of business. THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 53)

The decision exiled from major-league baseball its first Negro regular, catcher Moses F. Walker, a twenty-six-year-old Ohio college graduate, and helped to keep Negroes out of the big leagues until 1947. Walker had caught forty-one games and batted .251 when the club arrived in Louisville. Several citizens there wrote the Toledo manager, threatening to lynch Walker at home plate if he attempted to play. He was benched. Later he went to Newark, New Jersey, and caught for a Negro southpaw, George Stovey, who won thirty-five games and set an International League record.

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Duel in the Dusk (Continued from Page 29)

moved, so that now, when the awkward, girlish boy came into her house with the pumpkin pie, Mamma Fixum dilated her nostrils, delicately sniffing its aroma and, extending a bony but sensitive hand, explored the boy's head.

"Aye, aye," she muttered, "many a girl would give more than she ought for that cornsilk hair and cheeks like warm peaches! Set you down, little Jimmy Butler, and I'll give you a glass of rhubarb wine and some of my own little cakes. And thanks very kindly for the pie. I'll give you a jug of my old elderberry wine to take home to your good people because it is a specific for the fever."

The boy shrank back a little—there was something frightening in the smooth face of the old lady and in the knowledgeable touch of her finger tips. He had an awful vision of something older than Father Time—a brain activated by ten eyes at the ends of stalks.

Swallowing fright, he asked boldly, "I wonder what it feels like to be blind."

"It depends upon what a person means by seeing," said Mamma Fixum with a little laugh. "I've been well-nigh blind near onto sixty years. Now you have lived a dozen years, Jimmy Butler, with the full use of your eyes. Look at me, sweetheart, and tell me what you see. Do, now! And I'll wager that I can see more of you blind than you can see of me with your bright eyes. Now then, what do you see?"

The boy Jimmy did not know how to answer, so he asked, "If you please, ma'am, why do they call you Mamma Fixum?"

She laughed. "Well done, child. When at a loss to answer a question, ask another and play for time. My real name, boy, is Phoebe Fiscombe, but names get altered according to the convenience of the vulgar. It is easier to say Fixum than Fiscombe. Thus Cholmondeleigh is pronounced 'Chumley,' and Featherstonhaugh is pronounced 'Fanshaw.' My grandfather was Sir Charles Fiscombe, child, who came to this country in seventeen fifty-eight from Devonshire in England. That was nearly a hundred years ago—if, as you should, you know your additions and subtractions—this being the year of our Lord eighteen fifty. Playing and fighting were my grandfather's ruin."

The boy said gravely, "I like playing, Mamma Fixum, but they won't let me play with them. And I'm not afraid to fight, you know, only they laugh because I've got thin wrists ——"

"Bah! Do you think I am talking of playing for marbles or alley taws or whatnot, or fighting with your knees and elbows in the dust? Mercy, no! I speak of the cards and the dice—écarté, faro, omber, piquet, and *poque*, or, as they call it now, poker; and with the dice, hazard and the game of craps. Fighting was with the sword or pistol. The stakes were gold on the table or blood in the field.

"They were men, child, men! But thank God you are half a girl, by the touch of you, and may be a curate and a ladies' darling; because gamblers die in poverty, and he who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword."

"I don't want to be a whey-faced curate," the boy said.

"You hush now, little Jimmy! My granduncle Amyas, my grandfather's youngest brother, was Vicar of Fiscombe, and they tell me there never was a heartier man nor a harder rider to hounds in the whole of the county of Devon; and if he could not bring a parishioner to grace with soft words, my granduncle Amyas took him by the scruff of the neck and beat the fear of the Lord into him with a stout stick—and drank his four bottles of wine at dinner. Whey-faced, indeed!"

"Mamma Fixum, tell me about your grandfather. And is it true you shot an outlaw? And is it right what they say, you were stolen by the Injuns? And can you really read fortunes?"

"All that and more, child, all that and more," replied the old lady, laughing. "But one thing at a time. My grandfather, Sir Charles Fiscombe, was a fine man once, but gaming was his downfall—high play and quick temper. They don't mix. So he fought a duel with young Lord Millis Hills, the son of the earl, over a disputed hand at cards, and shot him dead in the dawn; therefore, he left England.

"For it was a saying, d'you see, that a Fiscombe never needed to fire twice at the same man, on account of a trick so simple that a born baby knows it. But these are not matters for little ears, so run along with you, boy Jimmy."

"What was the trick, Mamma Fixum? Please tell me, do!"

"H'm-m! You have a charm to unlock my tongue and steal my brains away, I see. Watch me clever and close—maybe this trick will stand you in good stead one of these cool evenings. Who can tell? Now, child, poor blind me, I can see little more than your outline. But where is my finger pointing?"

"At my breast, Mamma Fixum."

"So! Now, you point your forefinger at something in this room; hold that finger steady—don't move now—and take a sight down that finger. Well, what have you drawn a bead on?"

"That candlestick, ma'am."

"Imagine now that your index finger was the barrel of a pistol and your middle finger was the trigger finger. Your thumb, d'you see, holds the hammer back at full cock while your middle finger has the trigger down as far as it will go. The pointing finger is doing the aiming now, so that all you want to do is lift your thumb, keeping right steady, and your ball will go where the finger points.

"That was my grandfather's trick, and he died—rest his soul—of overreliance on it, for after a game of faro he challenged a Spanish gentleman in Virginia. The challenged party has choice of weapons. The Spanish gentleman chose swords and ran my grandfather through at the second pass; for it takes an eye to be a swordsman—whereas anyone can shoot like poor, blind me—and all my family were weak in the eyes. Take another cake and run along."

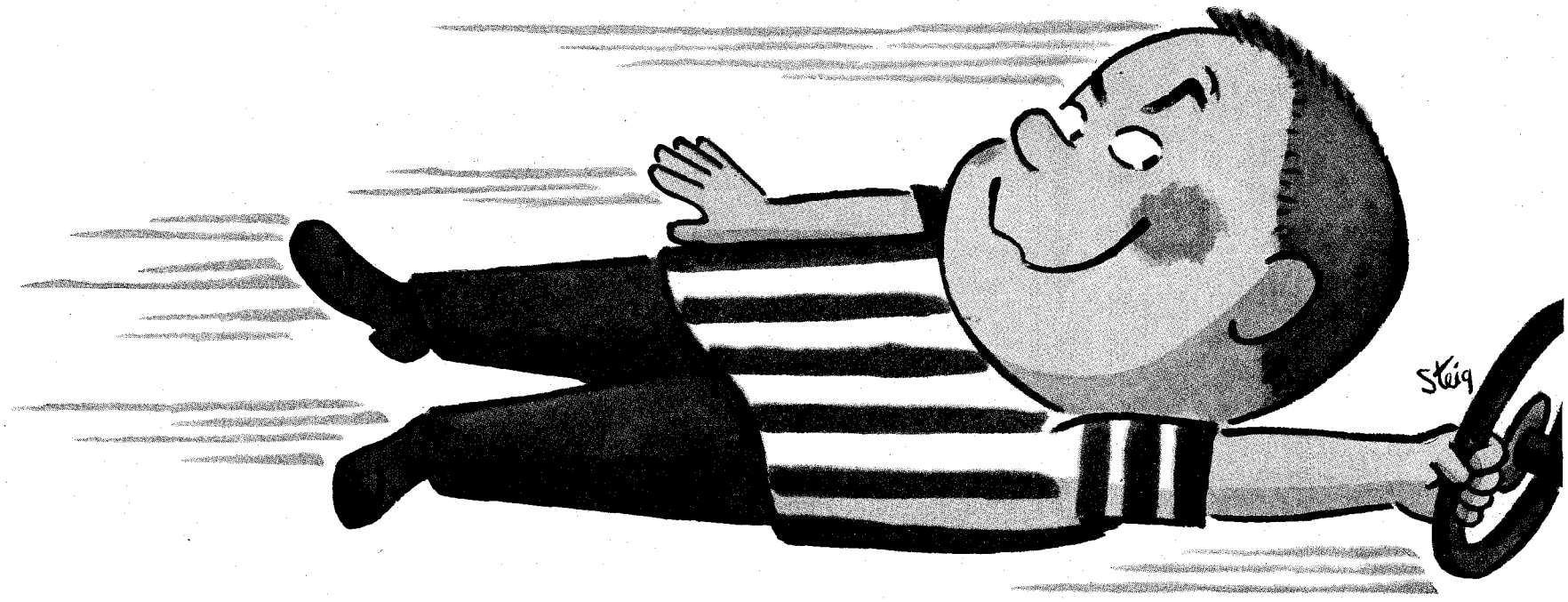
"And what about your father and how you were captured by the Injuns? And how did you shoot the outlaw?"

"Well, my grandfather died middling prosperous, and my dear father inherited the property, including four cases of pistols and the Fiscombe Curse, which was a passion for play, whether with cards or dice. Sweetheart, better be born in a ditch

Gift of Gab

The art of conversation
Was far beyond her reach.
But not, unfortunately,
The power of speech.

Mort Morris



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with nothing than in a palace with a lust to gamble! My mother was a Wyndham, and she brought him twenty thousand dollars, but it all went—and so did he go.

"Died in a duel, pistols across a handkerchief, shot by a gentleman named Scudder. Witnesses opined that Scudder pulled his trigger a little too soon, but it was too late to argue. My honored father fired his shot while he was down on his knees and, as I told you, a Fiscombe never shoots twice at the same target if it be human. Both perished simultaneously. Let this be a lesson to you."

"And can you really read the future, Mamma Fixum?"

"Good gracious, yes, my dear! Did you ever carry keys in your pocket?"

"Yes'm."

"You knew by the feel which key opened what door?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The key carried its own future with it then, didn't it now?"

"Yes, Mamma Fixum. How did you kill the outlaw, you being—not very well able to see?"

"Why, Jimmy, that person murdered my husband, and there was nobody in all the world to hunt him down. They called him Wild Bull Chase, and he was a bad man. He shot my husband in the back with a rifle, having lost a thousand dollars to him. For my husband—oh, dear me, how long ago!—was also a Fiscombe, because he was my cousin three times removed. But all the world was afraid of Wild Bull Chase. Wild Bull by name, and wild bull by nature. He was the man that shot Bad Al Kohler and Red Ned Kelly. Our men were out after the Injuns mostly in those days."

"But I heard, Mamma Fixum, that you lived years with the Injuns."

"Ah, child, there's not much you miss! Time of the massacre I was a little girl and, surely enough, the Injuns did carry me away."

"Did they torture you?" the boy asked eagerly.

"Torture me? Bless your heart, not they! You see—I won't give you the right words for it, because that would take half the day and it's high time you were home—there was a kind of politics. The Injuns let some white prisoners live, while we let some Injun prisoners live. Diplomacy, it is called. It was in case both sides wanted to make a peaceful exchange of prisoners, one against the other. So it came to pass I lived five years with the Injun women. And many a thing they taught me in the way of herbs and medicines. One thing above all I learned ——"

"Tell me how you killed Wild Bull Chase, Mamma Fixum."

"By learning what I'm trying to tell you, young fellow. By learning two of the hardest things in the world—namely, how to keep dead quiet and how to keep dead still. The fools that were about in my time used to think the Injuns were devils. Nothing of the sort, child. The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, it's true, but the lamb must have his nose to the wind, because the Lord helps those that help themselves.

"Watch sun and wind, Jimmy, and you can see to kill through milk; aye, though you can't read your Bible at twelve inches, guard your position and you'll be deadly against an eagle. The whole trick of invisibility, Jimmy, is to keep your head down, get close to something pretty nigh your own color, and let every bone in your body go limp. For this reason panthers were made with spots and some insects like unto leaves.

"If it ain't a bird you are fighting, bear this in mind, and keep your back plumb in the eye of the sun. A good target, you say? So you are, if the other man knows how to hood his eyes. But then he is at a disadvantage, because you can see him a sight clearer than he can see you, and the chances are five to two he'll miss you by a foot. Then he is at your mercy.

"He must fire again, so play Injun—keep still until he begins to reload and, while his eyes are down on his charge, edge closer; then, when he's aiming to sight a hundred paces behind you, spring up and confront him, and let him have it. But never forget, Jimmy honey, the forefinger along the barrel, the hammer back and the trigger pulled with the middle finger. Let your thumb go, and no human speed will match the fall of the hammer with the snick of the spring. . . . Now be off home with you."

The child persisted. "I want to know how you killed Wild Bull Chase, Mamma Fixum."

"You take back that little jug of elderberry wine for the fever, child. You can have another cake if you like. And don't go sipping my elderberry on the way home, because it is not for boys—only for ladies with the fever. Two nice big glasses at bedtime also cures the nightmare." She shook her head and said to herself, "Any excuse is better than none for the poor dears; put whisky in a medicine glass and they'd drink thirty ounces a day for their stomachs and blame the hiccups on their husbands ——"

"Yes," said the boy, "but you didn't tell me how you killed Wild Bull Chase."

"Oh, bless the child! You don't know that you open a sore old wound, my silky-haired little Jimmy. But Lord lend us patience! It happened like this: My good husband Digby, when the game of cards reached its end, put down a pair of aces and a pair of eights against Wild Bull Chase's aces and threes, and thereby legitimately won a thousand dollars. Wild Bull Chase got up in a huff and walked out of the Grove Tavern.

"It was a warm night, and the door was open, and my husband, they told me, was sitting with his back to the door. He wanted, you see, the benefit of the extra moonlight on his cards, being nearsighted like all us Fiscombes. Digby said good night to the other players and—he being never a man to come home, bless his heart, at a given time—sat in his place dealing himself imaginary hands, with the lamplight over him and the moonlight white on his back.

"Then, all of a sudden, my husband went forward as if a sledge hammer had struck him and fell on the table with a bullet in his back. A second or so later, people heard the sound of the shot that had killed him. . . . Oh, for your health's sake, Jimmy, never sit with your back to an open door!

"If somebody had robbed my poor husband, suspicion might have fallen on Wild Bull Chase; then, no doubt, a few men would have taken out after him and searched him for money, and hanged him up if they had found it. But here was no occasion to rouse the town without evidence. Chase was known, everybody said, as a hand-gun fighter and not a rifleman. There was no evidence against Wild Bull Chase, man-killer though he was. Also, there was not much law in the land then, and Chase had an elegant horse and a decent start.

"When they brought my man home, looking so quiet, whom everybody praised now in his death who had disliked him so much in his lifetime because they feared him, I put my hand on his marble forehead and swore to his cold clay, 'Digby, lie still and rest; you shall be avenged!'

"The women here said I was unnatural because I did not cry. Poor girls, I had learned in a bitterer school than they. Work first, then cry; and let your face go to pieces before strangers? No. Grief is yours alone. I left Digby decently covered with a sheet and looked over the terrain where he had been shot. There was a dark mark on the floor and a lead ball only half buried in the table, where there were some scattered cards. Now, remembering what I knew of angles and woodcraft, it seemed to me that the shot must have been fired from Soo Hill, three hundred yards away as the crow flies. Whoever shot my husband Digby must have been acting out of pure meanness, giving way to the temptation Digby's fine broad back must have offered in the lamplight and the moonlight.

"'I will find that man and he shall die in his tracks,' I vowed, and I went back home.

"And here was waiting a committee of ladies and gentlemen to commiserate with me, but I begged them to be gone and leave me alone, for pity's sake, with my dead. We used to have two house servants. One was a Negro slave called Tarheel—a fine carpenter and cabinetmaker; the other was a white bondwoman called Vidler. When everyone else was gone, Tarheel said to me, 'Miz Fixum, I was up on Soo Hill huntin' for rabbit, and I distinkly seen that bad Wild Bull genamum draw a bead on Massa Fixum, framed like a picture painting in the doorway. There weren't no way to stop 'im, me being so high up the hill, but I'd 'a throwed a rock at his hoss if I'd found one to hand.

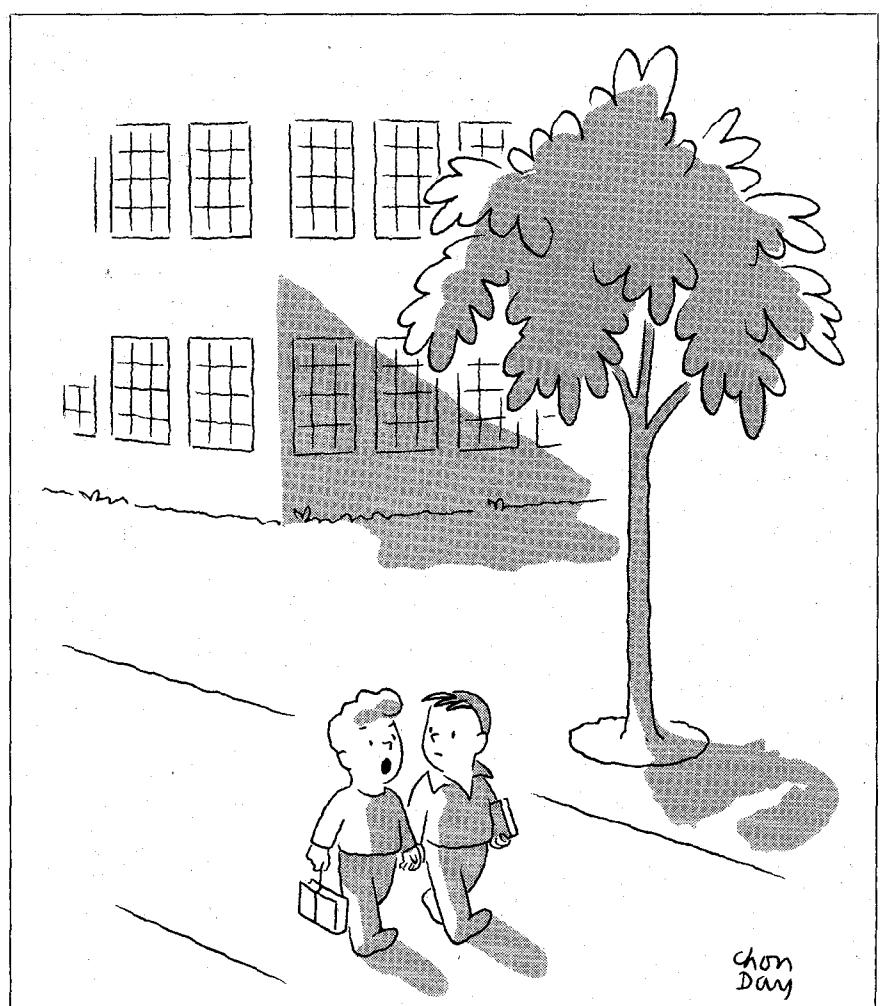
"'And before I could even cotch a breff to yell, he was gone. But I seen which way he headin'.' And this Negro weeping, says, 'I am not by law 'lowed to bear testimony 'gainst no white man, but I sure is 'lowed by law to hang by the neck. And I will surely, with yo' leave, follow that Wild Bull Chase to the end of the world for the sake o' Massa Fixum!'

"At this, containing myself, I said, 'Thank you, I take the will for the deed. And for this piece of bravery, Tarheel, you shall have your freedom and your own carpenter's shop. Load me the long English pistols, and I'm after Wild Bull Chase alone. Load me the pair, choose the balls well, and let them be right or I'll switch you with a hickory branch until it is bare of twigs!'

"Well, then I changed my skirts for trousers and my shoes for moccasins, for what I had to do was not work for petticoats. But now the bondwoman Vidler must have her say. And she says, 'Nay, mistress, but I'll not let thee. Have I not two strong hands and two good legs and a pair of sharp eyes? While thee, poor lady, has but weak eyes. And thee must not kill, nor bear arms even. Nay, mistress, let me find him and bring the good folk to judge him and spare thee the sin of ——'

"I told her, 'Watch your dead master, woman, but for what you have this minute felt, you shall have freedom from bond and a dowry to marry a good husband. . . . And mark you, you two,' says I, looking to my pistols and putting them into my sash, 'do you not see that Wild Bull Chase's benefit is also my advantage? He has the eye of a hawk, while I see only in a milky twilight. He must be traveling westward; and I shall follow him this night and tomorrow—at a distance—until the evening comes down. Then we will see who stands on stronger ground! This is a game played in the twilight, you fools! And woe betide the man who meets a Fiscombe on his own terms!'

"Tarheel said, 'Massa Chase surely was headin' westward, Miz Fixum—on a right good hoss.' I told him, and here's the truth, 'There never was a living horse could run down man or woman in distance; it is the brain that counts—otherwise, how could a tame horse loaded with man and saddle round up wild horses?' Then, weeping, Vidler says, 'Let me get thee some food to pack and a bottle of cold tea.' But I tell her that neither bite nor sup do I touch until Wild Bull Chase is dead at my feet."



"Well, another day . . . another zero."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Mamma Fixum, oughtn't you to have took something to eat and drink?" the boy interjected.

"No, because I had vowed my vow in another place, and I would eat lead and drink smoke before I broke that vow. So I kept the eye of the sun, when it rose, at my back and held it there—until it was overhead—while I picked up tracks of man and horse, circling then, when the trail led to Thompson's Creek, which lay close by Pick's Woods.

"It had to be so, of course, because Wild Bull Chase was a fugitive—only from his conscience—and even if the townfolk had been after him he must have seen their horses miles away on these prairies. That is why I was surer and safer alone, and on foot; though Chase was well mounted and armed with a rifle. With this rifle, if I had been on horseback, he could have brought me down at five hundred paces. But I bided my time afoot, knowing where he had to go, which was to the water, and wondering by what miracle the sun seemed to stand still in the sky—because if ever a morning and an afternoon lasted the six days of Creation, this was it.

"You must understand, Jimmy boy, that I had to measure my light and my darkness in grains, like so much powder to carry a certain shot. There are two very hard shooting lights. Clear sunlight is a tricky one, but most treacherous of all is when the day marries the night; I mean, evening. Twilight is my light, yet I had to gauge how much light Wild Bull Chase needed to see by.

"So I crawled after him, knee and elbow, until he was to the creek. He thought he was alone, but I was only a hundred paces away. Wild Bull Chase lit no fire, but I could make out the figure of his horse. So I Injun-crawled to a dead locust and, with the pack thread I always kept in my pocket, lashed one of my pistols to a limb and bit the thread off short. Then I tied a fresh end to the trigger, cocked the pistol and, ever so carefully, crawled away, looping the thread in my hand around a smooth young sapling, until all the thread was payed out. And now I was no more than ten rods from Wild Bull Chase, with the evening sun going down and the thread in my hand.

"Here, naturally, was the time to draw Chase's fire because, don't you see, a flash gives a man no time to look, so there had to be light enough for him to see the curl of the smoke. Therefore, I pulled on my thread and the tied pistol went off with a bang that sent the birds screaming. The ball must have passed close enough to whine, for Wild Bull Chase was down behind his horse in an instant, and he sent his rifle bullet right in the direction of where my pistol was.

"Then he looked to his own pistols and reloaded his rifle—always with his eyes in the direction from which that shot had come—while I was twenty yards closer to him before he had that ball rammed home. Now here, Lord forgive me, here was something I never have stopped being proud of, for I had been moving so like an Injun that my hand closed upon the scruff of the neck of a sleeping hare. *There* is moving quietly for you! I pitched that poor hare in Wild Bull Chase's line of vision, and she was away into the lengthening shadows in three bounds. But Chase fired at the sound and the shadow, while I crept nearer and nearer as he reloaded again.

"I will do him this justice—he was not a coward. He tried to make himself small and crawled not backward but forward, little knowing that I was now less than fifteen paces behind him. But the wind changed suddenly, and his horse caught my scent and whinnied, so that Chase turned, with his rifle at his hip.

"Then I came up into sight, out of the grass, and said, 'Wild Bull Chase, I am the wife of the man you wantonly murdered. You have a cocked and loaded rifle in your hands, and I have this pistol. Face to face, Chase, fire!'

"'Are you all alone?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said I.

"'I don't fight women,' he said.

"But I knew by his false voice that his finger was on the trigger, and I threw myself sideways. He fired.

"His ball grazed my shoulder, but mine took him in the forehead, so that he fell down dead," said the old lady.

The boy asked avidly, "And what did you do then, Mamma Fixum?"

"I turned him over with my foot and said to myself, 'Now I may weep for my husband.' And so I sat on the ground and I did. Then I mounted Wild Bull Chase's horse, because all the spirit had gone out of me, and rode back home, where I shamed them all by telling them that a half-blind young woman had hunted down and killed in fair fight this notably bad man. . . . And there is the whole story, child. Take the jug and be off with you home."

"Mamma Fixum, could I hold one of those pistols?"

"You may, child—indeed, there is only one left of that pair, the one I tied the thread to. The other I had buried with my husband. But it all seems a thousand years away. And this pistol here shall be buried with me, and much I care if they say that it's the Injun in me!"

The boy hefted the weapon and then reluctantly hung it back up again over the fireplace. "Tomorrow," he said, "I'll come and cut your grass, Mamma Fixum."

"Do, and I'll bake you a treat," the old lady said.

"Mamma Fixum, will you read my future before I go?" the boy begged.

"Reading futures is for old women, child. Making futures is for young men. Give you advice, though—live by the gun and you'll die by the gun, live by the cards and you'll die by the cards, and never sit with your back to an open door. . . . Now be off with you once and for all, for I'm tired of talking."

A number of other boys in various stages of ferocity were waiting for Jimmy when he came out in the hard-baked street. Their ringleader was fourteen years old and the biggest boy of his age in Troy Grove. He pulled Jimmy's long silken hair and, with an odiously awkward swagger and jeer, asked, "What's in that there jug, Jimmy boy?"

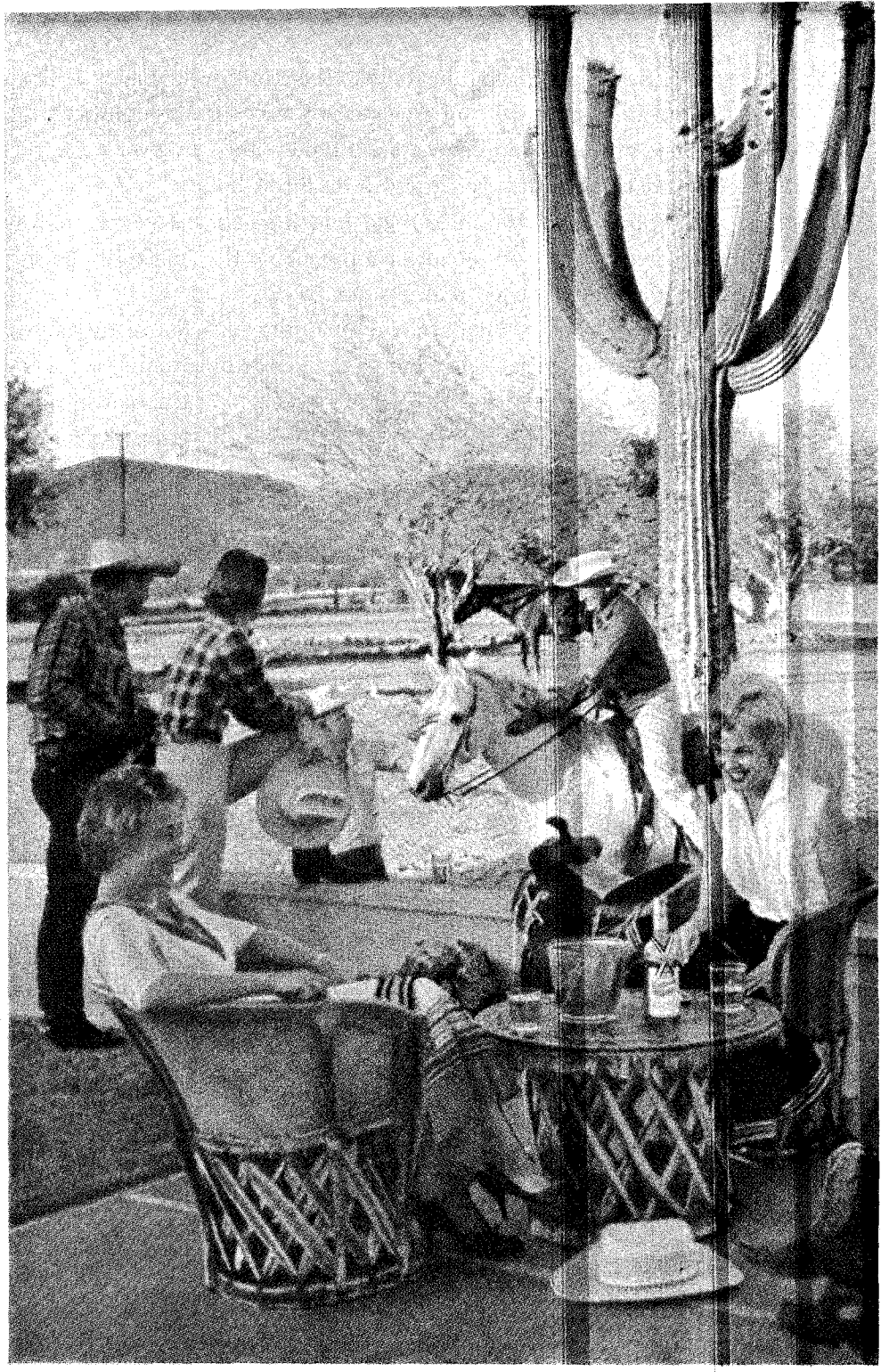
With a curious, faraway look, the boy Jimmy closed the last three fingers of his right hand, extended the forefinger and cocked the thumb, saying, "If you ever do that again, Balfour Paltz, I'll kill you."

Unaccountably the big boy was quelled—there was something stirring in the other's face that made his flesh go cold. "See here, Jimmy boy ——" he began.

"You know my name. I'll thank you to call me by it." His mind was moving rapidly; he liked the nickname "Wild Bull," but he did not want to be called after a murderer who fired on blind women. Clearing his throat, he said, "My name is James Butler Hickok. but from now on my friends may call me 'Wild Bill.'"

So the young Wild Bill Hickok went home unmolested, carrying the jug of elderberry wine in his left hand. With the index finger of his right he pointed at an imaginary enemy and said, "Bang! You're dead!"

With one eye shut and the other half open, he saw, as it might be framed in the sharp *V* of a gunsight, an acrid and smoky sector of a thunderous and bloody destiny. THE END



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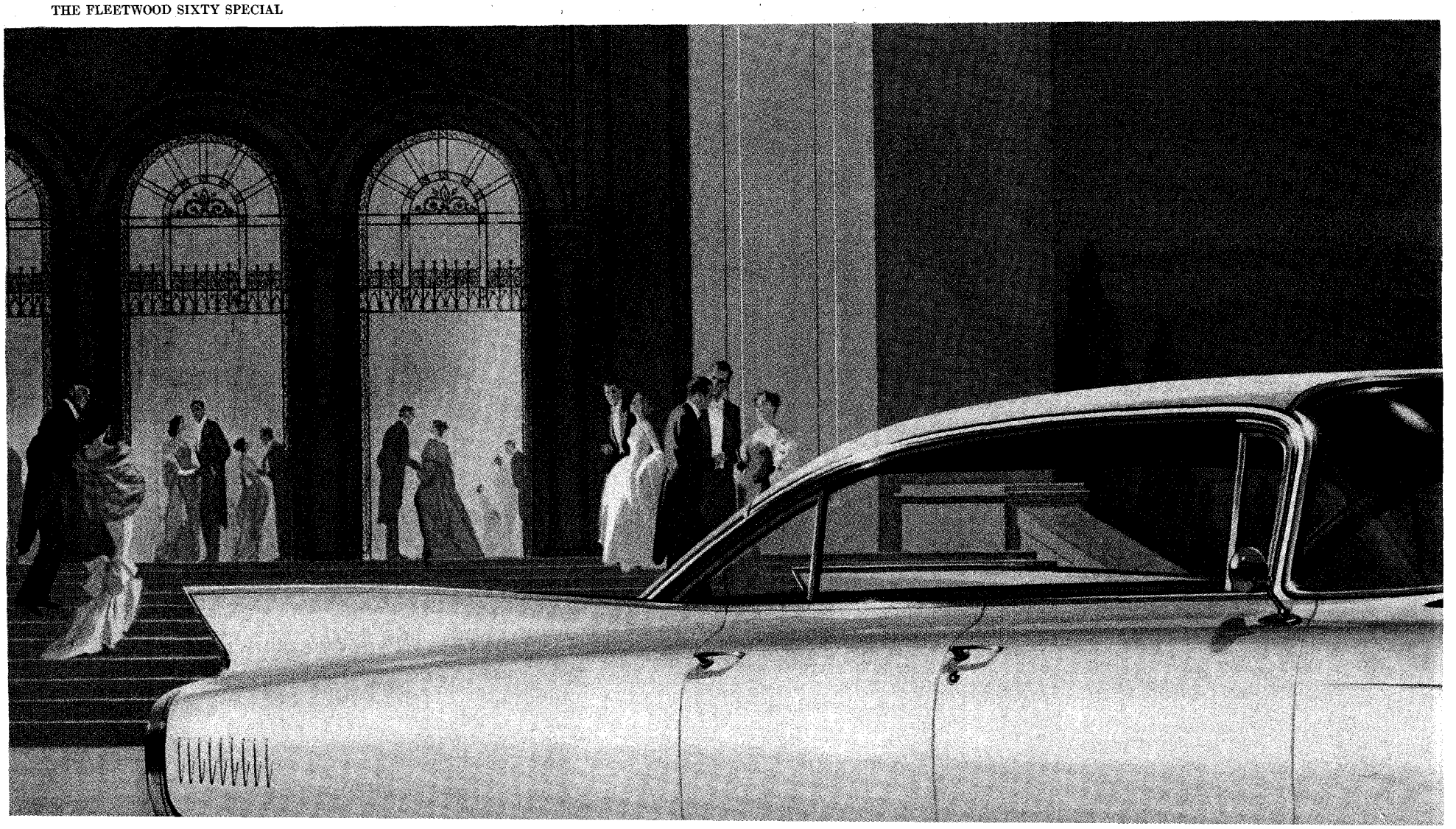

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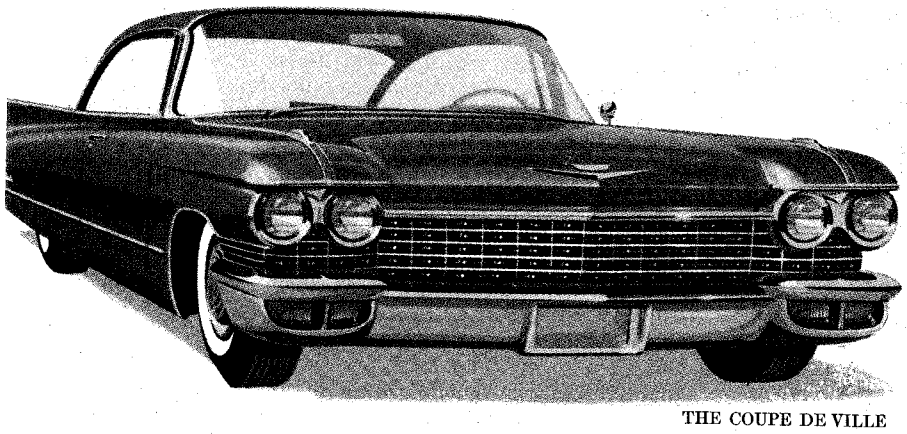

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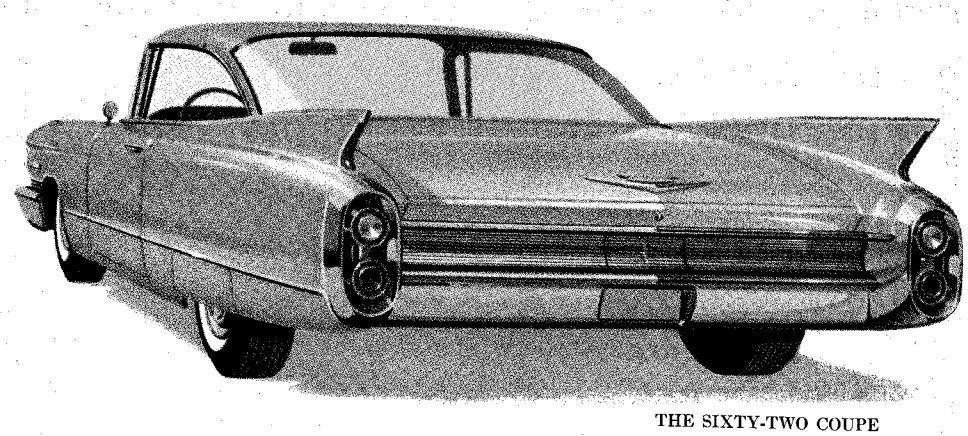

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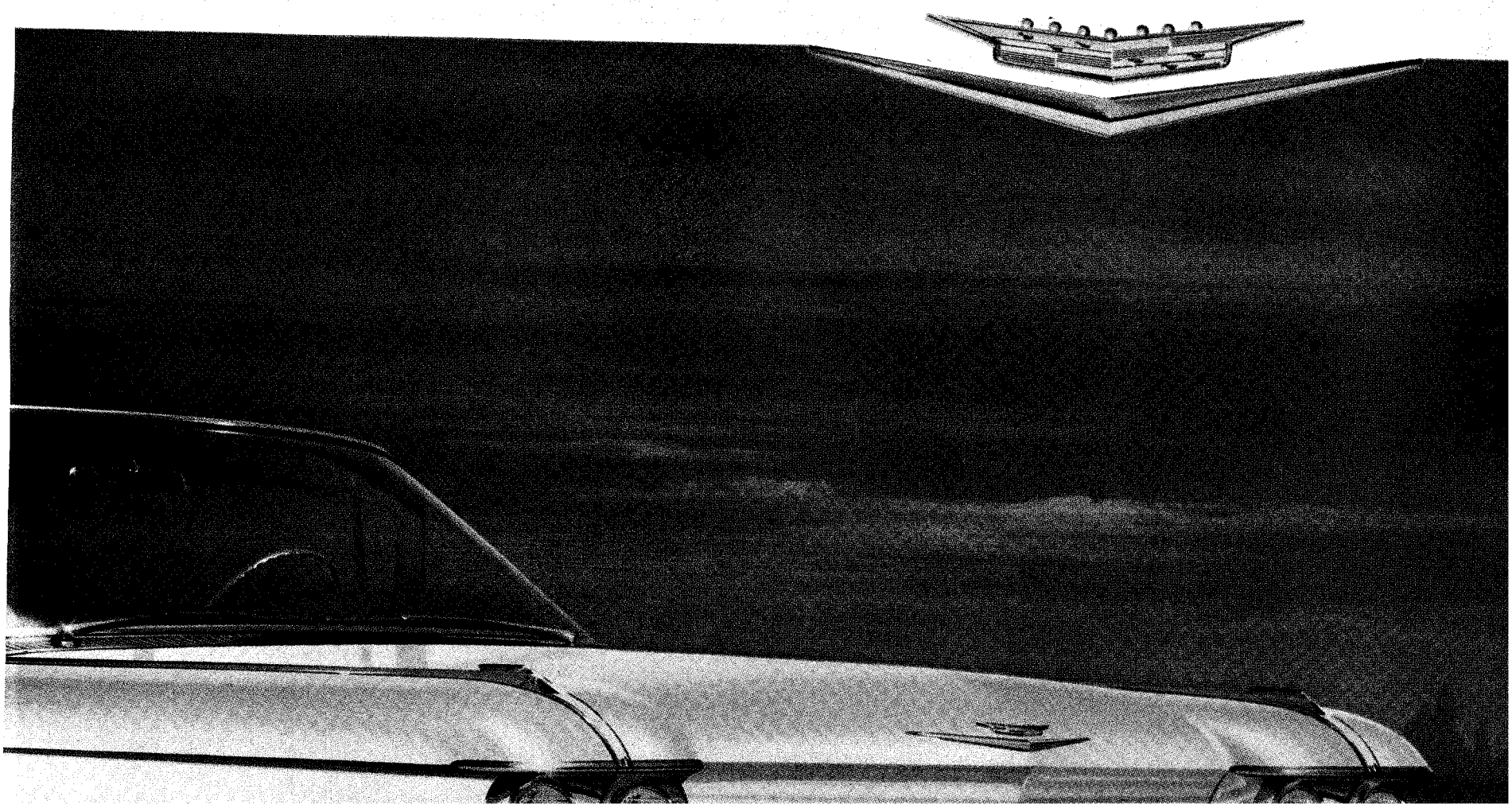

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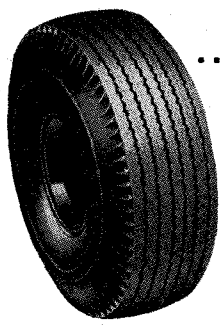

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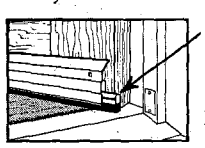
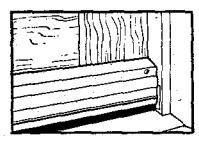


THIS HIDDEN BUTTON is released when door opens — automatically *raising* the door bottom to clear rug.



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Science and Sex Ethics

(Continued from Page 20)

Much of our knowledge about the reproductive cycle has been learned through research on animals. Thirty years ago the National Research Council set up a Committee for Research on Problems of Sex, under the leadership of the late Robert M. Yerkes. Among the resultant discoveries, and those of European laboratories, have been the two ovarian hormones, estrogen and progesterone, and the male sex hormones, the androgens. These have already passed from the laboratory into the pharmacy. In addition biologists have worked out the reproductive cycles of many animals, so that we can make fertility tests on female animals at selected stages or study embryos of known age. Thus, drugs thought promising for birth control can be tried out under precise experimental conditions.

Contraceptive materials are now widely available. By persistent research throughout the world, the day is approaching when simple, safe methods of birth control may be extended to whole populations and even to the most unsophisticated and illiterate. Such knowledge would place in the hands of mankind a power as unpredictable in its effects as nuclear energy—yet a power we must utilize, under proper control, if we are to avoid disastrous overpopulation.

There has also developed a still more radical kind of interference with human reproduction—artificial insemination. If a wife is childless though fertile, the gynecologist can often induce pregnancy by injecting the husband's seminal fluid, if he is fertile but impotent or, if the husband is sterile, that of an unseen donor. Another reason for artificial insemination may be that the husband is known to carry the genes of a constitutional defect. A dictator who wanted to improve his nation's human stock by breeding from superior males could now command the technique almost as easily as Hitler practiced genocide.

General scientific progress has further provided obstetricians with improved methods of asepsis and antibiotic drugs. Surgical abortion, once hazardous, is now so safe in competent hands that Russia, Japan, and all the Scandinavian countries have legalized it for various social and medical reasons. Many Americans appear to agree, tacitly at least, with this judgment. The Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University recently reported on the rate of induced abortion in a population sample of urban American women of reputable social status and relatively high education. The conclusion of a demographer, Dr. Christopher Tietze, was that one fifth to one fourth of all pregnancies in a comparable sector of our population are terminated by abortion. Unhappily, thousands of women are impelled to this momentous decision by fear or despair and submit themselves to illegal abortion. In order to get this procedure into the hands of responsible physicians, many thoughtful people want the legal indications for abortion broadened to cover cases of serious social and economic distress.

Thus, the application of biological science to human reproduction raises large questions of right and wrong, not all of which can be settled by ethical principles developed in a prescientific age. Some of these problems, however, are as old as civilization. Our era is not the first in the history of human culture when the science of embryology has influenced philosophical and moral thinking. The Roman Catholic Church has always cherished the Judaeo-Christian concept of the soul as something distinct from the body and inhabiting the flesh only for a time, and it holds that an infant dead before baptism is forever denied access to the throne of grace. The early theologians, therefore, wished to know at what stage of gestation the fetus acquires a soul and, therefore, when the sacraments should be administered.

Some of the early Christian Fathers actually wrote embryological treatises upon this topic. The first to do so was Lactantius in the third century. In his *De Opificio Dei*, he took from Aristotle and Galen the statement, based on their scanty observations, that the human embryo passes through four stages—seed, vegetative organism, animal, and finally, when all its parts are formed, human. At the human stage, believed to begin in the seventh or eighth week of embryonic life, the fetus receives its soul.

This bit of applied science was passed on by Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas Aquinas. Dante cites it in Canto XXV of the *Purgatorio*, and in the sixteenth century a London surgeon, Thomas Vicary, wrote:

"Thus is the childe bred foorth in four degrees . . . the thirde degree is, when the principals be shapen, as the Hart, lyver, and Brayne: the fourth and laste, as when all the other members be perfectly shapen, then it receyveth the soule wyth life and breath; and then it beginneth to moue itselfe alone: so is there xlvj. dayes from the daye of conception unto the daye of ful perfection and receyving of the soule, as God best knoweth."

Vicary's calculation, by the way, agrees almost exactly with modern statements of the time when the embryo becomes an obviously recognizable human being. The late George L. Streeter, my predecessor at the Carnegie embryological laboratory, in his *Horizons of Human Development* placed the end of the embryonic period at about forty-seven days from conception.

We must remember that until almost a century after Vicary's time nobody had ever seen a human embryo, or an embryo of any other mammal, during its first three or four weeks. No one realized that the life of the embryo is physically continuous with that of its parents through an egg cell supplied by the mother and fertilized by a sperm cell from the father. Nor had anyone guessed better than Aristotle, who supposed that the embryo forms by a sort of coagulation of the male spermatic fluid deposited in the uterus. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, tried in the mid-seventeenth century to find embryos of deer during the first month and, having failed, decided that an embryo forms in the uterus much as an idea forms in the brain. Just as an artist can paint a landscape from memory, said Harvey, or a bird can sing in springtime the song it learned the summer before, so the uterus can produce an egg from no tangible substance.

In 1672 the young Netherlander Regnier de Graaf discovered rabbit embryos of the third day, and rightly assumed that they develop from egg cells in the organ we now call the ovary. Five years later, Anthony van Leeuwenhoek of Delft and his student Ham, equipped with crude microscopes, first saw the sperm cells in both human and animal semen. Leeuwenhoek leaped to the conclusion that each sperm cell is a rudimentary embryo, and thus started a scientific controversy that lasted for decades between the "spermatists" and the "ovulists," each party claiming for one of these cells the sole honor of giving rise to the embryo.

Some of Leeuwenhoek's followers carried his mistaken view that the sperm cell is a rudimentary embryo to absurd lengths. One of them sent the Royal Society of London a drawing of a spermatozoon in which he said he had seen through his microscope a tiny but complete human figure. In strict logic, he noted, such a manikin must himself have testes containing sperm cells, and so on, ad infinitum. The philosopher Leibnitz applied this concept to the soul. The first man, he reasoned, must therefore have carried in his genital organs the whole race of man, the body and soul of each generation awaiting their turn to unfold. The fact, so obvious to us in the twentieth century, that the egg and sperm must unite to form a fertilized egg cell that can transform itself into an embryo, was not grasped until 1827 when the German, Karl Ernst von Baer, saw the actual mammalian egg cell, and two Frenchmen, J. B. Dumas and J. L. Prevost, proved that the spermatozoa are essential to the development of the egg into an embryo.

Having observed every stage of embryonic life, we came at last to understand that development of the human individual involves a building of the body anew, generation after generation, from

"Fenston, don't you think you'd be happier somewhere else?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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its biochemical elements. It is a continuous process, proceeding from a tiny packet of unrealized potentialities to the child capable of independent existence. Theologians who regard the soul and body as two separable entities have, of course, not remained unaware of the embryological discoveries of the past three centuries. They know now that the embryo is a human organism long before the fortieth day. Although they differ among themselves to a degree that baffles a biologist who wants to state the position fairly in brief compass, most Roman Catholic theologians, Orthodox rabbis, and some Protestants hold that the soul is infused into the body at the moment of fertilization. To the Roman Catholic, the loss of an embryo, even if too small to be seen without a microscope, of whose existence its own mother is not yet aware, means its soul must dwell forever in limbo, outside the gates of heaven. The Roman Catholic Church has ruled that physicians must always protect the life of the unborn infant, even at the risk of the mother's life.

Suppose, however, some modern Lactantius should ask today's biologists what they can now tell him about the schedule of human development in order to guide him in writing a new treatise on the embryology of the soul. He would find that most of us think of the body and the spirit as interdependent, their development and existence interwoven and inseparable. In the fertilized egg and the embryo, both, we are bound to suppose, are mere potentialities. What else can we say, we who have seen through our microscope the human being begin as a tiny sphere of mingled proteins and lipids, and have watched it slowly build its brain and its nerves, develop reflexes and voluntary motion, come to birth and at last begin to experience life and the consciousness of its own existence? Most biologists will agree that the spirit and the body develop together. When some untoward physical condition puts a woman's life in the balance against that of her unborn child, most of us think it no crime but rather a duty to protect the mother's body and spirit first, even at the loss of another, merely incipient living creature.

What, however, if not the mother's life but her emotional stability, or the economic welfare of her family, or her moral reputation is at stake? Are we to authorize abortion freely because it is relatively safe and might avert consequences oftentimes only less tragic than death?

The medical profession is divided as to the doctor's responsibility in such cases. Some high-minded physicians feel that if they were freed from the restraints of an outworn moral code and laws that forbid abortion for other than medical causes, they could help to reduce the desperation and danger that often attend unwanted pregnancy. The majority of American obstetricians are reluctant to perform an operation that involves a surgical risk, however slight, for any but medical reasons. Many physicians, as well, dread the results of yielding medical responsibility to nonmedical persons, who would have a voice in decisions made on social and economic grounds. Above all, they feel bound to consider the moral aspects of the problem. To make abortions easy to procure would inevitably tend to increase promiscuity.

Meanwhile, conscientious doctors solve individual cases as best they can by trying to persuade the unwilling mother to bear her child, arranging to have illegitimate babies adopted, reconciling shocked relatives. At the same time these doctors feel that birth control is the best long-term answer to the problem of undesirable pregnancy in and out of wedlock. It is as yet, however, far from effective; for in 1958, in New York City alone, 13,000 illegitimate babies were born.

Many moralists and theologians have objected to birth control, as I understand their position, for two related reasons. One is that intercourse which seeks to avoid conception is nothing more than self-indulgence. To be sure, few theologians today go so far as the seventeenth-century Pope Innocent XI, who ruled that those who eat, drink or copulate merely for the sake of pleasure are guilty of sin. The other reason given is that human mating is divinely intended for procreation. A Papal encyclical of 1930, however, accepted the morality in marriage of the safe-period method, because it makes use only of a natural rhythm inherent in God's creation.

Artificial contraception, on the other hand, clearly constitutes interference with physiological processes or natural law, as the theologians call it, and its moral justification they deny. The Anglican Church has recently devoted much thought to this problem. The authors of a report to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1958, titled The Family in Contemporary Society, clarify the question of contraception in marriage by emphasizing that sexual intercourse has not only a generative function but also what they call a "relational" value. They regard this natural human act, with or without the immediate intention to produce offspring, as a constructive expression of love and trust between two human beings bound together in conjugal life. Far from being mere self-indulgence, they consider it a necessary and honorable element in domestic happiness. The archbishop's advisers concluded that there are strong grounds for holding the responsible use of contraceptives by married persons to be morally right. It is scarcely necessary to add that those scientists whose work on the physiology of reproduction deeply impresses them with the interdependence of body and mind in human sexual life warmly agree with the position of the Anglican commission.

But moral questions posed by contraception are far simpler than those raised by artificial insemination. Strict moralists contend that a woman who conceives a child by sperm mechanically transferred from a donor, even though unseen and unknown, and selected by her physician, commits adultery. Lawyers raise serious doubts about the legitimacy of a child thus produced and its rights of inheritance, unless the husband legally adopts it. Genealogists worry about a practice that makes a family tree misleading (though family trees have all too often acquired unacknowledged grafts in the ordinary way). Of genuine concern also is the psychological risk that the infertile husband may consciously or unconsciously come to resent the child he did not father. On the other hand, many instances are on record in which such a child has won full paternal affection from a husband grateful to medical science for saving his wife from frustration and his home from emptiness.

Conscientious physicians will not attempt artificial insemination unless both the husband and wife are ready for parenthood and fully agreed upon it, nor without complete (*Continued on Page 63*)

A woman can tell how the other half lives just by watching their furniture being moved in.

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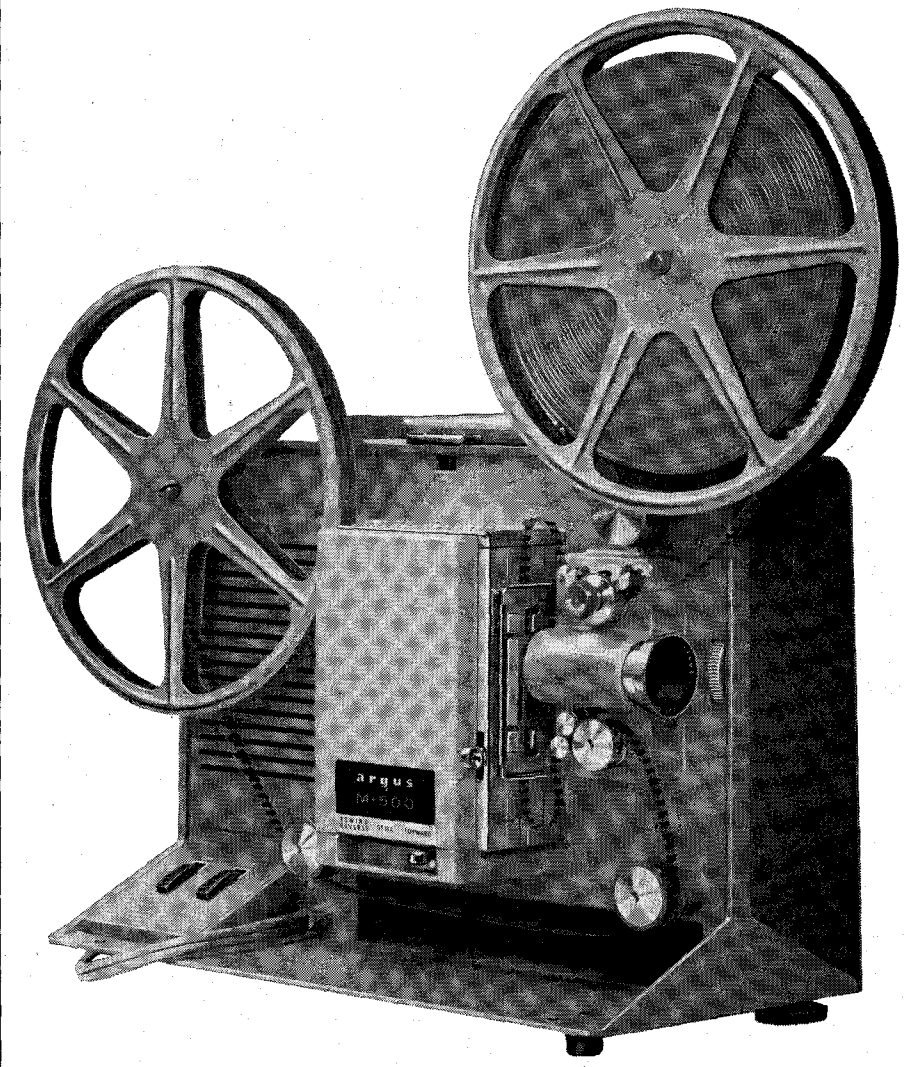

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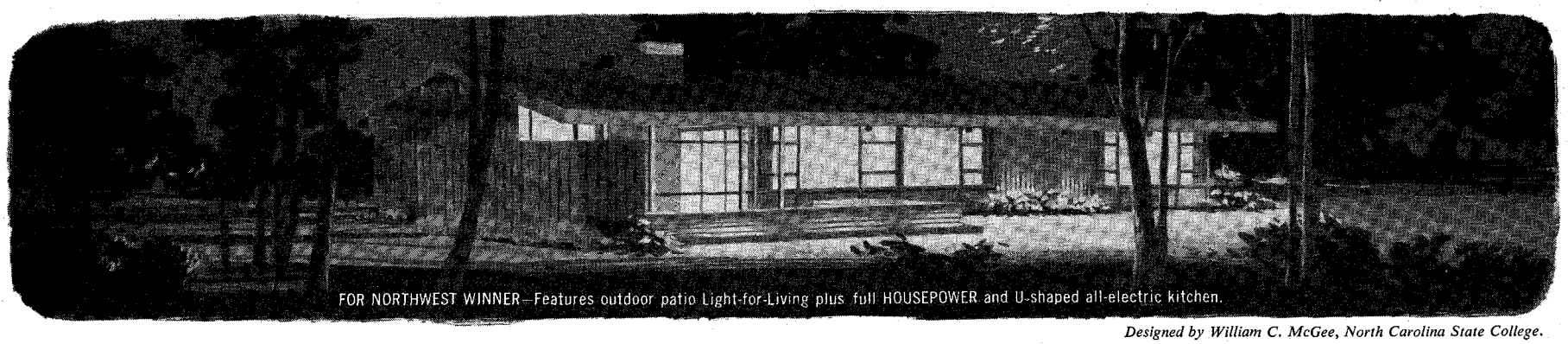

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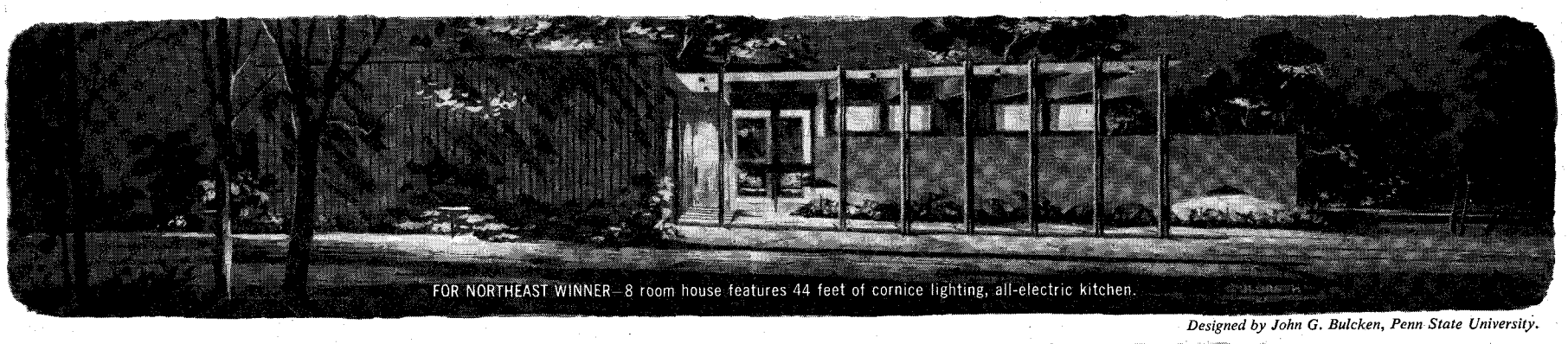

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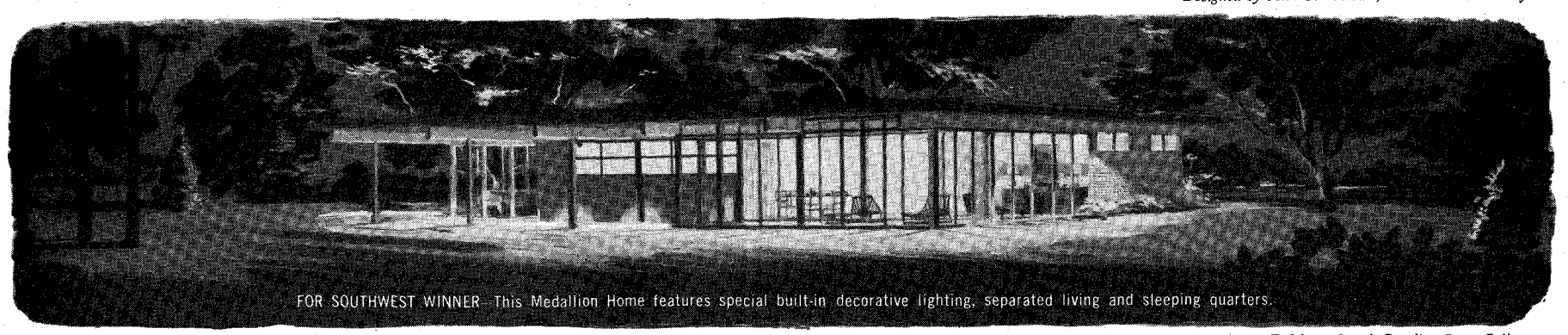

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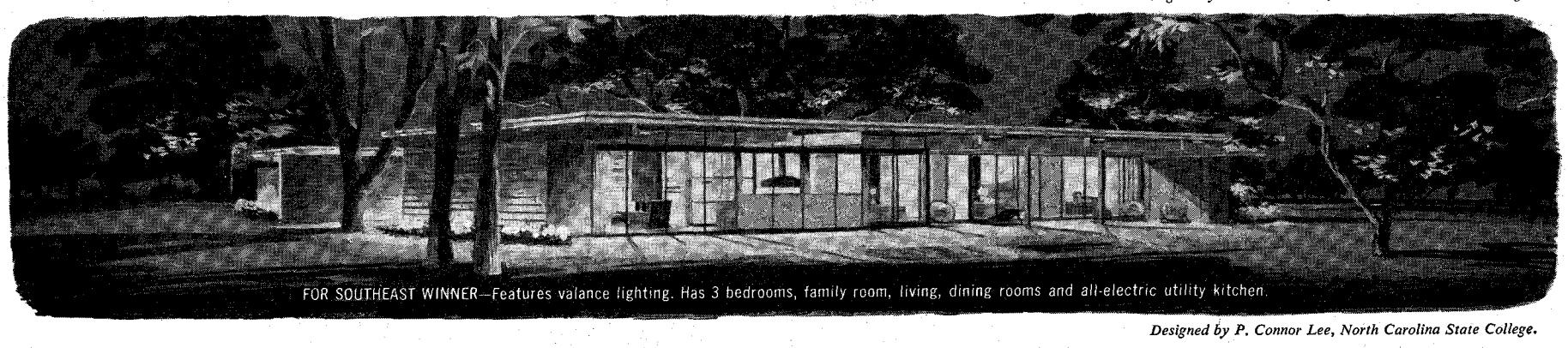

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(*Continued from Page 61*) anonymity of the donor, and careful selection of one suited by lineage and physical characteristics to substitute his genes for those of the sterile husband. They accept, in short, responsibility not only for the physical procedures but also for considering the emotional and psychological factors involved.

Having made contraception, therapeutic abortion and artificial insemination technically feasible, does science contribute anything to the principles upon which questions of morality and public policy must be decided? I believe it has, and in a deep, subtle way; for science accepts that these dilemmas involve both the spiritual and the physical nature of man. The biologist who has used rats and rabbits to help him understand the human cycle, who has shown how closely human embryonic development parallels that of other mammals, declares that no code of practical ethics or moral philosophy can ignore our animal structure and instincts. We may attempt to annul or direct their operation, as in birth control; we may give sympathetic heed to them as when we fulfill the yearning of a childless wife by artificial insemination. But we cannot disregard them in our philosophy of human conduct. In the light of this knowledge, the statesman concerned about population control, the theologian, and the moral philosopher must all aim to reconcile the human necessities arising from our animal origin with the spiritual aspirations which distinguish men from beasts.

Embryology and the physiology of reproduction have brought us no new facts that of themselves demand alteration of our moral codes. There are no varieties of sexual conduct that have not long since been fully exploited. It is remarkable, for example, how little the discovery of the male and female sex-gland hormones has added to our knowledge of the sex urge. Their main function is to make and keep the reproductive organs responsive to erotic stimulation and ready for mating and gestation. Overt sexual behavior is largely determined by mental, not endocrine, processes. The observation thirty years ago that these chemical agents could restore both male and female patterns of sexual excitability to castrated animals led some students of behavior to assume that human homosexual activity results from an oversupply of the hormone of the opposite sex. The studies of Kinsey and others, however, indicate that homosexuality is not generally accompanied by glandular abnormalities.

But even though scientific research has little to tell us about the subtler factors in the control of sexual behavior, it has nevertheless altered our outlook upon the problem in two ways. In the first place, birth control lessens the risk of undesired pregnancy, and the antibiotics diminish the risk of venereal disease. With sexual intercourse thus liberated to a great degree from the fear of consequences, only social prudence and morality are left to restrain us.

The other change in our outlook has come from comparative anthropological observations of sexual patterns in various societies. We have learned that people in general behave sexually in widely disparate ways, going far beyond the limits of the code we have set up on the basis of our Judaeo-Christian traditions. However strongly we hold to the moral code, however conservatively we advise our children, the fact remains that one rigid code will not fit all peoples everywhere, nor even everyone in our own society. In Sweden, for example, according to a recent census, about half the brides are already pregnant on their wedding day, which seems to indicate a scandalous breakdown of sexual morality. But as a Swedish physician pointed out to me, many of these premarital pregnancies when occurring in the country districts actually reflect a traditional emphasis on the need of heirs. Peasants want to keep their estates in the family. Premarital intercourse between affianced couples is, therefore, accepted as a practical test of fertility.

There are many signs that the public is beginning to modify some of its taboos because it understands better certain underlying biological and psychological factors. The furtive nineteenth-century sex manuals for boys, for example, with their bugaboo of "self-abuse" that frightened many sensitive lads almost to distraction, have gone out of print. Physicians, teachers and parents have come to understand that masturbation is a natural, practically universal outlet for nascent erotic impulses.

The Wolfenden Report presented to the British Parliament in 1957 by a committee on sex offenses provides another striking instance of changing attitudes. The members of that committee dealt with homosexuality as a behavioral anomaly, not as a crime, and concluded that the law should not regard as criminal homosexual acts between consenting individuals in private. I would agree that homosexuality, or any other aberrant sexual behavior, should come under police jurisdiction only when it harms others or constitutes a public annoyance.

Basing its judgment on the balance of biological and social factors for good and evil, our modern society now openly admits what it long tacitly accepted: that extramarital intercourse is not necessarily unforgivable. What thoughtful person, not committed to a dogmatic code, would stigmatize as a mortal sin a sexual relation such as that depicted by Somerset Maugham in *Cakes and Ale*, which injured no one and calmed two troubled people; or that which Boris Pasternak depicts in *Doctor Zhivago*, between two high-minded and lonely exiles?

Alas, in real life human relationships are not often so simple. Even these fictional liaisons had their hurtful side, for the first was very largely physical and, therefore, not long satisfying; the second could only end in sorrow because it led to a deep attachment doomed to be thwarted. These imagined characters reveal what everybody must learn: that sexual experience alone does not yield permanent satisfaction. Enduring happiness in sexual relations depends upon the balance of physical activities with higher attributes of thought and feeling. As for right and wrong, biology and anthropology show us that, like animal species, human cultures exhibit many diverse forms of sexual relationship. Among the lower mammals the mating pattern ranges from lifelong monogamy to promiscuity. Among the Primates, our closest animal kin, the few species which have been closely studied, especially the chimpanzee and baboon, seem to organize family life in polygamous clans, each consisting of a dominant male with several mates. Some human societies have followed the way of these apes; others have worked out a variety of mating patterns, of which monogamy, prevailing at least as an ideal in our culture, is only one.

Yet amid this diversity the biologist recognizes certain facts basic to any code of sexual morality. In one characteristic, human breeding differs conspicuously from that of most animals. This is the prolonged period of infancy and adolescence, which society must protect if the race is to survive. From this necessity alone stems much of our social evolution toward conjugal stability, family affection, the love of comfort and beauty. An essential factor in this evolution, responsibility to wife and children, operates in many cultures besides ours. No less a moralist than Albert Schweitzer has witnessed its benign effects in Africa under polygamy. Sexual promiscuity, however, is not compatible with such responsibility. Evolution has also made every man responsible to himself for the noblest use of his faculties—all that raises him above the beast, and carries him forward with love, hope and sacrifice. To this end he must discipline his natural instincts and appetites, and use the sexual urge as a creative force, not merely an indulgence. To involve another human being in the powerful emotional tensions of sex without regard for the other's welfare and lasting happiness is indeed immoral. The real sin is to indulge transient desires without concern for order, beauty and honor.

If now, after long experience as an investigator of sex and reproduction, I assume the role of a moralist, it is because I have seen nothing in my field of science to invalidate the age-old ideal of our culture—the permanent union of a man and woman in marriage; upon this ideal, with tolerance and understanding gained through the study of natural human needs, we can still base our sexual ethics.

Some will accuse me of casting away the safeguards that religion places upon tempestuous human instincts. Others will say that I am merely substituting a form of puritanism based on science for one based on dogma. Still others will remind me that people will go on forever disregarding any and every code of sexual ethics. To all I reply that we must have ideals, even if we do not always follow them. A lofty morality cannot be intolerant of human needs. Our principles of conduct must be based upon consideration of everything man can discover about his body, mind and spirit.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Corner, George W. & C. H. Heuser
Embryology, Human
(in the Encyclopaedia Britannica)

Sulloway, A. W.
Birth Control and Catholic Doctrine
Beacon Press
$3.95

Patten, B. M.
Human Embryology
McGraw
$12.00

Keenan, Alan & John Ryan
Marriage: A Sacramental and Medical Study
Sheed
$4.50

Kinsey, Alfred C. and others
Sexual Behavior in the Human Female
Saunders
$8.00

Kinsey, Alfred C. and others
Sexual Behavior in the Human Male
Saunders
$7.50

You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Morgan decided to will everything to his friend Alex. Before he could see his lawyer, he mentioned his intention to Potts, a shoe salesman with a burning desire to be an attorney. Potts persuaded Morgan to let him draw up the will for a fee of one dollar. Shortly afterward, Morgan died. It then developed that his will was so improperly drawn that his estate went to his heirs instead of to Alex. Alex sued Potts for damages.

"I lost that entire estate," he contended, "because you insisted on drawing that will for Morgan instead of letting him go to his lawyer as he planned."

"That may be," Potts replied in his best imitation of a legal manner, "but I didn't draw the will for you. If I am liable to anyone, it is to Morgan, who retained me. And he's past caring now."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Alex?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Alex won damages from Potts. The court said: "His conduct was not only negligent but was also highly improper. He engaged in the unauthorized practice of law." To discourage such conduct, the court ruled that persons who act as amateur attorneys are subject to pay for losses resulting from their mistakes.

Based upon a 1958 California case.

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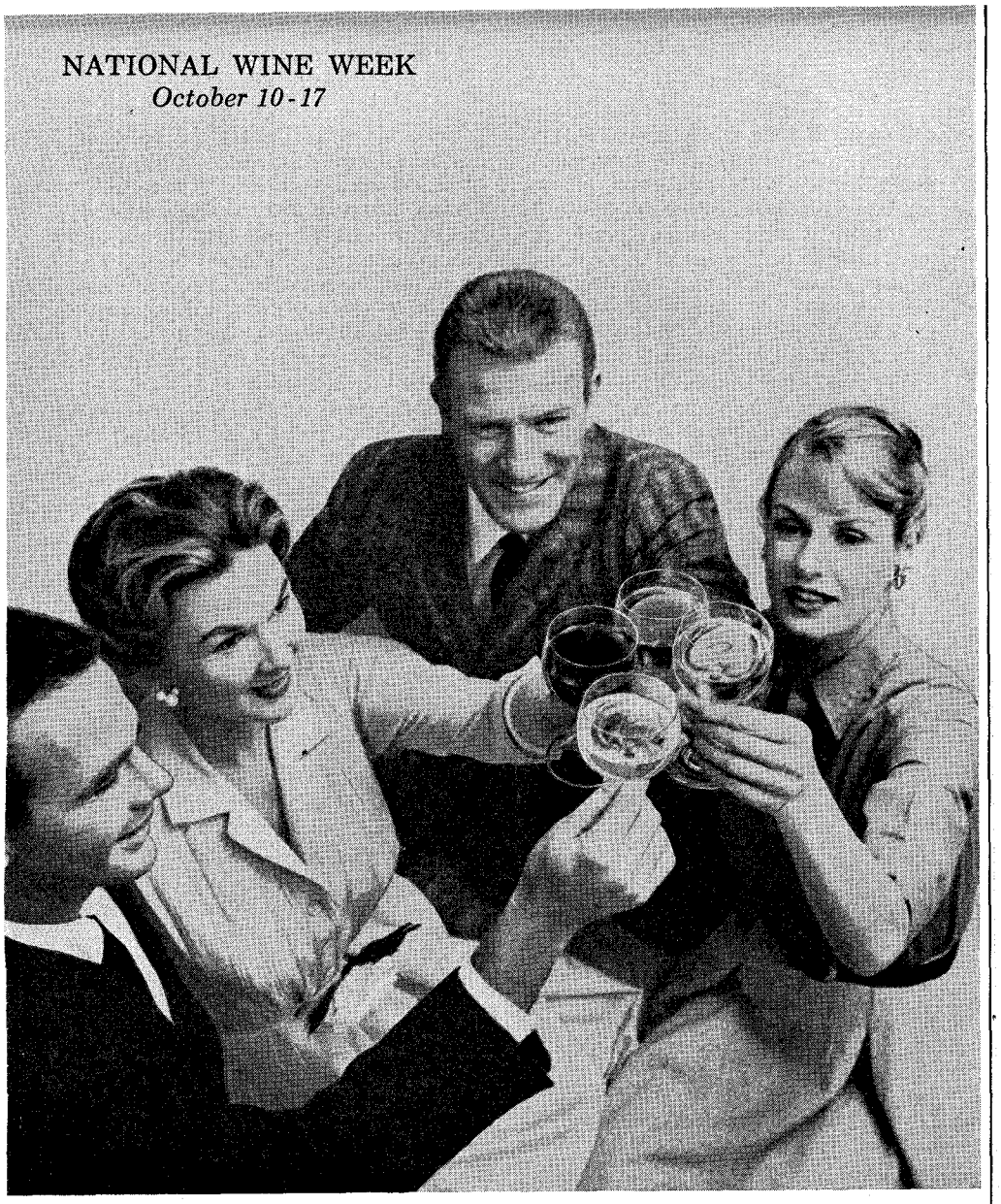

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Pale Dry Sherry	Also very dry	**Claret**	Ruby red, medium bodied, dry
Cream Sherry	Smooth and nut-sweet	**Cabernet**	Fruity Cabernet Grape taste
PORT	Rich, red, full-bodied, mellow-sweet	**Zinfandel**	Claret type dry red wine
Ruby Port	Deeper red, rich, sweet	**Chianti**	Strong-flavored, dry ruby-red
Tawny Port	Autumn-leaf color, drier	**"Vino" types**	Mellow red table wine
White Port	Pale, fresh and sweet	**SAUTERNE**	White wine, fragrant, dry to sweet
Muscatel	Sweet, tantalizing aroma	**Rhine wine**	Very dry, pale golden
Tokay	Rich moderately sweet blend	**Chablis**	Delicate, fruity flavor, dry
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Lesson in Courage (Continued from Page 31)

He got up, dusting his knees with a fruitless gesture. His pants were oily.

"You want to catch a beer before you go home?" asked Soup. It was a question put in the way of a command.

"O.K. One or two, and then I got to get rolling."

They left the silent building, went through the lot and the gate and across the street to a juke joint. Men they knew were inside, drinking and playing shuffleboard. They replied to greetings, but took a table alone in the rear. A waitress brought the beers without being asked, knowing her customers.

"It must be tough," said Soup, "working with a crum like Cus Borchard."

Stacy looked at him. "He has good hands and does his work. Golden hands. One of those guys with golden hands. But he just don't care."

"He don't?" Soup laughed. "Only guy in the shop has a bigger mouth than me is him. Listen . . . don't you hear it?"

The joint had a back room, and loud sounds of revelry were coming from there, and prominent was the booming of Cus's voice and laughter.

"He's celebrating," said Soup. "I got an invite, didn't you?"

"Yes, I got an invite."

"He's got fifty extra bucks to spend," said Soup, pushing the words ahead of him, forcing them to Stacy.

"I know."

"A windfall," said Soup, "and that boy is one to use a windfall."

Stacy finished his beer. "I have to be rolling."

"You said two," said Soup and signaled for the waitress. "Stacy," he said, "we ought to go in the back room and congratulate your partner. The fifty-buck award for the best craftsman of the month. Put out by our good old Machine Ways magazine. Big write-up. You want to seem as if you're jealous of your partner?"

Stacy's voice was very quiet, too quiet. "I don't want to go back there, Soup. That's what I'm telling you."

Soup regarded him, holding his fresh glass of beer. "You afraid of something?"

"Me?"

Soup was not listening; he was looking past Stacy's head. Then a big hand fell on Stacy's shoulder. "Hi, partner. Heard you were here. Standing up the big boy?" Cus Borchard came around the chair, thrusting an inflamed face close to Stacy's. His grin was huge and bountiful. "Come on, partner, we worked together on the piping. You got to enjoy it with me. Let's go. Good solid whisky, beers and good guys."

"Sure," said Soup. "Sure; why don't you have some fun with your good old partner. What's the matter, jealous?"

It was there in Stacy, the first whirring of motion, a switch turning and a machine beginning. The wheels moving, the cutting or punching tools beginning to move, to find their spots, to operate, to drive on to power, smoothly, surely working. But then the power was turned off, and in him there was the stillness of dead machines. The frantic clicking of a switch, trying to make it operate again—but the deadness, complete, prevailing, and then the knowing that you could not make this machine start again and do its work.

Cus Borchard, with big mouth and oiled gall, had taken the credit for the revised piping on the bottling machine, and had got cited and written up and now was spending the fifty-dollar award even before it was presented to him. But there was a long-remembered deadness in Stacy Trimble; the same freeze that caught onto his tongue and held it down when it should have spoken. The freeze that held his fists when they should hit. The deadness that sat in his mind as if it were a big guy holding him down, so that there was nothing he could do.

"Ah-h!" said Cus at last. "Come on, Soup. I'm telling you, we're having a ball."

Soup got up. "O.K., O.K. So long, Stace."

Stacy said nothing.

Greta had the right strong soap and the change he needed when he got home and washed up. He always did this fast and energetically, because if you sat down and had one beer or some talk beforehand you got lazy and were willing to look like a slob for the rest of the evening, and this was not going to happen to him.

He put on his slacks and the Hawaiian shirt and met Greta in the kitchen and kissed her. She was working some meatballs, but she looked distracted. At the table was a cold can of beer and a chilled glass. He sat down, poured, and then lighted a cigarette. The summer evening was filled with light and breeze.

Greta turned from the stove. "It's been an awful day. Stace, this afternoon—if you only knew."

"I want to know," he said.

"I didn't know what to do," she said, "I really didn't. Stace, Stace. You have to do something, but I don't know what it can be."

"You take it easy," he said. "Take it easy and tell me."

"It's Bobby."

"The kid? What happened?"

There were worried lines on her oval, pretty face. Lines that looked tired and that he did not want there.

"The boys have been teasing him," she said. Greta always wore heels and a nice print dress when he got home, and her blondish hair was drawn back smoothly. She had always looked the way he wanted her to, in order to make him proud; but now she seemed as if the heels were too high for her. She looked uncertain, as though she wanted him to make it right.

"What boys?" he asked.

"The kids, the kids." She paused and went to the door and listened for Bobby, and came back and said, "The kids seem to think he's a sissy."

"A sissy?" He heard a murmur from his past. "What do you mean, a sissy?"

The sound of children came from outside. Greta looked out the window. "It's after dinner," she said. "They're outside again. They have a tent in the Prentices' yard. That's their headquarters. They have a tent there, and they've been—they've been sort of an army against Bobby all afternoon—even some girls; girls can be the worst."

Stacy felt tight. He waited. Greta said, "He's in his room—closed in. Bobby."

"Did he have a fight?"

"No," said Greta. "You see, that was what started it. That Prentice kid. You know how kids are. He wanted to fight, and Bobby ran in the house. That started it. He wouldn't fight."

A long sad song in Stacy. A running song that he remembered too well, and incidents that labored him in the dark of memory and in dreams. "Give up?" . . . "Yeah, I give up." . . . "You want trouble?" . . . "No, I don't want no trouble." The sad song of fear that had stayed with him and that his manner made seem nonexistent. Let them do what they want, he seemed to say; let them. I'm not bothered. I am strong in silence and nonresistance.

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But you didn't inherit such things. You didn't! The hair, maybe even the walk, maybe the skill with the tools. But you didn't inherit that!

"They ran around the house," said Greta; "the girls too. They ran around and called out to make him come out. I didn't know what to say to him, Stace. What could I say? I saw him peeking out through a curtain, but I didn't know what to say. And then—then they rang the bell and I answered, and they had put a doll on the steps. They had a note: *For Bobby dear.*"

"Did he see it?"

"Yes. I tried to hide it behind me, but he saw it. The doll, not the message. Then he went to his room. I knocked, but he wouldn't let me in. I decided I better wait for you. It's a man's job. Oh, the poor darling! Stace, I really didn't know a thing to say."

Nor did he. There had been something like it in the long ago, in the beginning. But he had been older, about fourteen. "Son," his father had said, "you run home. You run home, and they chase you. Now I ain't going to allow it. You're afraid of getting hit, maybe. Well, I'm going to hit you. I'm going to hit you worse than any of them can. Like this...." He remembered the voice and the blow, the hard blindness and the wakening to his father standing in front of him. "You can take it from them or from me," said his father. "That's the choice you've got. And I can do it better. That's your choice."

But there had not seemed to be a choice. He hadn't run any more, but he had not fought back. He had taken what the boys gave him, but he had not given any. And he had never challenged a bully or a champion; he had challenged no one, not even himself. And strangely he hadn't felt the blows very much. He hadn't been afraid of being hit. He had only been afraid of asserting himself. Whenever it had come to the point where he must assert himself, take issue with someone, he had become shy. He had learned to avoid such issues. Like a river, he had gone around all obstructions, flowing on to his objectives. But he did not want his son to be that way.

"What're you going to do?" asked Greta.

"I'm going to let him work it out."

"You can't, can't. He needs help. He doesn't know how to work it out. That's what we're here for, to teach him."

She was right, he knew, but he was not qualified. Like Bobby, he had sat alone in a room—a real room or one of the mind—and like Bobby he knew no way to come out of it and face that which had to be faced. What could he say to the boy—threaten him as he had been threatened? What other advice was there?

"If you don't do anything," Greta said, "I'll have to try. This isn't for me to do, but I'll try it because I saw him, heard him, and I know it has to be done."

"If we eat dinner, think about it."

"No. Bobby don't want to eat, and I'm not going to. Not until something's done."

"Aren't you making a big deal out of this when there isn't any? Kids have these feuds all the time. All the time. What do you want him to do, black the kids' eyes and get in trouble with the neighbors? Shall we send him for boxing lessons? What is it you want?"

Greta seemed to know very well what she wanted. "I want him to face it. And I know he wants to. But—but he doesn't know how." She was quiet; at length she said, "Stace. Shall I call him?"

He was terrified. When he faced the boy, he would face himself.

"I'll call him, Stace," said Greta. "I'll leave the two of you alone."

He did not reply. She said, "I'll get you another beer."

"No, just get the boy. I'll do without it."

Bobby was towheaded, and his chin was a little pointed like Greta's. His eyes were gray, and now were hazy with an inner torment. He carried his shame into the kitchen on slender legs that seemed too long for his body. He stood in front of Stacy and did not wince. He carried his shame as valiantly as he could.

"Daddy," said the boy, "I'm sorry."

With an infinite tenderness Stacy took the boy to him and forgave him, as he had never been able to forgive himself. "It's all right, Bobby. It's all right."

The boy left after a time, and Greta came back into the kitchen. "Bobby looked so funny," she said. "He went by me to his room. He kissed me."

Stacy looked at the window and the sunlight of summer evening, and the sound of the children came in, tinkling on the shell of twilight.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

The simple words had had a sacred meaning. And it was one that she would not have been able to understand. "Oh, I don't know, I just talked. Gret, could I have that beer now?"

"Do you want your dinner?" asked Greta at the counter.

"No. I'll grab a sandwich later."

"I'll make a sandwich and milk for Bobby. He's got to eat something." She was standing at the counter making the sandwich, when a change in the sounds in the yard next door where the children were congregated caught her attention. First there was a jeering and hooting like that which had pierced her this afternoon in sympathy for her son; and then it altered into awkward giggles and then became a silence that lay thickly over the sun-and-shadowed sheen of the twilight yard.

Her voice was muffled. "Stace. Stace. Come here—quickly!"

He joined her. Bobby was advancing from this yard to the next, directly toward the boy who had instigated the heckling.

There was something formal, peculiar, about the way he moved that struck a chord of recognition in Stacy, but he could not name it at once. Then it caught, and he knew. Bobby, with his stiff back, his elbows slightly out, his steady careful steps, was doing the walkdown, the Western hero's walk that he had seen a hundred times on television. In the pale sun, alone, toward whatever fate had in store for him, facing the enemy on the silent street. He was doing it in the way of the only heroes he had ever seen.

"He's acting so funny," said Greta nervously.

"No," said Stacy softly. "It isn't funny."

Ten paces away from his tormentor, Bobby stopped. "O.K., Herbert," he said in a stiff little voice, "I'm here."

A hurt laughter started in Greta's throat; she put her hand over her mouth and turned away. Stacy heard her as she repressed herself behind him. Calmly, with his heart beating steadily, he watched to see how the drama would be played.

But it was already played. The children in their wisdom knew already that it was over. A little girl began to dance around and toward Bobby, crying, "Don't fight, don't fight. We'll all have to go in if you fight."

Herbert said, "Aw, we were only foolin', Bobby. Come on, we got a candle in the tent and a secret message."

Bobby walked forward. Stacy saw them stand together and laugh and punch each other on the arms in the way of a game; and he knew that his son had walked through a terrible barrier and had found that it was much better on the other side.

Soup Bannister's office was half board and half glass and overlooked the assembly-shop floor. The clanging in the shop seemed to make the structure tremble. It was like a ship's bridge over a banging sea, and Soup was a captain who glowered, set the course and drank coffee interminably.

"So now you tell me, Stace, that you thought up that piping modification and not Cus?"

"That's right."

Soup took up a cardboard cup of coffee, gulped and spat the coffee into the wastebasket. "Wrong cup, cold as hell." He found the right container and drank, sitting back in a creaking old office chair. His full lips were curled. "What do you want me to do, get the fifty bucks for you?"

"No."

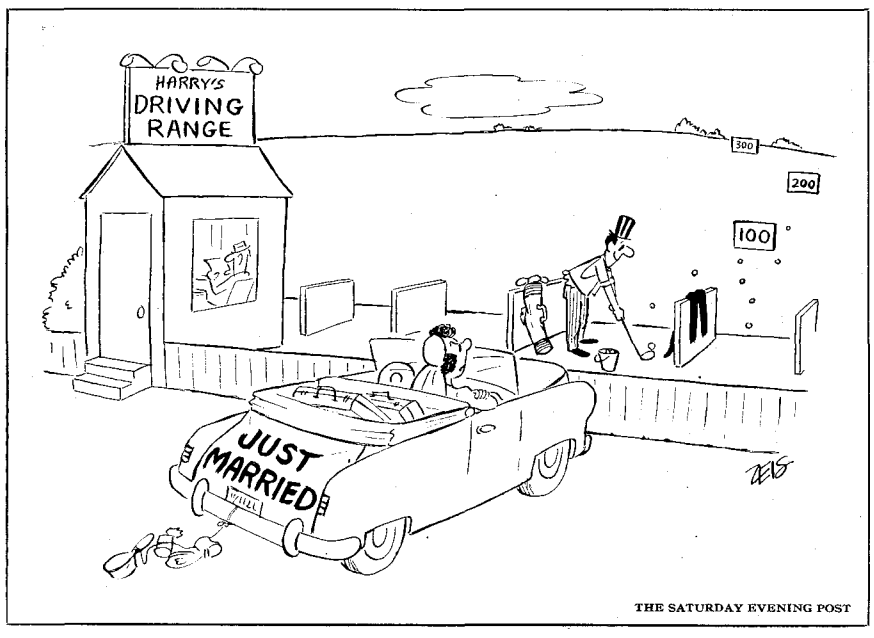
"That's good," said Soup. "I'd have to wring it out of half the throats in the shop, me included."

He swung in the chair and looked Stacy over. "Stace, I've been trying to make foreman material out of you for a long time. You have everything—almost. But we can't have no foreman that the guys can wipe their feet on on a dirty day." He sat forward abruptly and the chair moaned. "Now, you going to take up this award kick with Machine Ways?"

"No," said Stacy. "I'm not going to kick Cus in the teeth that way."

"Then why'd you come in here? I'm supposed to hold your hand and we cry?"

Stacy took a deep breath. He was not going to deflate Cus so badly that he was ruined here and (*Continued on Page 68*)



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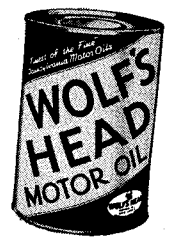

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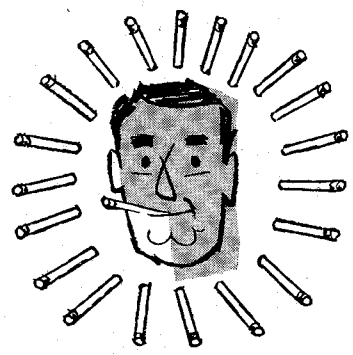

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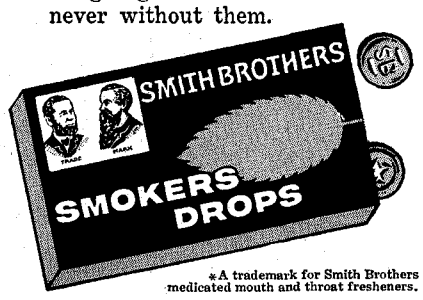

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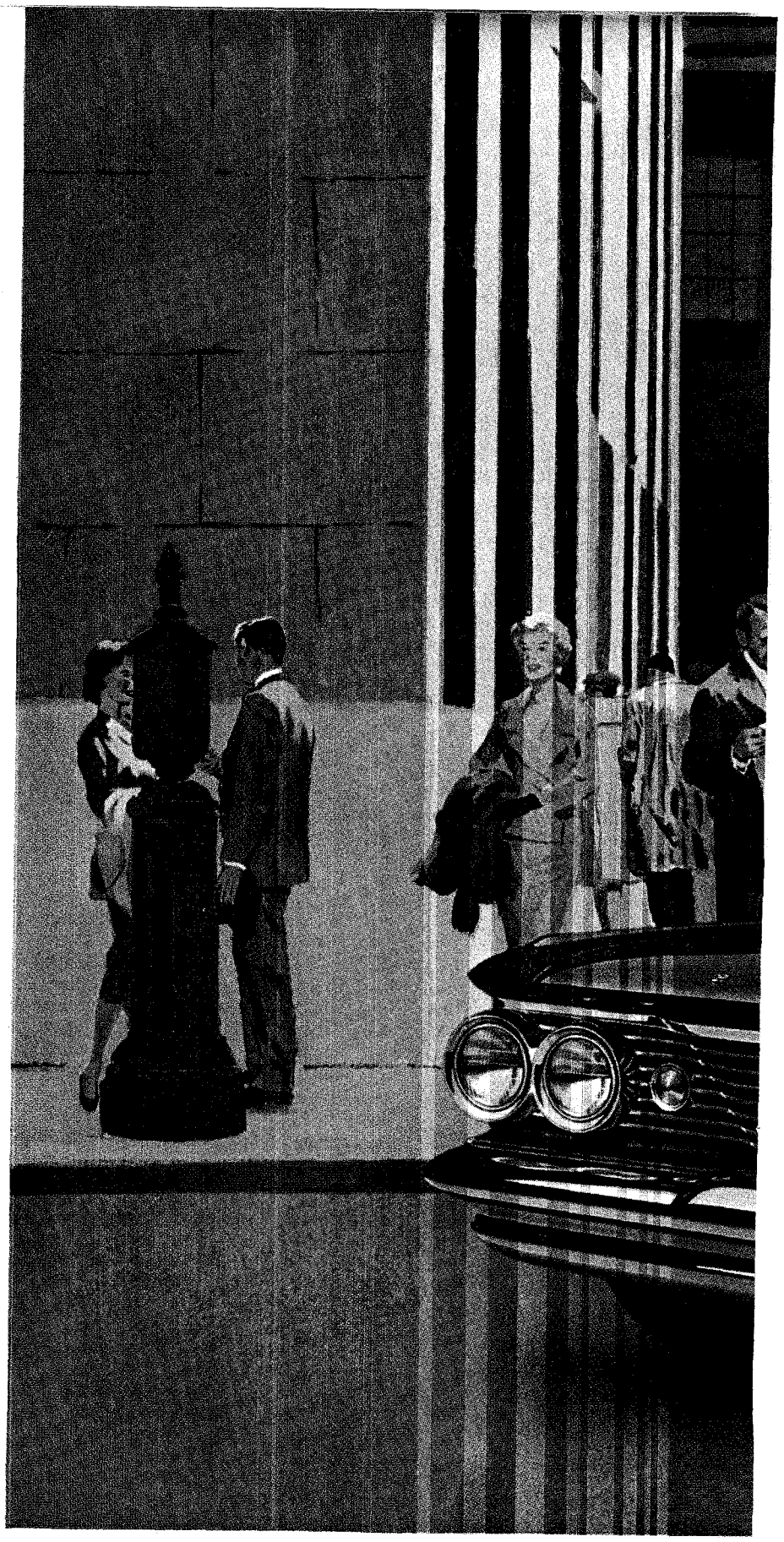

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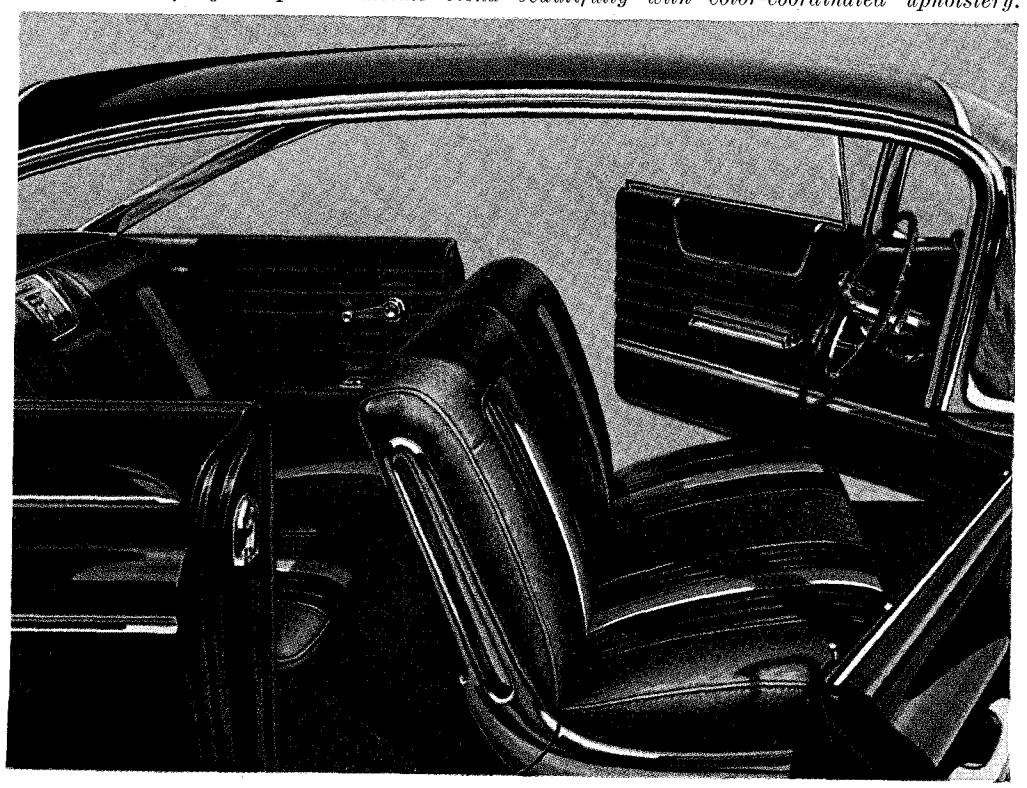

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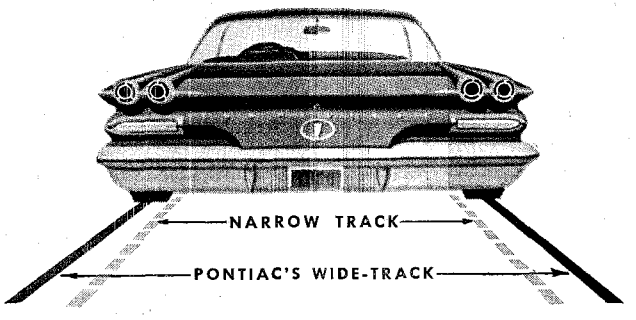

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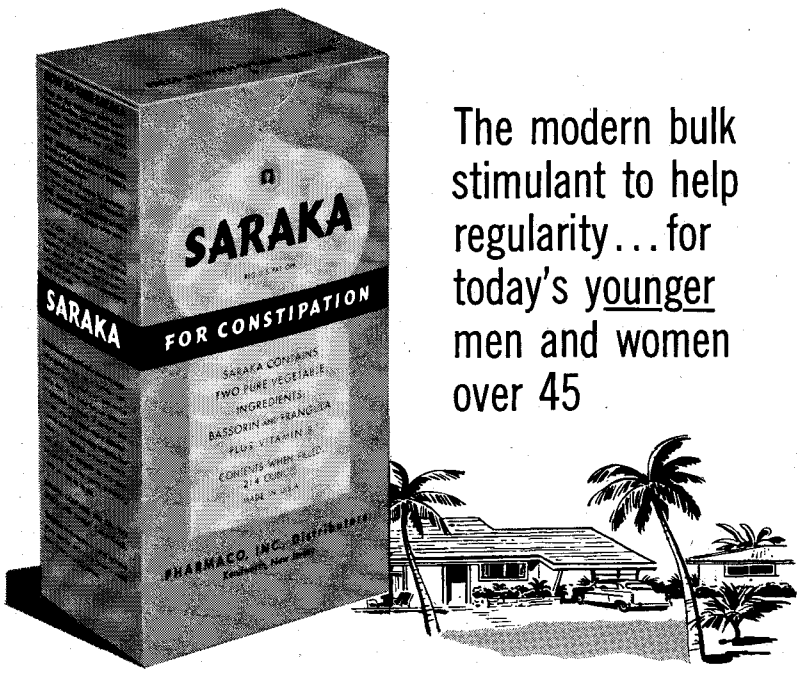

The modern bulk stimulant to help regularity... for today's younger men and women over 45

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(*Continued from Page 65*)

had to walk out while they belted him with laughter. But he wasn't going to be bossed or bamboozled again by a partner with no authority but a big face and a big mouth.

"I want Cus in here, Soup. And then I'll do it in my own way."

Soup looked at him; nodded at what he saw. "O.K." He motioned through the glass for his assistant to come in and instructed him to collect Cus Borchard and bring him in.

When he came in Cus looked confused, belligerent and clumsy. But part of his bravado remained. "What makes?" he said and glared at his partner.

Soup said nothing, waiting for Stacy to handle it. And there was a long, difficult silence. Stacy was trying to be a person he had never been, or a person he had ceased being years ago when he had frozen in the face of fear and intimidation. The barrier was like an icy wall, and he remembered all his helplessness before it.

Then he remembered something else; the erect little back, the head-high dignity of Bobby as he crossed the yard in the dying sun and made his bid for the courage of manhood.

"Well, what goes?" said Cus, bullying, thumbing his belt, nervous now.

Soup Bannister waited with narrowed eyes. Stacy spoke. His voice was tight, unfamiliar, as if this particular voice had never been used before and must be crudely invented and then milled into shape. "Soup here says the engineer boys want us to put on paper the changes we made in the original design for the prototype machine. I told Soup you'd better do it."

Soup's lips lifted in an understanding grin, quickly controlled. "Yeah. Sit down, Cus. Make yourself homely. Here's a paper and pencil. Put down them changes on the machine."

Cus was aghast. "I don't draw so good." He lifted his hands and looked at them, turning them over and back again. "My hands do the work. I ain't no draftsman."

"Just rough it out," said Soup. "Sit down!"

Cus sat down, hanging his big hands between his legs, away from the desk top and the pencil and paper. "Just give the draftsmen the idea," said Soup. "They ain't stupid. They'll pick it up."

Cus's eyes met the blank paper and wavered; then lifted to Stacy with a dull appeal.

Then Stacy was ashamed in a way he had never been before; this time his shame was filled with reason and revelation. He had been afraid? Afraid of this man or people like him? There were real challenges in life, real things to be afraid of, but he never could meet them if he couldn't even find his way past the illusion of fear, the deadly incidence of everyday cowardice that had never let him find himself completely. Pity rose in him, for Cus as well as for himself. He would not hurt Cus, even in this privacy. It was no longer necessary.

Soup felt tough and started off: "Come on, quit stalling." He pushed the paper closer to Cus. "Get the lead out. Come on, do it, you jerk!" But Stacy shook his head, sat down beside Cus, drew the paper between them, took up the pencil and started to draw, saying, "This it, Cus? How's that? You agree with that?"

Cus sighed profoundly. He wiped sweat from his forehead. His voice was chastened. "Yeah, yeah, that's it. That's the way we figured it, Stace."

"We?" said Soup. "Now it's 'we,' Cus?"

"We work together," said Cus. "We're partners. . . . Isn't that right, Stace?"

"Did you go partners on the fifty bucks?" said Soup.

"Lissen, Stace, if that's it ——" Cus trailed off. His lips were white with stress.

"Forget it," said Stacy. And when Soup Bannister would have spoken, "Forget it!" And Soup subsided.

Cus got up slowly. His face toughened on the edges. "Lissen. I can't draw, but I don't want anybody to get the wrong idea. I don't want anybody to do that."

It was Stacy who got up and put his arm around the big man's shoulders. "Forget it. You have golden hands, Cus. Remember that. Golden hands with the tools."

"Thanks, Stace. Thanks."

Stacy led him to the door, with his hand gently on his back. "Get that lower section started, Cus. Get it started and I'll be right down."

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Unwilling Traveler

By Herbert Merrill

Reluctantly I walk, with many a look
Over my shoulder at the sun. It took
The calendar itself to make me go
Plodding up this path to ice and snow.
Oh, I'll admit the scene is fair to see,
With glory nesting in the maple tree
And every leaf a shining gold doubloon,
And every night brimful of harvest moon.
But I have come to learn it's not the view
That matters much, but where the road leads to,
And if I could, I'd pitch a tent right here
Where autumn still is in the shock and ear;
Or, better yet, I'd turn around and run
Straight back into the lap of summer sun.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Anything you say, Stace." Cus was jaunty. He grinned at Soup Bannister. "Golden hands," he said. "How do you like that?"

Alone with Stacy, Soup snaked a pint out of his battered desk and they both had a shot, bending down under the glass partition to take it.

Then Stacy sat straight on the wooden chair, a thrill of challenge and ambition going through him, scouring him, gritty and clean. "You said something about me being foreman material."

Soup Bannister said quietly, "So? You qualify?"

Stacy said, "You just saw me being a foreman. With Cus. He knows where he stands—and he's happy."

Soup nodded. "I'll buy." He looked at Stacy. "I don't get it—the way you changed overnight."

"I have a son," said Stacy.

Soup Bannister blinked and did not comprehend—and then he thought that he did. "Sure," he said, "sure. You want to get ahead; college for the kid and all that jazz. Sure."

Stacy smiled, deeply and gently. "I owe it to him," he said. THE END

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I Call on Dick Clark (Continued from Page 27)

are justified in placing the blame where they do. You take ten thousand people and put them into any hall, and you let them out into the streets through a normal number of exits, and there's bound to be pushing and shoving and ill feeling. There'll even be times when people'll get into trouble."

His reasoning seemed farfetched to me. People have emerged from auditoriums through the usual number of exits 10,000 times 10,000 times without "pushing and shoving and getting into trouble."

Dick Clark recovered that fumble before I could fall on it. "Only last winter," he said, "the same thing happened after a high-school basketball doubleheader at the University of Pennsylvania, but no one blamed the game of basketball for that." He must have sensed that I was still unconvinced. "Those riots you read about," he said, "are unfortunate affairs which create a lot of sensationalism and a lot of bad feeling toward popular music, but they won't stop something natural, like people gathering together for entertainment. I'm sure if either of us did some research we would find that similar incidents followed concerts in the past. Take opera. I'm sure there have been situations in which opera singers have been pelted with vegetables and eggs by adults, and there was rioting in the streets after their performance."

I tried to remember if people had come out of the theater slugging one another after their first brush with Stravinsky or Shostakovich, and I seemed to recall that they had, but before I could concentrate on it Dick Clark had come out of his corner again and was pinning me to the ropes.

"You may not remember it," he said, "but the waltz was thought to be immoral and degrading when it first evolved."

No matter how silvery my hair looks nor how lived-in my face appears, I thought, *he ought to know that I wasn't around when the waltz was invented. I've read that there was waltzing in Brussels the night before Waterloo.*

"But when it was first waltzed," I said, "the waltz wasn't a teen-age dance at all."

"It was danced by the young people of that day," he corrected me, "although they may have been a little more than thirteen, fourteen or fifteen. My point is that youth has always been interested in the latest form of popular music, and in its day the waltz was popular music. I don't think that what some people think about rock 'n' roll can stop a way of life."

It seemed to me that to call rock 'n' roll a way of life was slightly exaggerated. It was like saying that an adolescent is in a coma because he has a bad case of acne. I said, "I heard one disc jockey playing a rock-'n'-roll version of *Molly Malone*, and I couldn't stand it."

He ignored my anguished cry of protest and said, "A kid today who enjoys popular music can turn on a phonograph and listen to any kind of sound he wants during one sitting. You can have a Fats Domino record, a Perry Como record, a Frank Sinatra record, or he can listen to the Chordettes, the Everly Brothers, Johnny Mathis, Ricky Nelson, a Tony Martin or a Dean Martin record."

"It's obvious that we're not going to agree about rock 'n' roll," I said, "and I guess that we're not going to agree about Elvis Presley. Something tells me that you're going to say he's an enormously talented singer and a great influence for good with boys and girls. I've never seen Elvis toss his torso around, but I've read some repulsive word pictures about it, and I've seen photographs of his long, greasy, ducktail hairdo. All I can say is, he's not my type."

Dick Clark's voice was still smooth, but just under the surface it had a cold edge. "There's no reason why I should sit here with you and defend rock 'n' roll and Elvis Presley," he said.

"Let's not call it a defense," I suggested. "Let's just call it getting your point of view."

"Explanation is better," he told me. "I take it you want my explanation of Elvis. Personally, I think he's handsome and has nice features, but it would be remarkable if you appreciated him too. The cut of his hair is a little unusual, but while you wear your hair at a more normal length, that in itself doesn't make an Elvis haircut wrong."

"I thought he looked better when the Army had cut a few inches off his sideburns," I said.

"That would be a normal reaction on the part of an older person," Dick Clark went on, giving me a long, appraising look. "To persons like you, short hair means cleanliness, neatness and honesty—obviously the right kind of young man for a bank to hire. The minds of older people" (his emphasis on the word "older" was beginning to broil my temper a little) "are inclined to run in grooves. One of those grooves is that a ducktail haircut means its wearer is a potential juvenile delinquent; a crew cut means that a young man is likable, dependable, bound to succeed." He went on, "Another thing about Elvis is this: He simply happened to coincide with a time when there was no other particular teen-age idol."

He seemed so sure of his knowledge of American folkways that I wanted to ask him who had been the idol of *my own* teen-age generation. For the life of me I couldn't remember. I had become a teen-ager with the beginning of World War I. I'd stopped being one shortly after prohibition became a law. As far as I knew, teen-agers had first squealed, screamed and rolled in theater aisles when a loose-collared, floppy-necktied youth had walked out on a stage and had opened his mouth and sung with the Tommy Dorsey band. His name was Sinatra. I had been there earlier, in person, when Rudy Vallee had sung nasally through a short megaphone. I had heard Bing Crosby and the Rhythm Boys, but while youngsters had got a large charge out of them, they had not felt compelled to fling themselves around an aisle as if having fits.

"Elvis happened to be involved in a musical form which is so exciting that it captured the imagination of young people everywhere," Dick Clark told me, getting back to rock 'n' roll.

I thought, *If rock 'n' roll is an art form, it's a degenerate art form, to say the least. And to say that it helps improve the musical taste of teen-agers is a moot question.*

Dick Clark went on, "Elvis is attractive to young people, yet you admit that you've already formed a dislike for him, although you've never met him or even seen him. That is, of course, unfair; but you're not the only one. A lot of people have done the same thing, and in their judgment he's neither intelligent nor likable—in fact, he's stupid. I *have* met him, and he is quiet, well spoken and fairly intelligent. In entering the Army as a world-famous celebrity, he found himself in a difficult position. Yet he handled himself well. He has performed every duty he was supposed to perform, and his superior officers have had nothing but good to say about him."

"How do you feel about the flock of teen-agers he encourages to follow him around Hollywood?" I asked. "Does he need people around him to yes him and humor him?"

"I know nothing about that part of his life," Dick Clark said.

"Well, I do," I said. "I've seen his ducktailed entourage roll into the Paramount Studio while he was working there."

"Maybe when you become popular, people naturally gravitate toward you," Dick Clark said.

"I think he has them there because he wants them there," I said. "Perhaps it makes him feel more secure to have them."

It seemed to me a good place to end our Elvis discussion, so I told him, "I've been reading your syndicated column in which you advise teen-agers. I'd like to talk about that."

Dick Clark told me, "Although it's directed at young people, a surprisingly large number of letters that I receive come from older people regarding problems they have with their families." He beat me to another punch. "Let's jump ahead for just a moment," he said. "I'm sure there are a lot of people who think, '*This Clark is only twenty-nine years old—so what makes him think he's qualified to advise young people? Where does he get his self-confidence?*'"

"I've done a little research on you," I said. "You'll be thirty next month."

"My answer to them," Dick Clark went on, "is that I never try to tell a kid

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A bride is a girl who has given up looking for the perfect husband.

PAT KRAFT

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how to take out his own appendix or how to change his religion or what to do about a psychiatric problem which is deeply ingrained in him. What would you say if a kid walked up to you on the street and said, 'I can't get along with my father. He's a drunkard. What ought I to do?'"

"I don't think I'd be capable of telling him," I replied.

"My reaction to that question," Dick Clark said, "would be this: 'Why don't you go to your mother first? Or, if you can't get any satisfaction from your mother, why don't you go to your clergyman or rabbi?' Or if it's a physical problem, 'Why don't you go to your family doctor?' All you need is common, ordinary horse sense to answer a question like that.

"In a way my column is like a stranger you happen to meet while riding on a train," he went on. "You've never met him before, but out of the blue you tell him things you probably wouldn't tell your best friend. He looks sympathetic so you confide in him. Let's suppose a girl writes to me: 'My boy friend and I get along fine about almost everything, but we don't see eye to eye on money. He wants me to spend my own money on a date, and I don't think I ought to because I'm a girl.' My answer to her would be, 'You're being ridiculous. You know it's customary for the boy to pay the way. You didn't make the rules, but that's the way they are. If your friend is being a tightwad, you'd better get another one.'"

"Do any of the letters you get from teen-agers have to do with controlling their emotions?" I asked. "It certainly was a problem when I was a teen-ager."

"Lots of them ask me questions like that," he said, "and it's because of such letters that I'm getting together a book. I could call it How To Live With Yourself in Spite of Being a Teen-Ager, but it actually carries the title, *Your Happiest Years*. I'll be trying to give them a set of moral standards, only I'll be trying to do it without getting up on a soap box and preaching. Although you may have forgotten it, adolescence is not the easiest stage in life."

It seemed to me that he took it for granted that I was suffering from a total loss of memory. I told him, "I had a very difficult adolescence myself. In the years between thirteen and seventeen I was either desperately unhappy or frantically overjoyed. I went out for football and broke my collarbone the first day, tackling the dummy. I tried out for track and I fell over a hurdle, blackening my knees and elbows with cinders. When there was a dance in the school gymnasium, I sat alone, wishing I knew how to dance."

"I didn't have an easy time of it during that period either," Dick Clark confided. "But I was lucky enough to have a mother who taught me wisdom. She told me, 'It doesn't matter what you look like physically or what your mental equipment is. The important thing is how well you get along with other people. The secret of that is, don't think of yourself, think of the people around you. If you're interested in them, you'll be liked.'"

"Tell me more about your own adolescent difficulties," I suggested.

"I was painfully self-conscious," he told me. "I brooded about being homely and underweight and having a bad complexion. I found myself staring in the mirror all the time, hoping for improvement. That's where my mother came in."

I tried another tack. I said, "I've heard people say, 'Dick Clark is attractive. Do you suppose he has any trouble with young girls having crushes on him?'"

The cold edge was just under his voice again. "I've never had an incident," he said.

"What do you mean 'incident'?" I asked.

"I mean I've never been embarrassed in that way, by a male or a female," he said.

Once more I changed the subject. "Do you suppose they'll be calling you the Pied Piper of Philadelphia when you're thirty-five or forty-five?" I asked him.

"I don't think my age has anything to do with it," he said. "As you pointed out, I'm almost thirty, and so I'm starting down the other side of the hill. But I don't think it would make any difference if I were sixty-five, if I still appreciated what was going on around me and kept a youthful point of view. That brings up one of the things older people write to me about. They say that watching young people enjoy themselves on my shows helps keep them young. We keep a file of letters we call our Grandmother File. They actually come from grandmothers who tell us that they enjoy our programs because they help them get along better with their grandchildren. Which brings up a point so startling it's difficult to convince anybody that it's true. It's this: Fifty-three per cent of our audience are adults. It's my guess that more older people will read your interview with me than young people."

Mention of the word "interview" seemed to make him introspective, and not too happily so. He told me, "I've never been able to understand why people who've never met me write unkind things about me in their columns or in their newspaper or magazine stories. I've tried to get used to criticism, although it's not the easiest thing in the world to bear, but I am always puzzled as to why anybody should dislike me apparently because I am associated with young people, and because I defend teen-agers' musical likes and dislikes. The only way I can explain it is that controversial writing, which is

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usually destructive, must have more newsstand appeal than constructive writing."

"I've read both kinds about you," I said. "I've read some nice things, and I've also read some things that are not very flattering. For example, you've been called The Dictator of Popular Music. I'm not sure what it means, but what it means to me is that if you play a record on your show, it helps it become a hit."

Dick Clark told me, "That could only come from some person ignorant of the musical facts of life. Anyone who knows anything about popular music knows that no one can dictate the popular taste."

"Does it help make a record a hit when you play it on your show or doesn't it?" I asked him.

"If I knew what made a record a hit," he told me patiently, "I wouldn't be sitting here wasting your time and mine. I'd be busy becoming a millionaire overnight. To explain a few of the elements which go into the making of a popular record: There is the artist and his interpretation, there's his material, there're his lyrics, there's how the record was recorded, where it was recorded, why it was recorded, and was it timed right? Was it released to the market at the right time? Did enough people play it on the air? Did enough people hear it? Did enough people buy it during the first three or four weeks of its release?"

"Are those three or four weeks that important?" I asked him.

"Mighty," he said. "As I say, I can think of many elements which make a record a hit."

I told him, "Only today I read that one artist sang a song on your show and the next day a recording of that song sold five thousand copies in Philadelphia alone."

"That was highly imaginative," Clark replied. "Just as some of the things I've been called are highly colored."

"Certain dances have come out of your TV show. Among them the chalypso. What's that?"

Clark told me, "Dances originate by spontaneous combustion. They are created by one or more couples fooling around on the dance floor. The chalypso evolved during the time when calypso music was popular and the older people were dancing the cha-cha. It combined the two. The producer of my show, the *American Bandstand*, Tony Mammarella, gave it its name. It's one of our most popular dance forms."

"As I understand it," I said, "your predecessor, the former M.C. of *Bandstand*, got into a jam with the law. As a result, your station was looking around for a young man with an impeccable reputation who could undo some of the harm that had been done. It was decided that you were the ideal boy to stick your thumb in the dike. Or would you rather not talk about that?"

"I have no reticence about it," he said. "The man who preceded me was arrested for drunken driving, and he served a portion of a jail sentence. I was working at the same station, but I don't know why I was selected as his replacement. Maybe it was because I looked so young; maybe it was because I had disc-jockey experience. Anyhow, I was put on only on a temporary basis until the station figured whether it could get the situation under control. That was three summers ago, and I'm still there.

"A lot of my friends said to me, 'You're an idiot. You're stepping into a death trap. Nothing good can come of this.' But I had a feeling that given half a chance I could work it out, and I did."

I said, "I've heard that you became the highest-rated daytime show in any major city. How long did it take to do that?"

"Let's keep things straight," Dick Clark told me. "The *Bandstand* was the highest-rated local television show in any city *before* I came along. For a while, during the scandal we spoke about, its rating dropped. But shortly after I took over it started climbing and soon achieved ratings it had never reached before. That helped make me solid with the studio.

"In about a year's time the station executives and I persuaded the American Broadcasting Company, who was affiliated with our Philadelphia studio, to let the *Bandstand* go national on a network basis. The ABC had been running old English movies during that afternoon time slot, but, being young and impetuous, I told them, 'Put us on for four weeks and if we don't better those ancient British films, toss us into the ash can.' They said O.K., but they made it clear that the only way I could fill that time satisfactorily was by not costing more than the old English movies. Fortunately I met their qualifications."

"One reviewer really teed off on you," I said, "and described your show as a traumatic experience. 'Nevertheless,' said the reviewer, 'the pony-tailed, sideburned audience loved it.'"

"Subsequently we got together and had a chat," Dick Clark told me, "that antagonistic reviewer and I. I sincerely felt I had imparted some information that critic hadn't received before. After that the column in question was very complimentary for a time. In reviewing the first TV spectacular I did—it was my first one-hour program last July—that same reviewer beat me to a pulp again. My show was called, 'An hour of hip-switching noise . . . the whole program a noise-making mishmash of rock 'n' roll.'"

Dick Clark smiled at me tolerantly and went on, "A reviewer for *The New York Times* came to exactly the opposite conclusion. God bless them both. Both of them have to make a living, and I thank them for thinking highly enough of my show to look at it. No matter whether they wrote kind things or bad things, I wrote them letters and thanked them for mentioning it. I also mentioned in closing—not too modestly, I'm afraid—that I was proud that it was the highest-rated show of that evening."

"What was its rating?" I asked.

"Fifty-point-eight share of the audience," he told me. "Because of those figures I'll do more spectaculars, even though I ended up twelve thousand dollars in the hole."

"Why?" I asked him.

"It was simple," Dick Clark told me. "We spent more money on the show than we were paid for doing it."

"I understand Fred Astaire did that on his first spectacular," I said.

"I'm not comparing myself to Mr. Astaire," Dick Clark said, "but I wanted to put on the best show I could with the money I had available. We had not budgeted our show high enough, so I said, 'Spend it anyhow.' That way I lost twelve thousand dollars. However, we produced something everybody in the family could enjoy, and although some of the critics cracked down on it, the public liked it. That was the important thing. Unlike the legitimate theater, television doesn't live or die by the critics. I'm not putting on my show for them. My only aim is to please the people at home who watch. The thing that made me happiest is that more people watched us during the second half hour than in the first half hour. That meant that no sizable segment of our audience got tired of us."

"That reminds me," I said. "I had lunch today with a father who has been arguing with his young daughter about a singer named Fabian, who has appeared on your show. Apparently Fabian is known to the public by one name, like Garbo. The daughter thinks he is wonderful. Her father thinks he stinks. Maybe you can help me settle their argument."

"There's a lot of biased thinking about Fabian too," Dick Clark said. "Only recently I read an article which tried to make the public dislike him. Suddenly he's become a singer who sells millions of records. Yet, according to that article, he sings so badly he's forced to take singing lessons. Personally I think it's fine if he realizes his shortcomings and tries to do something about them, but the article ended with the snide crack, 'If he learns how to sing, it may jeopardize his future.'

"I don't know why I should be surprised at biased journalism," Clark went on. "Some people once came to interview me. They spent three or four days and they seemed congenial, but I noticed that they kept harping on the question, 'What do you do with all your money?' That word 'all' should have tipped me off. They visited me in this apartment where we are now. I think you will agree that it is not pretentious. The rent is one hundred and ten dollars a month, and we've had the same furniture for years. During our conversation I mentioned a piece of ground that my wife and I had scrimped and saved to buy on the Maryland coast. Three or four years later we had saved enough to put a prefab beach house on it."

"What was the story's punch line?" I asked.

"The punch line went something like this," he said. "'Young Clark is too busily occupied to enjoy the magnificent beach home that his jack built.' Somebody must have been very proud of that tag phrase, 'jack built,' because it wedded a line from Mother Goose to a greedy character named Dick Clark."

"After all, you do make more money than most people," I said.

"I don't try to hide it," he said. "But why are people so preoccupied by it?"

"There are certain things writers usually want to know," I explained to him. "How old you are, how successful you are; and if you're successful, they like to give a rough idea as to your income. I haven't asked you that yet."

He told me, "If you did ask me, I'd refer you to two magazine stories published about me. One said that my income was half a million dollars a year. Not long after that another magazine said that I made fifty thousand dollars a year. My dad called me on the telephone and said, 'I've read both stories about you and I see that you've taken a pay cut.'"

He paused, then asked, "Aren't you going to ask me more about that beef that I'm a 'dictator of popular music'?"

"What am I supposed to ask?" I said.

"You might have mentioned to me that there are people going around proclaiming happily that a show very much like mine is being launched which 'will break Dick Clark's monopoly on the rock-'n'-roll industry.' These same people might tell you that, to a great extent, Dick Clark determines which rock-'n'-roll song will become a hit. They might—and I have heard they do—spread the rumor that a song writer or a manager must bring his song or singer to Dick Clark first. If not, these rumormongers say, Clark refuses to have anything to do with the artist as far as personal appearances on his program are concerned, and he will never play that song on his show afterward. Then, too, they continue, Clark has a number of traveling shows under his name which play the nation's big cities and feature only the artists who co-operate with him. I do have the traveling shows, of course, but the rest of it is nonsense."

"I've never heard these accusations," I said.

"That's because you're not involved in the music business," he told me. "First you have to understand a little about the music business as such. It's a highly competitive, dangerous, lucrative, interesting business. Some people think it's a closed corporation; they're the ones who write songs and can't get them published.

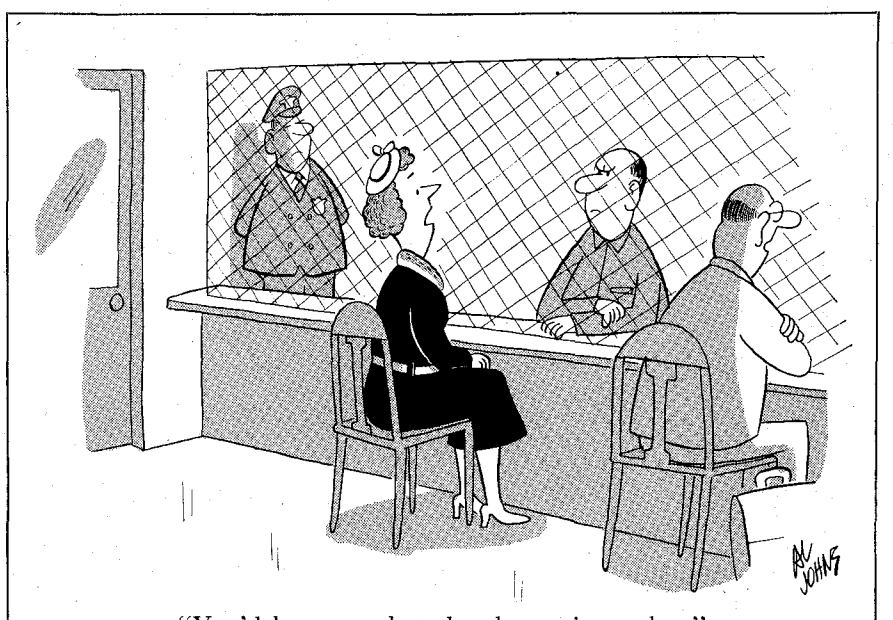
"I've got more or less used to the unkind things the critics say about me and my show, but I haven't been able to take being called dishonest gracefully. In far too many cases I am stupidly honest. My enemies claim that to be booked on one of my shows it is necessary first to pay me off or at least to kick back part of the fee the artist receives. It's got so bad that some of the people who interview me actually ask me if this is true."

"That's pretty insulting," I said.

"There's another canard," Clark said. "It is well known in the industry that I own three music-publishing companies."

"Do they publish sheet music or do they make records?" I asked.

"Explaining it would be too complex," he told me. "But I'll give it to you as briefly as I can. A music-publishing company owns the copyright to a song in all of its forms; it's responsible for putting out the sheet music and licensing the recorded music for a song. There are people who say—and I take it they are honest in saying it—'Dick Clark won't play anything unless one of his three companies owns it.' This is a stupid comment, because it's so easily disproved. I've been in the music-publishing business for a year



"You'd be amazed at the change in mother."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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and a half, and in that time my three firms have had exactly two big sellers. This doesn't jibe with the theory that I'm a musical dictator who can make a hit out of a song by just playing it on my show.

"I wish sometime you'd sit down and list the thirty or forty songs the *American Bandstand* plays in any one session," he said. "Then I wish you'd check back to see how many of those thirty or forty songs have been published by one of my companies. You'd probably come up with one out of forty. Actually that kind of ugly talk is easing up, but occasionally I still get someone who calls up and tells me, 'I'd like to put an artist on your show. How much will it cost me?' I try to tell such people as clearly as possible what the real situation is, but even then they sometimes don't believe me.

"Maybe I ought to give you a little background," Clark added. "*Bandstand* originated locally at an ABC station, WFIL in Philadelphia. It was invented to use up some afternoon time. Somebody asked, 'What can we do to fill a couple of afternoon hours?' Two guys in the studio got together and decided to play games, show short films of musical stars and persuade people to telephone in and request their favorite recordings. They also thought it would be a good idea to invite an audience in to watch them. The only audience conveniently located were high-school kids on their way home from school. They discovered that when they played recordings, the kids got up and danced. It became apparent that the show's future lay in getting on with the dancing. That's how the *Bandstand* was born."

I said, "I've heard that you've had such a profound influence on teen-age dress that if the girls on your show wear their bobby socks in a certain way, pretty soon teen-age girls all over the country wear their socks like that."

"I wouldn't know about that," Dick Clark told me, "but I do know about a girl in the southern part of the United States. It was winter and it was cold in Philadelphia. The girls on *Bandstand* were wearing knee socks and heavy clothing, such as woolen skirts and heavy sweaters. At that point we got a letter from a girl down South who complained, 'Hey, it's hot down here. We can't dress that way.'"

He switched to another subject. "Let's talk a little about my earlier life," he said. "I was born in Bronxville, New York, and was brought up in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York City."

"What did your dad do for a living?" I asked.

"He was a sugar broker," he said. "After that he was in the cosmetics business. When I was thirteen or fourteen, he decided he was sick of commuting and he wanted to move to a smaller place. An uncle in the newspaper business decided to open a radio station in Utica, New York. He said to my dad, 'How about becoming sales manager of our radio station?' Dad knew that I had seen Garry Moore and Jimmy Durante do a radio broadcast together, and that ever since that I had thought radio would be an interesting field to go into.

"A few years later dad accepted because he knew that, as young as I was, I wanted to go into radio someday. It also gave him an opportunity to move away from New York City. Eventually dad became manager of that station; he holds that position now. He doesn't own it. He's not a rich man, but to me he's admirable.

"When I got ready to go to college, I decided to attend Syracuse University to study business administration and radio."

"I didn't know they had a radio course there," I said.

"One of the finest in the country," he said. "I majored in advertising, minored in radio. As a freshman I wasn't allowed to take radio courses, so I went to the manager of the student radio station and said, 'What kind of jobs do you have available for a guy who wants to learn?' He looked at me and said, 'Well, we need radio announcers.' I had done impersonations in high school, and when I tried out for that job, I simply did an impersonation of what I thought a radio announcer ought to sound like. Luckily for me, my impersonation sounded the way people who ran the radio station thought an announcer should sound, so I got the job.

"When I got out of college I spent a year working for a commercial station in Syracuse as an announcer. I also worked for my dad's station and later for a competing station in Utica. In May of 1952 I came to Philadelphia and took a job as staff announcer and disc jockey for WFIL. I've been here ever since."

He remembered something and smiled. "Apparently I've always looked younger than my real age," he told me, "so it must have seemed crazy to people who watched my newscast in Utica that one of my sponsors should be a brewery. However, it wasn't until after sixteen weeks of doing beer commercials in Philadelphia that somebody there took a look at me and said, 'Nobody'll believe he drinks beer. Get him off of there!' I lost the account."

"Who is your biggest sponsor now?" I asked.

"A chewing-gum company," he replied.

"It figures," I told him.

Can the Colts Do It Again? (Continued from Page 25)

When he took over the head-coaching job at Baltimore in 1954, after twenty-six years of serving mostly as an assistant coach, the franchise was in a demoralized and decaying state. Weeb told the press, "It will take five years to build a team that will be representative in this league." He was right, but there were times when it seemed unlikely that he would be around that long.

Ewbank compares coaching to riding a motorcycle. "You ride it long enough," he says, "and you're going to be killed." In his own case, the danger never really abated until the final returns were in from the championship game.

In Weeb's first season at Baltimore the Colts won only three and lost nine, but nobody had expected any better. In 1955 the team picked up to a five-six-one record, and there were still no more than faint mutterings from the public. In 1956, however, when the Colts retrogressed a bit to a five-seven mark, a genuine crisis enveloped Ewbank. He was buffeted by criticism both from fans and newspapermen.

Ewbank rode out this first big storm. In 1957 his Colts surged back to win seven of their first ten games. They seemed headed for the Western Conference title until they flopped on the West Coast in their last two games of the season.

In San Francisco, where they lost to the Forty-Niners, 17–13, a Colt back blew a score by fumbling the ball on the opposing one-yard line. Soon after, a San Francisco back returned a punt for a touchdown, sweeping down the side line in front of the Baltimore bench. After the

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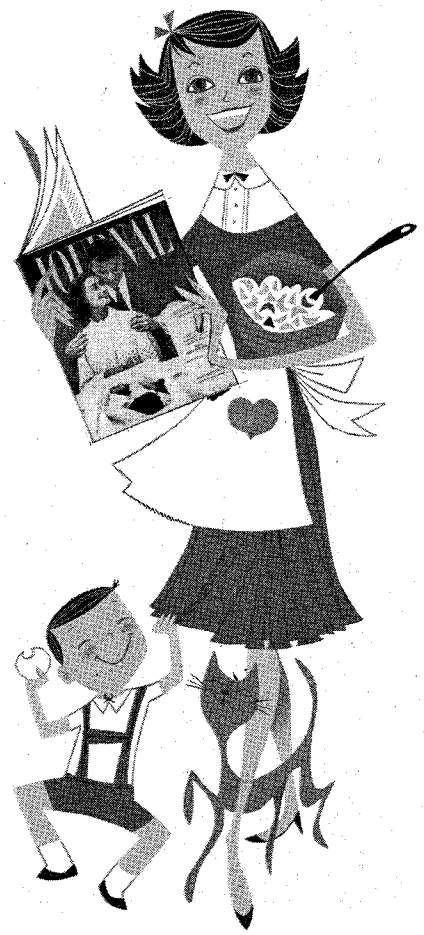

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roar had died down Ewbank heard a fan yell at him, "What kind of a coach are you, anyway? First you let them fumble on the one, and then when a punt is run back right in front of you, you miss the tackle."

Again Ewbank hung on to his job, but as late as August of 1958, when the team looked particularly meek in a losing 27–7 exhibition game against the Washington Redskins, the fans were waving handkerchiefs at him in the "Baltimore farewell," a derisive stunt that originated during the minor-league baseball days of the Orioles. Colt owner Carroll Rosenbloom had to hasten into print with a statement that he had no intention of firing Ewbank "unless he fouls up."

Rosenbloom, who is just about the most generous club owner in professional sports, was rewarded for his patience with the 1958 world championship, and he was quick to reward Ewbank. Weeb's new $30,000 salary is believed to be the highest received by any N.F.L. coach except Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns and Vince Lombardi of the Green Bay Packers, both of whom double as general manager. As an added fillip the new arrangement provides that the contract be renegotiated after the end of each season. This means that continued success could bring further raises for Ewbank. On the other hand, if Rosenbloom should decide at renegotiation time to let his coach go, Weeb must be given two years' severance pay.

Going into this season, firing Ewbank was the farthest thing from Rosenbloom's mind. "We're extremely fortunate in having Weeb," he said. "I think now he's going to be a great coach. You can't rate him as a great coach yet, because he has only been head coach six years. But he's maturing on his job, just as I'm maturing as a club owner."

There are two basic things about Ewbank that impress Rosenbloom. One is his organizing ability—Carroll calls Ewbank "my crewcut I.B.M. machine"—and the other is his self-confidence. Rosenbloom says, "When Weeb first came to Baltimore he went out and bought a house. Well, coaches just don't do that in a new city. They rent. I called Weeb and said, 'I understand you've bought a house. That's fine. If we ever come to a parting of the ways and you have to take a loss on the house, don't worry about it, I'll make up the difference.'

"You know what he said to me? He said, 'Don't worry, Carroll, I'll be around awhile.' The little son of a gun thinks he knows what he's doing all the time. It's a great quality, because he puts confidence into the kids."

Most of Ewbank's players agree that their coach has self-confidence, but some feel it wasn't that way when he began with the Colts. Gino Marchetti, an all-pro defensive end and one of the captains of the team, declares, "Weeb has come a long way in the last five years. The first year I don't think he was as sure of himself. Now he makes decisions quickly. He has more confidence in himself, and we have more confidence in him."

Marchetti cites as an example of Ewbank's maturity a game last November thirtieth against San Francisco. Victory would give the Colts the division title. "At the end of the half we were down, 27–7. We went back into the locker room and felt he was going to raise hell with us. But he came in cool and calm and just wrote on the blackboard, 'We Need Four TD's.' He inspired us because he was that calm. I know I felt a lot better going into the second half than I would have if he had called us all sorts of names." Apparently this was the prevailing reaction, for the Colts rallied spectacularly and beat San Francisco, 35–27.

Veteran lineman Art Donovan gives a different illustration of how Ewbank's grasp of his job has improved. Donovan says, "We all get weighed once a week. In the old days Weeb used to have a set day for it. So we'd go out and eat like crazy the first of the week, then take steam baths to get down. Now he doesn't let us know when we're going to get weighed. This keeps us on the ball."

Football is not only Ewbank's business but also his ruling passion in life. His charming wife, Lucy, says that when he gets a faraway look, she can see two little footballs in his eyes. The Ewbanks have three married daughters, who also kid him along the same lines. Their youngest daughter, Nancy, tells people, "Dad always says football comes first and the family is a necessary evil." She further declares that when his daughters go up to congratulate him after a game, expecting to be kissed, Weeb shakes their hands.

The Baltimore coach does have the air of an absent-minded professor at times. He sits at his desk wearing professorial glasses, doodling plays on the backs of envelopes and sometimes talking to himself. He is a little fellow—comparatively—in a big man's world, although at 182 pounds he is overweight for his height. He has mild blue eyes and a pug nose. He talks in a quiet voice that seems to combine the Midwestern accent of his native Richmond, Indiana, with the softer tone of Maryland. He dislikes giving speeches. In this connection, he once made a revealing remark. "I don't object to a man's getting up and reading a speech," he said. "I sort of like organization. I hate to hear disorganized things."

This must be classified as the height of understatement. Ewbank has carried organization about as far as it can go. He says, for instance, "I can tell you what I did in every practice since I've been a head coach." He can, too, because the written logs of each day's work are all stored in the basement of his four-bedroom colonial home on the outskirts of Baltimore. He also can tell you the average yardage to be expected from a particular play against any given defense from any part of the field on any possible combination of downs and yards to go.

Each Colt player must keep a notebook with his assignments in it from the moment he shows up at summer training camp. Loss of the notebook is punishable by a $200 fine. Weeb grades each man on every play in every game. Many coaches do this sort of thing nowadays, but few have worked at it as long or as hard. To accomplish it, the Baltimore staff toils far into the night in Weeb's pine-paneled basement room, studying the movies.

Ewbank considers all this indispensable. "We feel that with the grading system, we can make no personnel errors," he says. In 1958 the Colts had two offensive centers in training camp—Dick Szymanski and Buzz Nutter. Szymanski had been first-string center, but had then gone into military service. Meanwhile, Nutter had improved. Now Ewbank was faced with the problem of which man to play. He graded them in every exhibition game, and Nutter each time beat Szymanski by a couple of percentage points. So Nutter got the job. Szymanski was moved to a defensive linebacker post, and he did well there until a broken leg sidelined him.

Many people have the impression that the grading system and other features of the Colts' setup are a direct steal from Cleveland's Paul Brown. Ewbank and Brown both are graduates of Miami University of Ohio, as are such other fine coaches as Red Blaik, Paul Dietzel of Louisiana State and Ara Parseghian of

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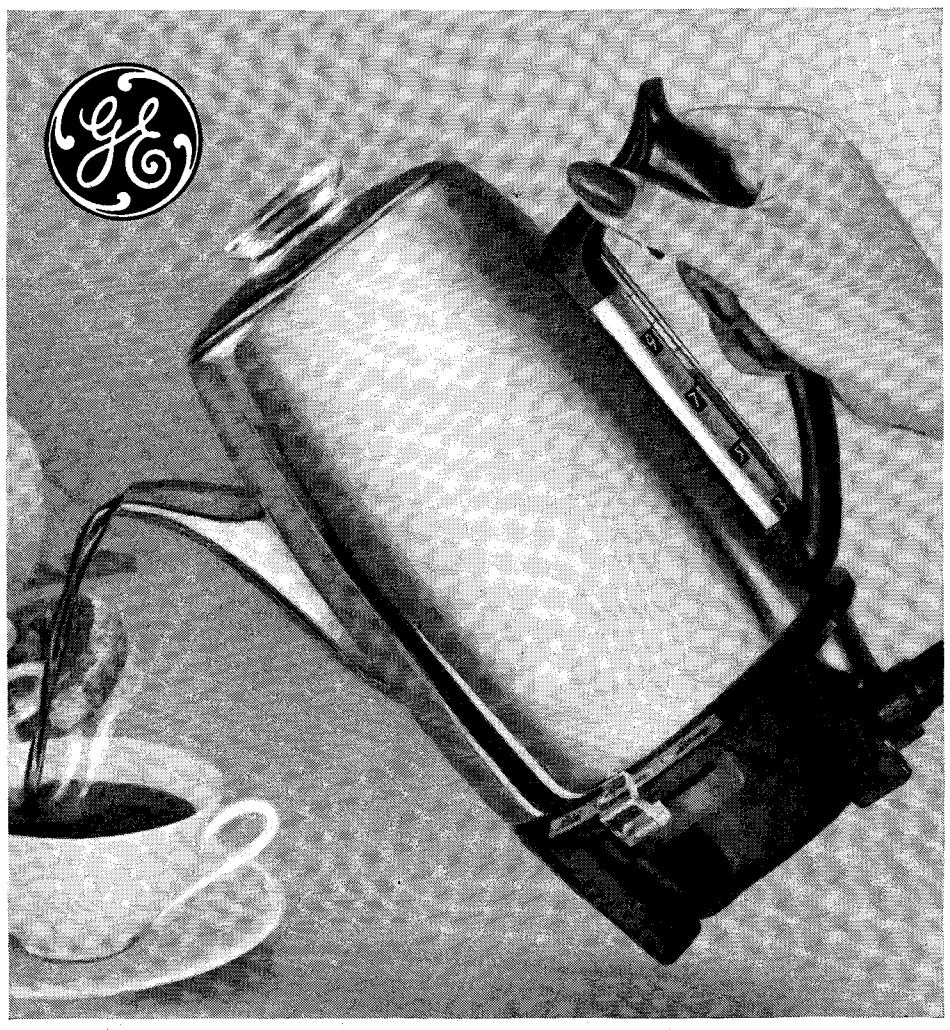

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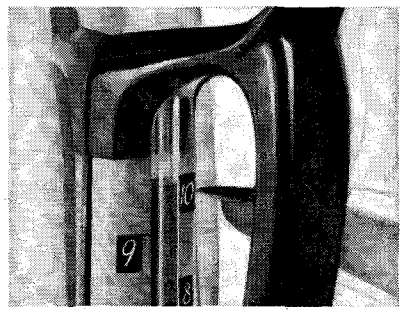

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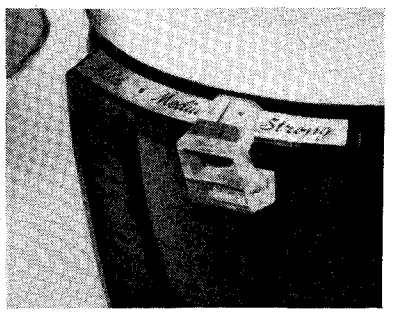

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Northwestern. However, Ewbank and Brown did not work together until World War II, when Weeb served under Paul as backfield coach of the Great Lakes Naval Training Center team. A few years after the war, Ewbank became Brown's tackle coach and director of the scouting staff at Cleveland from 1949 through 1953. However, he declares firmly that he is no man's disciple.

"Brown had things I had and I have things he had," Ewbank says. "I kept a play book way back in 1932 when I was coaching high school. I used the grading system at Washington University in 1947, incorporating some of Charley Caldwell's ideas, plus others developed when I was in high school running eight-millimeter movies."

Weeb says he's acquired coaching slants from many sources. Some of his ideas go back to Bob Zuppke and Pop Warner. Others have come from Rip Engle, now at Penn State, under whom he worked at Brown University one year. Still others he credits to Herman Ball, a veteran of fifteen years in the National Football League, who currently is a Baltimore assistant.

As for Paul Brown, Ewbank calls him a fine football coach—"He's always ten years ahead of the game." When you approach Brown on the subject of Weeb Ewbank, however, it becomes evident that a strained relationship exists. In preparing this article, I wrote Brown twice, asking for comments on his old associate. Receiving no reply, I phoned him every few days for a month. Somehow I never succeeded in finding him in, nor did he ever return any of my calls.

On certain occasions, though, Brown has not been quite so reticent about Ewbank. When there seemed a chance last year that the Browns would meet the Colts for the championship, a reporter asked Brown if he was going to scout the Colts. The Cleveland coach replied, "Why should we? They use all our plays anyway." In the 1956 game between the two teams, after the Colts engineered a 21–7 upset, Brown left the field without shaking hands with Ewbank.

If it is true that there are close parallels between the coaching methods of Paul Brown and Weeb Ewbank, there is hardly any similarity in their personalities. Whereas Brown is detached and somewhat inaccessible as far as his players are concerned, Ewbank likes to get close to his men. In fact, owner Rosenbloom feels that this originally was something of a weakness. Says Rosenbloom, "He got close to some, but not all of his players. Now he treats them all the same."

Like Paul Brown, Ewbank maintains rigid rules of conduct. The players are subject to such things as bed checks. There are fines for various infractions. "But he never asks us to do something he wouldn't do," says Gino Marchetti.

At a special meeting of the players late last year, with Ewbank present, they voted the coach a full share of the championship money. Marchetti remembers, "He got so carried away and emotional he just cried and cried. He said he didn't want the money, that he got all the satisfaction in the world from a great team."

It is logical that Wilbur Ewbank should expect hard work from others, for he learned about hard work early in his own life. Born May 6, 1907, he began at the age of seven to make deliveries with a horse and wagon for his father's two grocery stores in Richmond, Indiana. Around the same time, he also acquired his nickname of "Weeb" from a younger brother who couldn't pronounce "Wilbur" properly.

Weeb's father was an athlete in his time. He specialized in roller polo, which was something like hockey on roller skates. Weeb, for his part, grew up on the traditional athletic diet of baseball, basketball and football. He played semipro baseball up to the time he was thirty-five, and as a young man he could have had a shot at organized ball if he had wanted it. However, Weeb preferred staying in college and engaging in semipro ball on the side.

He entered Ohio's Miami University in 1924. When he was a sophomore, two momentous things happened to him—he got married and he switched his college major from business to coaching. His wife, the former Lucy Massey, came from Richmond, where they were high-school sweethearts. Originally they had planned to put off marriage until Weeb finished college, but they decided it was too lonely being apart.

> We are fortunate to be citizens of a country where we can say what we think without thinking.
>
> JOHN C. VIVIAN

That same year Miami decided to install a coaching school within its department of health education. George L. Rider, the athletic director, started the program, patterning it after Illinois' famous coaching school. Chester Pittser, the football coach, taught most of the courses. The two men recruited Ewbank, who felt he had nothing to lose by the switch. In his library at home today Weeb still has his first textbook, *Football Technique and Tactics*, by Bob Zuppke of Illinois. He says he got all his basic football from Zuppke—"down-to-earth fundamentals."

Ewbank starred at quarterback for the Miami football team and in the outfield for the baseball squad. After taking his degree, Weeb coached for two years at Van Wert High School in Ohio. Summers he worked for his master's degree in health and physical education at Columbia University.

In 1930 he was appointed coach of baseball, basketball and football at Miami University High School, a school affiliated directly with the university. He stayed there thirteen years. During one stretch his football teams won twenty-three straight. One of his best players was Walt Alston, current manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers baseball team.

In 1943 Weeb went into the Navy. Commissioned a lieutenant junior grade, he was sent to Great Lakes to help Paul Brown with one of the most powerful service football teams of the time. After his discharge in 1946 he took a job at Brown University as backfield coach in football and head coach in basketball.

Weeb didn't particularly enjoy the basketball part, but he regarded the Brown job as a steppingstone, which it proved to be. In 1947 he was appointed head coach at Washington University of St. Louis. Washington had not had a football team since the war, and most of the players were nonscholarship athletes. But Weeb did the job with them. In his two years there he won fourteen games and lost four.

During Ewbank's subsequent five-year stretch with Paul Brown at Cleveland, one of his most important contributions was setting up the type of scouting system that he later put into effect at Baltimore. The Colts have about forty paid scouts all

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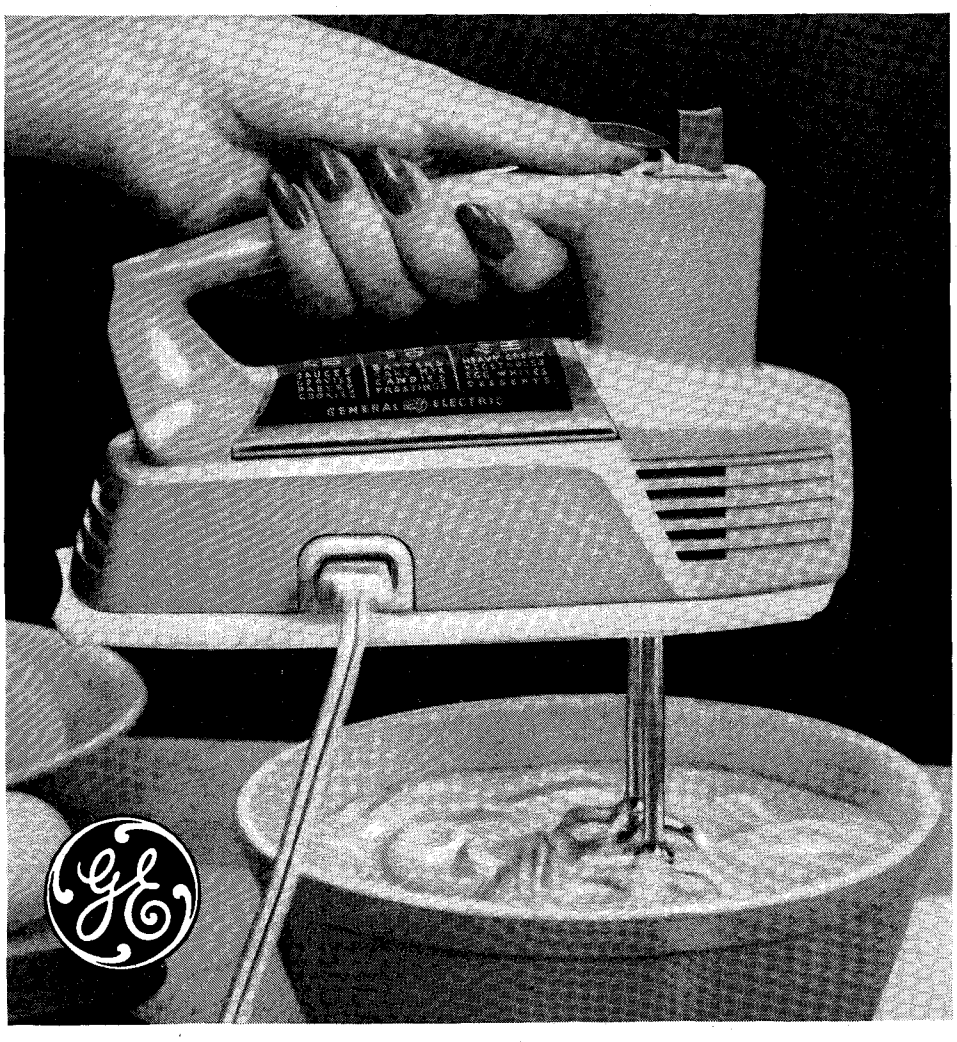

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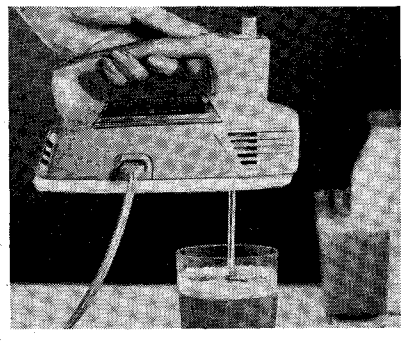

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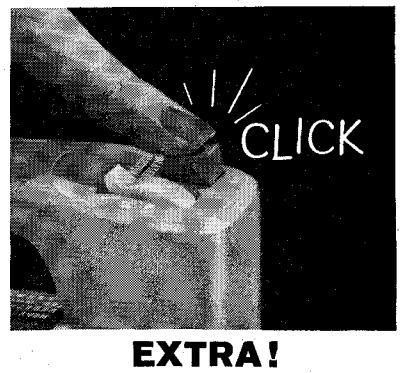

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over the country. In addition, post-card questionnaires are sent to every college senior who is a football player and to every college football coach. If a boy's name is mentioned in replies from four or five different sources, he is further checked out by telephone calls to the coach and friends of the boy in the area.

It was in this manner, according to Ewbank, that the Colts got a line on John Unitas after a fan had written in suggesting that Johnny, then playing semipro ball in Pittsburgh, was deserving of better. Ewbank, as thorough as ever, checked his card file and found Unitas' name. He then called Johnny's college coach, Frank Camp, at the University of Louisville.

Camp said to Ewbank, "You called me once before about him, Weeb, and I still feel the same way. He's got a strong arm and he's a good boy." Thus the Colts picked up the best quarterback in football.

Ewbank also initiated the practice of scouting bowl games for pro prospects. It was while he and Paul Brown were coaching at the Senior Bowl game in Mobile, Alabama, after the 1953 season that the job offer with the Colts came up. Keith Molesworth, now the Colts' chief talent scout, had just been let go as head coach. Brown and Ewbank were in their hotel room, and Brown said, "Would you like to have an interview for the Colts' job?"

Weeb answered, "Frankly, I would."

So Brown called Don Kellett, the Colts' general manager, who was in the same hotel. He said, "Weeb Ewbank is sitting here. Would you be interested in him?"

Kellett said, "We're interested in a lot of coaches." Weeb went right down and talked to him. Kellett was impressed, and so reported to Carroll Rosenbloom. The Colt owner had Ewbank come to New York for an interview.

"I liked the little fella right off," Carroll says. "We talked a little bit; and then he called his wife, and that was it."

The first person to greet Weeb when he started out in Baltimore was Sam Banks, then the public-relations director. "Weeb," Banks said, "one of the players is betting a hundred dollars you won't last a year. I took him up on it."

"That's fine," Weeb said, and then mumbled under his breath, "What am I doing here?"

Ewbank started house cleaning immediately. He got rid of some old players and acquired such new ones as Don Joyce, from the Chicago Cardinals, who is still a mainstay at defensive end for the Colts. He converted Art Spinney and Alex Sandusky from offensive ends to offensive guards, moved Marchetti from offensive tackle to defensive end and made linebackers out of Joe Campanella and Bill Pellington. Weeb also picked up a number of free agents to fill in while he was building.

In training camp that summer he told the boys, "If you want to play for me, you have to be in shape." The year before, Art Donovan had reported to camp weighing 315. Weeb had a clause inserted in Donovan's contract that there would be a fifty-dollar fine for every pound over 270. Donovan came to camp at 267.

The Colts had a new look, all right, but there was still a shortage of talent. "Under our grading system," says Ewbank, "we figured we had fourteen qualified football players that year. We feel it takes twenty-eight to thirty to have a championship team. By 1957 we had twenty-seven. Last year we had our thirty."

In the 1955 draft the Colts got first choice and also won the bonus pick. Both the men they chose were ten-strikes—George Shaw and Alan Ameche, who went on to be the two best rookies in the league. The Colt scouting system had begun to pay off.

However, the process of molding a championship team was slow. In 1956 Weeb came within a hair of being blown off his perch. The team was hit by injuries and finished fourth in its division with a five-seven record.

Letters from fans in the Baltimore newspapers accused Weeb of everything from "coaching with no imagination" and "failure to gamble in the pinches" to "not forcing the boys to stay in shape." One newspaperman made a personal crusade out of the fact that Ewbank had done little with Billy Vessels, a hot-shot offensive back from Oklahoma. Ewbank's reasons were that Vessels had been unable to play a minute in preseason games because of an injury, and that L. G. Dupre was already doing a fine job for the Colts at right halfback.

Rumors began to circulate around town—and in print—that Ewbank was finished. One detailed newspaper report had it that Buddy Parker, then with the Detroit Lions, had been offered a five-year contract by the Colts, plus a free house, auto and a paid-up insurance policy. Everyone connected with the Colts today denies that Parker was offered anything. "There was never any truth to it," says Carroll Rosenbloom.

However, Rosenbloom waited until after the season before signing Ewbank again. Weeb says mildly, "A statement could have been made sooner. The rumors might have hurt my reputation. But Carroll had reassured me." Ewbank and Don Kellett joined Rosenbloom in Palm Beach, Florida, in January, 1957, and there all difficulties were ironed out.

Rosenbloom blames himself for some of the Colts' problems in those days. "I wasn't living in Baltimore," he says, "and wasn't close enough to the team. After that I moved back to Baltimore and took direct command. I told Weeb he could have anything he wanted. I told him I had only one demand—you win."

Through it all, Ewbank managed to retain firm faith in himself and his methods. Today he explains matter-of-factly, "I knew that what I was doing was right. If I'd been fired, I'd have got another coaching job."

There was further criticism for Ewbank in 1957, even though Baltimore had the first winning record in its history—something most football experts hadn't anticipated. During the exhibition season of 1958, when the Colts lost to the Philadelphia Eagles, the Washington Redskins and the Pittsburgh Steelers, the fans stirred restlessly again.

Weeb finds it hard to ignore criticism. Sometimes when he gets angry letters he will sit down at home and call his critics on the phone and try to explain what he is doing. He says, "Most of them say they're sorry or that they didn't understand." In connection with the Colts' 1958 exhibition defeats he told his detractors, "I'm playing the rookies to see what they can do. We're getting ready for the league opener."

The Colts were ready, as Ewbank had predicted, when the season began. They broke strong and won their first six league games before losing, 24–21, to the Giants. Three games later they clinched their first divisional title.

Weeb feels that his club today has a fifty-fifty chance against any team in the league. "We've got the horses," he says. "If the boys have the same desire and pride they showed last year, we can win it again."

Win or lose, though, Ewbank never allows himself the luxury of getting upset. His wife says he must be the easiest man in the world to live with. "He comes in after a losing game and says, 'Well, we were beaten.' He may have a hard time sleeping that night, but he doesn't take out his disappointment on me."

Weeb doesn't smoke but he will take a sociable drink or two. The Ewbanks spend their vacation—the month of June—at home. Weeb likes to putter around his workbench, play a little golf or work in the garden. In the evening the Ewbanks enjoy having friends in, and sometimes the husbands and wives sit down and play poker together.

The Colts are a religious ball club. Linebacker Don Shinnick leads the team in prayer before and after every game. Ewbank, who is Protestant, attends Catholic church services with some of his players on the road. "It doesn't matter where you go to church," he says. "The important thing is to have religion." He likes to kid the boys that he goes to church with them to see them get down on their knees and back up—that way he can tell whether their legs are still limber.

Weeb also happens to be superstitious. Three years ago Carroll Rosenbloom gave everybody on the team new hats for good luck. Soon after, when the Colts were losing a game badly, Weeb took off his hat and started stamping on it. "Dog-gone it," he muttered, "there's no such thing as luck."

"That's what he tells us all the time," says Johnny Unitas. "He claims that 'you can't have luck unless you block and tackle.' Still," Unitas goes on, chuckling, "I noticed he wore the same suit for every game last year."

This season Weeb is wearing the same suit again. He knows, however, that this won't be enough. The blocking and tackling will have to be there, too, if the Colts are to win another pro football championship. THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE CHANGING ROLE OF THE FAMILY DOCTOR

The Old-Time General Practitioner Is Getting a New Look

By ALAN E. NOURSE, M.D.

MY FATHER F.D.R.: HE SPARED THE ROD

By JAMES ROOSEVELT
As Told to Sidney Shalett

IN COLOR:

DEER HUNTER'S REWARD

Tricks of Venison Cookery

THE LAST SHOWBOAT

St. Louis's Floating Theater

By JAMES A. MAXWELL

FOOTBALL FOR FUN

U. S. Colleges Take Up Rugby

By COREY FORD

ORDEAL ON BLOOD RIVER

A New Serial of Frontier Adventure

By JAMES WARNER BELLAH

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The Hunter and the Huntress

(Continued from Page 19)

has happened. In any case, the pheasants ought not to be disturbed."

As he was going indoors, he paused to add, "The effect of that shaft of sunlight upon the trees was most attractive. I felt bound to watch it for a while through my glasses."

When he had gone a man said to his neighbor, "First time I've ever 'eard the reverend in favor of pheasant preserving."

But by then the whole affair seemed to be over. The sun was shining in a May sky that was of a flawless and delicate blue, and people were remembering that they had work to do and were drifting away.

Inside his house the Rev. David Higginson paused by the telephone, wondering whether to speak to his colleague, the rector of St. Luke's, the church whose gray tower dominated the other end of the village. The rector, an old man, was something of an archaeologist; and were there not stories of foolish goings on up at the temple site in May, long ago, before there was the television to keep young people out of mischief?

But, no, he concluded. He would not ring up. It would be too awkward, and the rector might laugh. It might be one of those weekend parties at the hall. No, again. Not even young Mr. Barrel and his city friends would go so far, and in any case the weather—you couldn't call it warm. The fact was, there had been a freak storm, a peculiar trick of sunlight. That was it; the sudden storm, the single flash of lightning, the strange effect of sunshine through that isolated cloud. Most certainly not pure—if that was the word—imagination. It was not in the Rev. David Higginson's creed to be on more than nodding terms with the saints, and his subconscious was telling him that it would be distinctly offside if he were to be afflicted with the peculiar temptations of St. Anthony.

At about this time George Wilson was standing by the door of his cottage in the clearing at the west end of the wood. He was a tall man in his middle thirties, with a lean face darkened by sun and wind. He lived by himself in his isolated cottage, and the village saw little of him because he was not a man for idle gossip and because his work, which he loved, claimed all the time he could give to it. As a solitary by nature and a gamekeeper by profession he was not particularly popular with the men of the village; while to their wives and daughters his apparently total lack of interest in women was a constant reproach.

George was feeling put out, although his expression did not show it. He felt like this regularly, once every seven days, after he had been down to the hall for his weekly interview with Mr. Barrel junior. It would be all right, he thought, if he could talk to Mr. Barrel senior, who was a city gentleman, but a nice old boy, although he cared nothing for guns and horses. But the sportsman was Mr. Barrel junior, his father's partner in business, whose personality was accurately demonstrated by his choice in tweeds.

While this week's interview was taking place, the sunlight suddenly faded, and both men saw through the windows of the gun room the black thundercloud that appeared from nowhere, and the lightning that seemed to strike the top of the hill. The thunderclap was considerable. To George it seemed to have a peevish sound, but perhaps that was because there was so much loud peevishness about. He took his leave as soon as he was able, and now as he stood by the door of his solitary home he was surprised there was no obvious damage. The lightning might have struck a tree farther into the wood, he thought, at the eastern end of it, near the site of the old temple. He must go and look.

The wood was remarkably silent. Perhaps it was the silence, perhaps the lack of sympathy between himself and the last person he had spoken with, but to George Wilson at that moment his home seemed a lonely place. The cottage looked at him with empty eyes; when he entered the living room the only sound was the ticking of the clock. He took up his gun, called his dog and walked off in the direction of the temple. As he walked he reminded himself that he lived alone because he liked it.

The wood was not only silent, it was expectant. The early pheasant chicks were quiet; there was hardly a cluck from the broody hens in their coops. George was not an imaginative man and he was therefore surprised and a little annoyed with himself to find that today he was imagining things, that it seemed to him the very trees were holding their breath, waiting on some event. It was rather like the hush before a thunderstorm; but that strangely localized thunderstorm was over, the dark cloud had dispersed as rapidly as it had formed, and the sky held nothing but May sunshine. May is a young month, and that perhaps was why he thought that the whole wood seemed young and irresponsible, a place in which anything gay might happen.

Inside the wood, but not far from the site of the temple, there was a wide glade with a dew pond in the middle of it, a strange place that always had an unexpected quality. George, moving quietly, halted at the edge of it. There was often wildlife to be seen here; sometimes the spot attracted trespassers. George stood still to watch before coming into the open. It was a matter of habit with him.

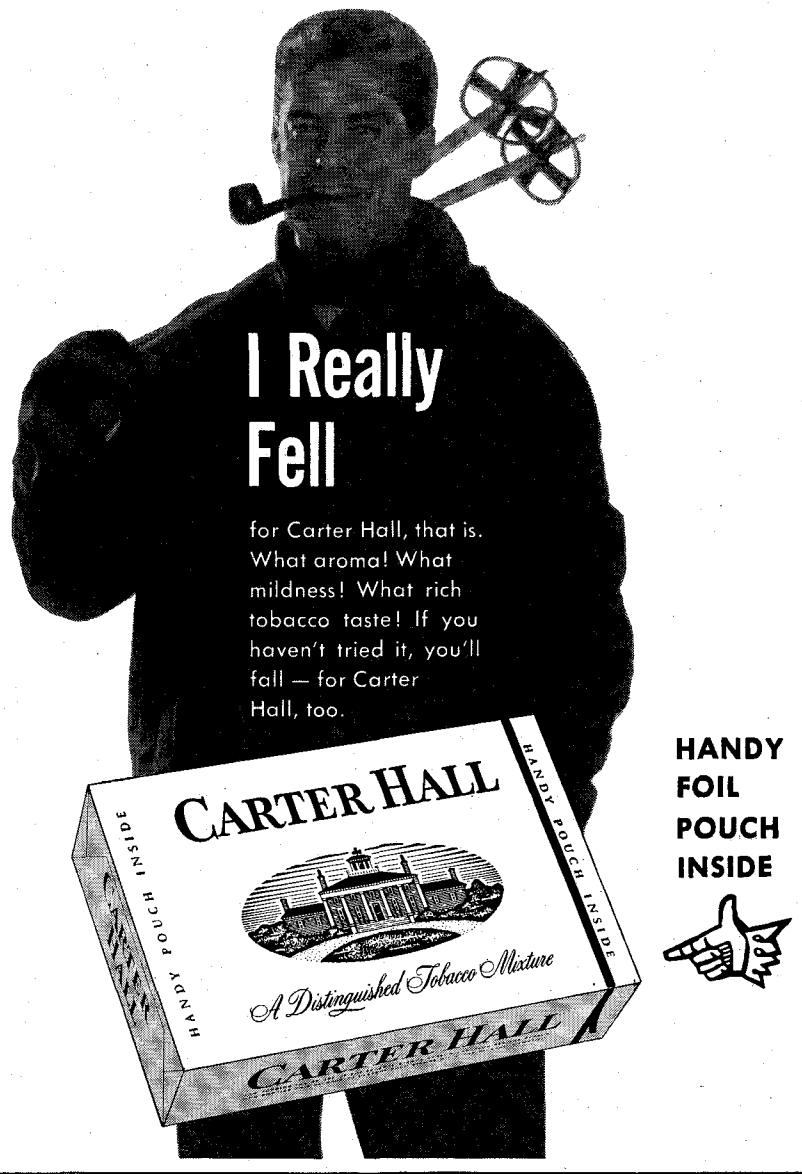
He was a man who knew how to stand still, and he stood without moving, although he was very considerably surprised. He was not at all sure that he ought to stand and watch, but he had to consider what to do next.

A young woman sat on the grass by the edge of the pond with her feet in the water. Beside her sat two very large hounds, not unlike huge greyhounds. She had been bathing and was now dressing herself. This operation, however, was going to make very little difference.

George was standing only partially concealed by a bush and he realized that if he tried to go away quietly he would very probably be noticed by the hounds, if not by the girl herself, and this would make him look like a Peeping Tom. He was not a Peeping Tom by nature and he did not wish to be mistaken for one. Moreover there was the matter of his duty. He now noticed that there was a bow, and a quiver full of arrows lying on the bank. You cannot enter a game preserve with two hounds and a bow and arrows and expect a gamekeeper to overlook it, even if you do happen to be a singularly beautiful girl with nothing on.

This was the conclusion that George reached, and, being a man with a high sense of duty, he advanced into the clearing. To walk toward that young woman with authority and yet with perfect good manners was something that might have proved difficult for many, but George was by nature a man of self-control and great courtesy. This was just as well, as later events have shown.

"Good morning, Miss," he said. "I'm afraid I must (*Continued on Page 78*)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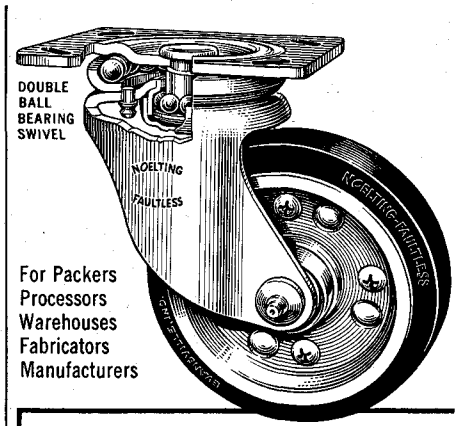

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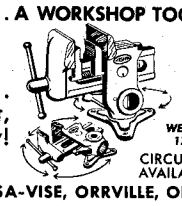

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(*Continued from Page 75*) tell you that this is a game preserve. You ought not to bring dogs in here. And"—glancing at the bow and arrows—"you must not shoot."

The two hounds leaped up to stand silent and watchful. George's dog stood bristling at his heels, but gave only the ghost of a growl. The lady rose to her feet with the dignity of a queen. For a moment her face showed anger, but when her eyes met George's, first she wondered a little and then she smiled. Her smile was a thing for joy.

She was not in fact very tall, but she moved with such grace that she seemed taller than she was. She was dark-haired and her skin was very white, and George thought that when she ran she would move like smoke on a windy day. She was wearing the skin of a very small leopard.

Although the leopard skin revealed a great deal more than it covered, its wearer was neither shy nor brazen. She showed a natural and perfect dignity, a dignity which would have been formidable had she been displeased. George didn't bother to wonder whether she was some exotic weekend visitor at the hall—the younger Mr. Barrel's friends were not like this. Indeed he was not wondering at all. The wood had become a very happy place and a very young one, and somehow a meeting such as this seemed to be a joyful thing that was to be expected. He found that he could look at this girl, dressed as she was, with delight but without embarrassment.

"Who are you?" she asked, and her voice was as beautiful as the rest of her.

"My name is George Wilson, and I am Mr. Barrel's gamekeeper." George's professional conscience gave a dying kick, and he added, "Mr. Barrel owns this land, and the shooting is strictly preserved."

"What is a gamekeeper?"

"A—well, a sort of hunter."

"I am a huntress," she told him, "as you must know. I hunt where I please, but now I have grown tired of hunting. The birds and beasts know this. Do you not hear their peace?"

George nodded.

She laughed. "Once a fellow spied on me when I was bathing, and I hunted *him*. But you are not like that and you are not afraid. I have met nobody like you. Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Show me."

They walked through the wood together, and George realized what it was like not to be lonely. The two hounds and George's dog trotted quietly behind them. A badger met them in a clearing and walked with them for a while; then wandered away on its own business.

"What is your name?" George asked.

For a moment she looked indignant, but then she gave a small sigh. "Indeed"—she murmured—"indeed we are all forgotten. My name," she told him, "is Diana, but I have others. Will Diana do or would you prefer Cynthia?"

There was a fat girl in the village post office who was known as Di. "Cynthia, if you please," he said.

"Yes, George. Cynthia."

"It is a beautiful name," he said gently—and was rewarded with a smile. The wood was full of sunshine, and the birds were singing for the spring of the world.

She stood in the living room of his cottage and looked about her with the delight of a child. "It's lovely," she declared and wandered around the room, touching everything. "Small and warm and comfortable. But I could make this room look much prettier."

"You're a lady. You must be used to better places than this."

She turned to face him and said vehemently, "Bigger, yes. But how I've come to hate my home! Those huge, drafty halls, all dusty now, and the fires burning low. Nowadays none of my family have enough to do, and they all hang about the place, complaining. And then there are the Heroes, eternally drinking and boasting. You've no idea what bores they have become. And my father always in a filthy temper because nobody bothers about him any more. A short while ago he tried being a bull again at some very peculiar farm. I don't know what they did to him there, but he came back very quickly and now he prowls about the place muttering, 'Disgusting!' He complains that there are even people trying to steal his thunder. This morning he was trying to show them what he can do, and I suddenly knew that I couldn't bear it all any more, so I slipped away while he was busy. And I don't mean to return."

George opened his mouth to ask, "Then where will you live?" But before he could do so she was pointing to a door.

"What's in there?"

"My kitchen. I cook for myself."

She was through the door at once, and he heard little cries of delight as she inspected the shining pots and pans and the gas cooker.

"Oh!" she cried, "I've always longed for a kitchen of my very own. How lovely!"

She popped her head round the door. "I'm going to live with you, George," she announced. "Be your wife and cook for you. In the past I got so tired of being—well, let's forget the past. I shall make this cottage lovely. You're pleased, aren't you?"

"Yes," said George rather faintly. He found that he couldn't bear to think of the cottage without her, but already he could foresee certain problems.

"Good," she said. "Of course you are. I shall start cooking your lunch at once. I'll soon get the hang of it."

The kitchen door closed, to open immediately. "Have you any ambrosia?"

"Er—no. I don't think so."

"Thank goodness! One gets so tired of the stuff."

Again the door shut and opened, and this time a slim arm appeared, holding an apron. "What's this?"

"An apron. I wear it round my waist while I'm cooking."

"Of course."

The arm disappeared and the door shut again. This time it stayed shut. Cynthia began to clatter the kitchen utensils, and to this homely noise George sank into his armchair, feeling that events were moving rather too fast for him. His dog was by his chair; the two hounds sat heraldically on either side of the fireplace. How to introduce Cynthia into village society? How to account for her?

The hell with it! thought George. *I don't care!*

And in a golden haze of happiness he sat and waited for his lunch to be prepared for him, like any other fortunate man. He may even have dozed for a while.

The sound of heavy footsteps outside made him leap to his feet. A moment later there was a thump on the door.

"You there, Wilson?" called a rich voice. "Thought I'd come and see what that lightning has done. Did you find anything in the wood?"

The front door opened, and there, framed in sunlight, stood the bulky form of the younger Mr. Barrel. "Mind if I come in?" he asked.

This was a figure of speech. He came in and sat down. He was a young-middle-aged man, carrying rather too much weight. His complexion was pinkish and his hair—now mostly mustache—was sandy. He leaned back in his chair, his thumbs in the armholes of his unquiet waistcoat.

"Well," he demanded. "What about it?"

George told him about the storm damage. As there wasn't any, it didn't take much telling. Mr. Barrel's contribution to the conversation was a grunt.

Meanwhile there was busy movement in the kitchen, and the crash of a broken plate. To this accompaniment Mr. Barrel was paying increasing attention. George started hastily to talk about the prospects for the shooting season. His audience was not with him.

"I thought you lived alone, Wilson?"

"I do."

Barrel nodded toward the kitchen door. "Who's the woman, then?"

George swallowed. "My married sister," he said.

"Didn't know you had a sister."

"Didn't you, sir?"

"No."

Conversation flagged.

"Where did you get those ruddy great dogs? Do they always just sit like that?"

"They're my brother's-in-law," said George, never quite sure where to put the apostrophe.

Mr. Barrel looked startled. "How can they be? They're dogs."

"I mean, they belong to my sister's husband."

"Oh, I see. Well, they look damned odd."

The kitchen door opened briskly, and Cynthia came in to lay the table. There was a large smut on her face. She was wearing the apron. George caught sight of the leopard skin, hanging on a peg.

Mr. Barrel was obviously much impressed. He made a small, strangled noise. There was a good deal of smoke coming out of the kitchen.

Cynthia did not notice that she had the first visitor of her married life. She was busy and enjoying herself very much. She proceeded to arrange the table, turning her back on Mr. Barrel, whose eyes bulged with admiration as he studied the delectable prospect thus presented to him.

At last he found words. "Gad, Wilson!" he exclaimed thickly, "I didn't know you had it in you. By Jove! What a lollapaloosa! What a popsy!" And from sheer force of habit he reached out a thick forefinger and thumb and pinched.

Cynthia reacted like any other modest girl in similar circumstances. She jumped and cried "Ow!" and dropped another plate.

"Whacko!" exclaimed Mr. Barrel, now well in top gear. "Bang on target!"

Then an odd thing happened. Cynthia turned, and suddenly it seemed that she was very tall and rather terrifying. She spoke one word, and in Mr. Barrel's chair there was now a fat fox with a surprised expression on its face. As the two hounds leaped up from the fireplace, it bolted through the open window. George was just in time to grab the hounds and let it get away. When he had finished shutting the window, he found Cynthia sweeping up the broken plate with a dustpan and brush.

"You know," he said, "I don't think you ought to have done that."

She looked up, a little flushed from her sweeping. The smut was now smeared right across her cheek. "Why ever not? The fellow looked at me with pig's eyes."

"But—well, he's my employer's son and he didn't know ——"

"Nonsense! He knew perfectly well. He even mentioned my father's name."

She stood up and asked a little anxiously, "You didn't really like him, did you, George?"

"Well, no."

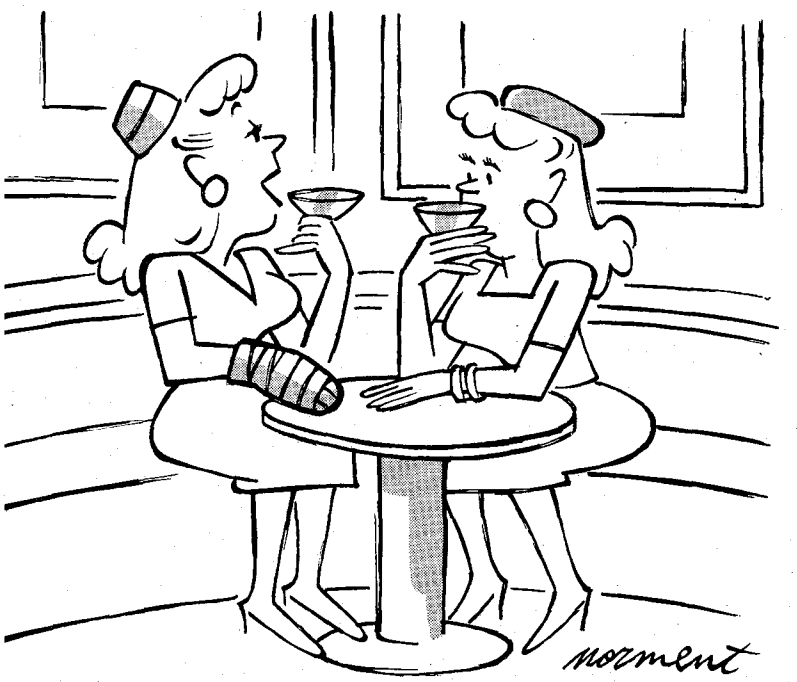
Cynthia rubbed her seat tenderly. "I'll bring your lunch," she said. "It's a little overcooked, but I'll soon be able to manage that stove."

There we might leave them, but for certain complications. Cynthia is a model wife, but her temper—like her cooking—is a trifle unpredictable. Rumors get around in villages, and several people have gone out for walks without saying where they were going, and have not yet returned. The police confess themselves baffled. Meanwhile, the fauna on the estate has become quite remarkable. There are a huge black goat and a herd of very wild swine; and there are also—Cynthia's oriental period, these—two giraffes, a rhinoceros and a camel. And some surrealist productions.

By tradition the local foxhounds hold their first meet of the season at the hall. Mr. Barrel junior will not be present on the next such occasion; at any rate, not in his usual capacity.

George sometimes cannot help wondering what the hunt will do when they find the Minotaur in Lower Ash Bottom.

THE END



"Take my advice—never slap a man with a cigar in his mouth."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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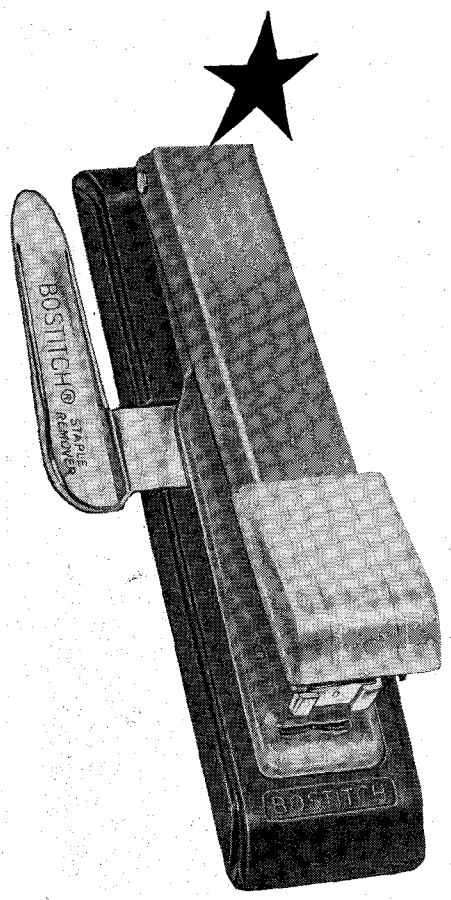

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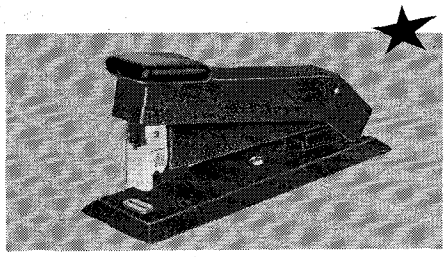

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Engineers Don't Fight

(Continued from Page 34)

had been a nasty little fight here at Jagerhaus. Now, an infantry battalion, what was left of it, lay here at the edge of the town guarding the north flank of the rest of the regiment fighting across the river.

A rough voice challenged out of the snow and the darkness: "Hold it up! Who are you?"

"Engineers," Reno said.

"You the guys with the TNT?" the voice wanted to know.

"That's us," Reno admitted.

"Pass, heroes," the voice said piously. "Some captain said you'd be along. You got a platoon of tanks ahead of you if they ain't fell off the cliff into the river—which they probably have."

Reno didn't answer that as Maglie turned the jeep into a narrow, deeply scarred track that angled off to the southeast. Snow sifted through the beams of the headlights like lifeless white bugs; Reno wasn't happy at what those headlights showed as they crept along.

The Zweibrau Trail wasn't much, he decided dourly. A narrow track, steep as the roof of a house, that dropped precipitously to the Zweibrau Wehr; climbed out as precipitously on the other side to the Abenschendt ridge. In places it crept through heavy timber; in other places it slithered down across switchbacks naked as original man. Here a vehicle, missing its way by so much as a foot, could go plunging over the bank to crash in the gorge below.

Reno estimated that they had covered a quarter of a mile when the jeep edged gingerly around a rocky outcrop and the headlights picked up the squat shape of a tank blocking the way ahead. Maglie hit the brakes and a stocky man came out of the uncertain shadows.

"You the guys from maintenance?" he asked.

"Naw," Reno told him. "We're engineers."

The man swore bitterly. He was a sergeant—tank commander, probably—Reno saw as the other came on into the light. "We got a busted track ——" the sergeant started to say, then stopped suddenly and flattened himself in the mud. Reno didn't need to be told why. He, too, had heard that high whine of approaching shells as he and Corporal Maglie spilled out of the jeep to join the sergeant in the mire.

The salvo landed down the ravine toward the river, the wicked varoooom . . . varoooom . . . varoooom . . . of the explosions echoing back and forth across the gorge. Two more salvos crumped down, and then the night was quiet again. The tank commander heaved himself up.

"That sort of thing's been going on ever since we got stuck here," he said bitterly. "One of these times the Krauts are goin' to get lucky and dump one of them things smack on top of us."

Reno started to mention that before long there'd be a truck loaded with TNT stalled down here, too, just to add to the merriment of the occasion. He saw that the information was unnecessary. The TNT truck was edging past the rocky outcrop now, with the two other trucks following. Reno stumped back up the trail as the lead truck stopped and Bunny Flagg hopped down into the slush.

"What's the trouble?" Bunny demanded crisply.

"Tank stalled up ahead, sir," Reno told him. "Busted a track."

"Let's take a look," Bunny said.

He went on by Reno, enormous in the falling snow that seemed to hang here in the gorge. Bunny's new overcoat was sodden and his pants were mud to the knees, Reno noted as he followed. A bulging musette bag swung from the lieutenant's shoulder. The tank commander joined the party and the three of them halted by the stricken tank.

"Ain't nothing we can do," the tank commander said gloomily, "except to wait for them maintenance people to bring a new track ——"

"The hell there isn't," Bunny said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Sergeant McNabb, rig a block and tackle to that big tree off the trail. Attach your haul to the winch cable of the leading truck. Then make fast to the tank with a rolling hitch and we'll tip it off the trail."

A faintly approving surprise stirred Reno. "Yes, sir," he said. "It ought to work, at that."

His enthusiasm was not shared by the tank commander. "Hey," he said angrily, "tanks cost money! You roll that tin can down into the gulch and I probably find it on my payroll! Nothing doing!"

"I'll take the responsibility," Bunny told him briefly. "Sorry, sergeant, but over she goes. I've got five thousand pounds of TNT in that leading truck that I've got to get up to the Abenschendt ridge before daybreak tomorrow."

"TNT," the tank commander said in a shocked voice. "This sure ain't been my night. The damn tank is yours, lootenant!"

They had the hitch rigged and were tying onto the winch cable when a high-pitched whuffle-whuffle-whuffle announced that a new German salvo was on the way. Reno yelled, "Hit the dirt!" and the crash of the explosions rocked him as the shells burst seventy-five yards up the hillside. Bunny Flagg was already back on his feet and making a final check of the tank hitches, Reno noted, as he got to his knees. He had, he reflected, been right about one thing, at least. Maybe the lootenant was called Bunny, but he didn't scare worth a darn.

"Haul away," Bunny was ordering serenely, peering at the operation with a professional eye. "Easy as you take up the slack."

It was a pretty neat job, Reno had to admit later. Bunny Flagg had applied all of his purchases at precisely the right spots; the ropes drew tight as fiddle strings and the stalled tank tipped slowly up. It hung balanced for a moment, then went on over, crashing down through the darkness like a runaway elephant. The trail was open.

"Load up," Bunny sang out. "Sergeant McNabb, lead out again. Messages to me at the head of the second serial."

Reno climbed back into the jeep, and they angled down the steep trail once more. Twice more, before they reached the bottom of the gorge, they heard the high whine of approaching shells and the vindictive blast of the explosions. The Germans knew that the American infantry, fighting for its life on the Abenschendt ridge, had to keep on getting ammunition and supplies across this trail; with their usual methodical persistence, the Germans were plastering the route with their artillery—walking their shells up and down its length.

Reno and Corporal Maglie rode in silence until they swung down into what Reno hoped was the last of the switchbacks. Then Maglie was the first to speak, his voice a little puzzled.

"What you think about that Flagg character, Reno?" Maglie wanted to know. "Like what he done back there at that tank?"

Reno McNabb had been doing some thinking of his own on the subject, and he'd suddenly arrived at a pretty startling conclusion. One that he hadn't thought of before and one that sort of changed things. The kid was green as grass and part of the time he talked like a book of regulations and another part of the time he had some pretty fool ideas—like leaving the heavy infantry weapons back at Odendorf. But, when the chips had been down like back there with the tank, Bunny Flagg had come through pretty neat.

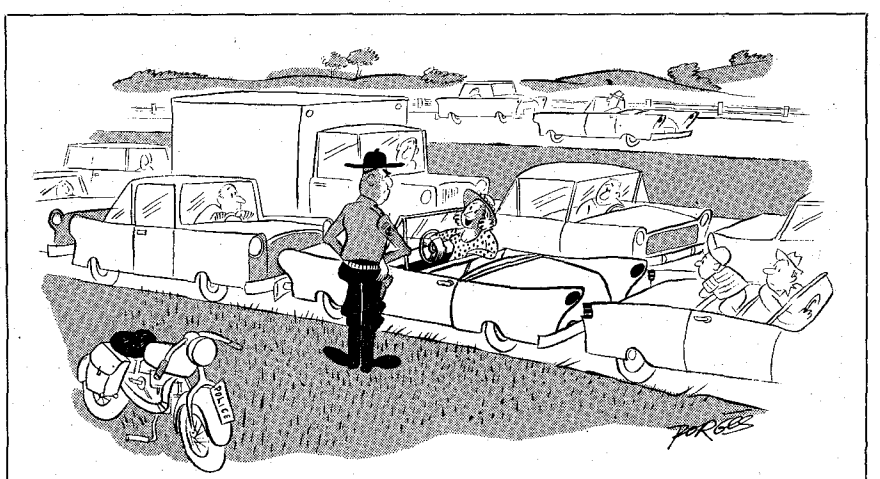
The thing you forgot, Reno, he told himself as they jounced down the last of the trail, *is that you have known Cindy Barnes since she was knee-high to a grasshopper, and Cindy is the one that sent this Bunny to her old man's outfit. Cindy's smart and she ain't sending the colonel no duds, which means she seen something in Bunny that maybe you missed at first look. It's got to figure that way.*

Had Reno known it, there was still another thing that he had overlooked. That was the fact that anybody who had worn the "Bunny" nickname for twenty-two years had learned how to take care of himself in the clinches. The hard way too.

To Maglie, Reno said, "Give him a little experience an' I'll buy him. Take it easy—looks like we're comin' to the bridge."

The ground flattened to a narrow shelf above the river and, in the dull glow of the headlights, Reno could see dark water rushing between steep and rocky banks. The bridge was there, ugly as sin; on the far side the steep wall of the gorge was half lost in the swirling snow. Somewhere over there, high above the river, was the Abenschendt ridge—its battle momentarily stilled by the night.

Reno dismounted stiffly into the mud. Dim figures moved in the murk ahead; the rest of Baker, he supposed. The bridge was their baby. His—and Lt. Bunny Flagg's job—was to get the TNT across the river and up to the Old Man on the ridge before daylight. The other trucks were pulling (*Continued on Page 82*)



"What seems to be the trouble, officer?"

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

(*Continued from Page 80*) onto the little flat now and the TNT truck hauled up behind the jeep just as the now familiar whine of an approaching salvo tore the night apart again. This one was going to be close, Reno thought as he fell flat. Too damn close!

Ahead of him the orange splash of volcanic furnace fires lit the gorge; Reno's ears rang with the crash as the furnace doors slammed shut again. Dimly Reno knew that the salvo had landed on the bridge. Debris showered down around him, and he waited, his belly hollow, as he expected the TNT to go up. It didn't. When McNabb finally lifted his head the gorge was quiet except for a man who was calling, "Aid man! Aid man!" some place off to the left. The headlights of the trucks still made yellow tunnels in the snow as men got wearily out of the mud.

No bridge now, though. Where the bridge had been was nothing but a matchstick heap of broken timbers; as Reno watched, the rushing waters began to swirl them away. . . .

The command post of the Umpteenth Engineer Battalion had been set up in the cellar of a ruined house at the edge of Abenschendt, and Captain Lopez reported to Old Iron Britches Barnes there a little after 0300. It was still snowing and a north wind was sweeping across the ridge, cutting like a knife. Lopez had come post haste here to the ridge, bringing Baker Company—less its second and third platoons—with him, on urgent orders from Luther Barnes.

"The infantry took a hell of a licking in Kolm yesterday, Tom," Barnes said heavily. A candle, thrust into a bottle neck, put a flickering light about the cellar and showed the tired lines in Old Iron Britches' face. "Their third battalion got kicked out of the town. That means that the full weight of the German attack—especially his armor—will hit Abenschendt today."

Lopez nodded, said, "I see, sir," in a quiet voice.

Barnes ran a hand across the stubble on his chin and paused for a moment before he went on. The cold wind, carrying snow on its breath, sifted through the cellar's ruined door. Outside, the night was filled with uneasy noises as men got ready for the red day ahead. An automatic rifle beat its deliberate tattoo through the darkness for a moment; farther away, a machine gun set up hysterical laughter.

"Able Company's already been committed as infantry," Barnes went on now. "Charley Company will probably be committed the same way as soon as it gets daylight. That leaves only Baker as engineers, Tom. You left a platoon at the bridge?"

"Yes, sir, the second—Lieutenant Zimmer's platoon," Lopez answered. "The third platoon's on its way up here with the TNT—I hope. It's behind schedule. Something must have held it up because it hadn't reached the river yet when I left there."

"Reno'll get here," Barnes said absently. "He's a good man. I got a very special use for that TNT when it comes, Tom."

Captain Lopez looked unhappy. "Colonel," he said, "Lieutenant Flagg is in charge of the third platoon instead of Reno. Flagg reported in at Odendorf about an hour after you pulled out."

The colonel's eyebrows went up. "Bunny?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir," Lopez answered, unhappiness in his voice now. "Second Lieutenant Charles Preston Flagg Junior."

Barnes' face fell into a seamed study in the candle's uncertain light, and Captain Lopez shifted his feet uneasily in the damp earth of the cellar floor as he waited for Old Iron Britches to explode. *Why the devil*, he was wondering bitterly, *couldn't that confounded Flagg have gotten lost before he got to Odendorf? Now, he is probably lost all right, the third platoon and the TNT along with him.*

The expected explosion didn't come.

"Well, that's the way it is, I guess," Colonel Barnes said heavily, instead. "I O.K.'d your assigning the boy to the third platoon, Tom. If he goofs, my blood is on my own shirt front. We both have just got to hope that Cindy knew what she was talking about when she decided there was something to this Bunny Flagg."

Captain Lopez let his breath go out, thankful for the reprieve. "She could be right, sir," he said. "Flagg wasn't too bad—the boy's as big as a house. Just kind of green, is all."

Luther Barnes flapped a big hand. "Let it go for now, Tom. Come take a look at this map—I'll show you what I want you to do as soon as that TNT shows up. Here's Kolm that the infantry got kicked out of yesterday." Barnes stabbed a thick finger down. "That leaves the north flank of the battalion here in Abenschendt up in the air. Now take a look at this. . . ."

Barnes' finger moved on to point out a steep-sided ravine that led down to the Zweibrau Wehr perhaps a mile north of Abenschendt. Captain Brake, of Able Company, had reconnoitered the place yesterday afternoon, the colonel went on. Brake had come to the conclusion that, if Kolm went, the Germans would try to get armor down the ravine to the river. Once down there, the tanks could swing west, following the narrow shelf under the bluffs, until they reached the bridge. If that happened, you could scratch the operation here on the ridge; the supply line would be cut and Germans would be in the American rear and the whole shooting match would go up in smoke.

"Us along with it," Old Iron Britches grunted. "So we got to block that ravine, Tom. Brake figures with the TNT we can knock enough rock down to make the ravine impassable for tanks. I'm handing the job over to you. Any questions?"

Captain Lopez shook his head soberly. "None, sir. But it kind of looks like a hell of a lot is riding on Lieutenant Flagg and that truckload of TNT, doesn't it?"

"It does," Barnes agreed grimly, then grinned wryly through the grimy stubble on his face. "If the boy comes through, maybe he wouldn't make a bad son-in-law, at that, Tom."

Down in the Zweibrau gorge, Second Lt. Bunny Flagg stalked toward the ruined bridge, motioning Reno McNabb to follow. In front of the two a soldier got slowly out of the mud and stood silhouetted in the glow of the headlights as Bunny halted.

"Where's Captain Lopez?" Bunny asked the man, clipping his words. "Is he here at the bridge?"

The soldier was Sergeant Lash of the second platoon, so he said. Captain Lopez wasn't here. He'd gone on to the ridge with Baker Company, leaving the second platoon behind to work on the bridge and the trail. Now it looked as though they didn't have any bridge to ——

Bunny cut him off. "Who's in command here?" he demanded.

"Lootenant Zimmer, sir," Sergeant Lash said.

"Where is he?"

Sergeant Lash didn't know. Dead, maybe. A stubby figure moved uncertainly into the headlights, coming from down-river, and Sergeant Lash mumbled now, "Sir, that's Lootenant Zimmer," and Bunny turned to meet the man.

Zimmer's helmet was gone and he wore a dirty bandage tied around his head. He halted to stare truculently at Bunny.

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"Well," he wanted to know in a sour voice, "what the hell do *you* want? Whatever it is, we ain't got it."

"My name's Flagg," Bunny said, and Reno, listening, was aware of a new sureness that had come into Bunny's voice now. "I'm taking a load of TNT up to the ridge. How soon can you have this bridge back in so that we can get across the river?"

"How the hell would I know?" Zimmer demanded angrily. "Tomorrow, maybe. Next week, maybe. You see any bridge timbers around here? Just what do you think I'm going to put that bridge back in with?"

"I've got no time to yak with you," Bunny said, putting big hands on his hips while he glowered at the shorter man. "You and I are going to put that bridge back in as of right now."

Zimmer snorted. "You're nuts!" he said flatly. "And if you think I'm taking orders from some second John I've never seen ——"

Bunny cut him off in a dispassionate voice. "You've got a choice, but not very much of a one," he said. "Either you give me a hand to build a new bridge or I throw you in the river."

"You can't ——" Zimmer began again.

"Try me and see," Bunny said coldly.

Reno McNabb, listening, thought: *So help me, I think the lootenant would too. Kind of looks like Cindy knew what she was talking about.*

"Well, Lieutenant Zimmer?" Bunny was asking in an ominous voice.

Zimmer looked at Bunny's bulk and decided that discretion might, after all, be the better part of valor. His head ached from the knock it had taken from a flying chunk of debris and, if this big ape wanted to start taking over, it was all right with Herb Zimmer.

"O.K.," he grunted. "It's your baby, mister—if you fall flat on your face, don't come crying to me. What do I do?"

"Start clearing the wreckage away from the abutments," Bunny told him evenly. "And set a detail to chopping down trees for new stringers. If you need extra tools, we've got 'em."

Zimmer departed and Bunny turned to Reno McNabb. "You think you can get a couple of trucks back up the trail to Jagerhaus, sergeant?" he asked crisply.

"I can try," Reno said, beginning to feel better. "I'll drive one. Let Maglie take the other. I think we can make it. What you got in mind, lootenant?"

"There are houses back there," Bunny said. "Unload the tools. Then take a detail with you and bring back anything you can lay your hands on that we can use to build a bridge with. Got it?"

"I got it," Reno grunted. "I'm on my way."

Presently the two trucks, loaded with men, turned around in the mud and the shine of their headlights disappeared in the fog. Bunny looked at his watch. It was going on 0300. With the fog and the snow it wouldn't be full daylight much more before 0700, he figured. That left them close to four hours to do what had to be done. Not much time, but, one way or another, they'd make it. Engineers didn't goof on a job. His father had taught him that since he'd been old enough to toddle.

Under the headlights of the TNT truck he saw men working half-heartedly at clearing the abutment on the near side of the river. On the far bank there was no sign of activity. Bunny scowled.

"Lieutenant Zimmer!" he bellowed, and, after a moment, Zimmer came laggardly out of the shadows. "Why isn't someone clearing that abutment on the other side?" Bunny wanted to know.

"How do I get 'em across?" Zimmer demanded sullenly. "That water's a good ten feet deep."

"I don't care how you get 'em across," Bunny snapped. "Just get 'em there, lieutenant, and get that abutment cleared!"

Zimmer moved off through the snow, cursing as he went, but he built a fire under the squad clearing the near abutment and got a second squad onto the other bank by means of a makeshift raft. When the squad reached the far abutment they found Bunny already there, his clothes leaking water, but his voice filled with energetic zeal. He'd swum the river, not waiting for the raft.

"All right, men," he boomed out of the fog. "We've got a bridge to build. Let's get at it! A couple of you give me a hand with this busted stringer, eh?"

Without waiting for help, Bunny put big hands on the shattered timber, heaved, and the twelve-by-twelve splashed as it hit the dark water below. A man said under his breath, "A guy that big don't need no help. Up where I come from they talk about Paul Bunyan, but he didn't have nothing on this lootenant."

"Come on," Bunny snapped. "Time's wasting!"

Reno was back from Jagerhaus a little before 0400, making better time on the steep trail than Bunny had dared hope for. With him, Reno brought a hodgepodge of material—timbers of every conceivable dimension and length. Four-by-fours, six-by-sixes, anything that could be used for planking that he'd been able to cram into the two trucks. It was bridge material that would have driven a competent civil engineer crazy, but Bunny accepted it with enthusiasm.

When you were salvaging, Reno said a little apologetically, you had to take what you could get. That was naturally so, Bunny agreed; under the circumstances, Reno had done splendidly. For some reason Reno felt as complimented as though he'd just been decorated by a two-star general.

"O.K.," Bunny said. "Now we really start to work!"

The abutments and the stone pier in the middle of the stream were ready for the stringers now. Bunny lined the three trucks on the bank so that their headlights, boring through the still-falling snow, afforded enough illumination to work by. The block and tackle was made fast on the far bank. Teaming it with the winch on one of the trucks, Bunny and his crew snaked the new stringers—tree trunks with their ends roughly shaped—across the water and into place. Other men, standing in the icy water to their waists at abutments and pier, secured the timbers with lashings and wedged them tight.

The minutes ticked inexorably on toward daylight—running away too fast—but the bridge was taking on a semblance of shape now. An abortive, ugly shape, but definitely that of a bridge. Bunny climbed out of the water, after checking the final lashing, and stood dripping in the glow of the headlights. There was a high satisfaction on his square face as he watched the first of the planking start to go down. Reno McNabb came out of the shadows.

"I don't like it, lootenant," he said. "It's been too quiet. I got a feeling the Krauts are up to something."

"It suits me fine this way," Bunny said. "Another hour and we'll have that TNT on its way to the ridge again, sergeant."

There was a sharp pride in his face as he stood for a moment longer, watching as men moved back and forth in the dull light. They had caught some of Bunny's enthusiasm. They were engineers building a bridge and everybody else had better get out of their way! Even the dour Lieutenant Zimmer was beginning to show a sort of reluctant zeal. Three weasels, loaded with rations and ammunition, clanked down the trail and out onto the tiny flat. A lieutenant, muddy as though he'd been dipped in a slough, ambled up to Bunny.

"Building a bridge, huh?" he asked interestedly.

Bunny gave him a disgusted look. "You might call it that," he grunted. "That's what engineers are for—to build bridges."

"It figures," the weasel lieutenant agreed. "How soon you think I can get those carts of mine across? I want to get back home sometime tonight. I been losing a lot of sleep lately."

"Stick around," Bunny told him. "It won't be long now."

He had been absorbed with the task at hand and hadn't been watching the time; now, he realized with a start, the night was starting to turn a muddy gray and dawn couldn't be far away. He'd have to get that TNT back on the road soon and a third of the bridge's length still remained to be floored. Well, they'd make it or else. . . .

As the night died, the vague worry increased in Reno McNabb. The snow had stopped and heavy fog had settled down here in the bottom of the gorge, and Reno had the uneasy feeling that that fog was hiding trouble. On his own, he had reconnoitered a couple of hundred yards along the far bank of the river; now he came back, his face pinched and thoughtful as he stopped by Bunny.

"There's plenty things I don't like about this, lootenant," he said. "Kraut tanks could sneak along them bluffs across the river if they took a notion to. They'd sure raise hell ——"

"Tanks are not for us to worry about," Bunny said stubbornly, remembering his father's advice. "Our job is to get this bridge built. Then to get that TNT up to the ridge, sergeant."

Bunny started to add that first things came first, but didn't get to because from down-river a machine gun suddenly put its nasty hammer into the growing daylight and slugs came out of the fog to whine over the heads of the working parties. Off to the left a man cried out with a protest that died in his throat and farther along Reno could hear Lieutenant Zimmer yelling, "Hit the dirt! It's a tank! Take cover! Hit the dirt!"

Reno did. So did Bunny Flagg. *So I was right*, Reno thought, taking no pleasure in it. *A Kraut tank has sneaked up on us, and we never heard him because the river is making too much noise. Likely he's just shooting blind at where he thinks the bridge is now. But soon as he gets close enough to see through the fog he'll open up on us with his cannon. We'll be sitting ducks—dead ones.*

He turned his head and saw Bunny Flagg flattened behind a boulder a half dozen yards away. The light was strong enough to show Reno that Bunny's expression wasn't scared—it was just plain mad. The machine gun's clatter stopped and a moment later Reno's straining ears picked up the clank of tank treads down-river. After a minute more he saw the squat, ugly silhouette of a Panther Mark V tank beginning to take shape through the drifting gray fog wisps.

The Mark V stopped, still half obscured by the haze, and Reno imagined that the hatch was opening while the tank commander had a look around. The bridge would be the target he'd be looking for; he'd spot it presently, and that would be that. Bunny Flagg crawled across from where he'd been crouched behind the boulder.

"A tank," he said angrily. "Seems you were right, sergeant. The question is, what do we do about it?"

"Sir," Reno answered in a hollow voice, "I don't know. As of now we sure could use them bazookas we left at Odendorf."

The Perfect Squelch

On a recent de luxe flight overseas, a stewardess was distributing champagne glasses preparatory to serving the bubbly. One stuffy young gentleman, when tendered a glass, simply stared at her.

"Would you care for champagne, sir?" the stewardess asked.

"Are you chilling it properly?" the young man challenged.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, is it domestic or imported?" he continued.

"I really don't know, sir," the stewardess replied. "But it's free."

Robert S. Danvers

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Down-river in the mist the snout of the tank's cannon swung slowly around; it steadied then and orange flame blossomed from the muzzle and a shell zinged across the bridge to explode with an earsplitting crash against the rocky wall of the gorge beyond. Then an uneasy silence hung over the river again.

"Can't depress his gun enough to hit the bridge this close," Reno muttered aloud. "Pretty soon that Kraut will get smart, though, an' back his rear end up onto the bank an' we'll all go to ——"

Bunny wasn't listening. "If those buzzards think they're going to blow up my bridge, they've got another think coming!" he said through his teeth.

The gun fired again, cutting off the last of his words. Again the shell missed the bridge to burst against the rocks. Reno suddenly remembered the TNT truck sitting there in plain sight and his stomach curled into a tight knot. *Suppose*, he thought bleakly, *that monkey over there gets tired of tryin' to hit the bridge and decides to shoot up the trucks, instead?* Beside him, Bunny Flagg was scrambling to his hands and knees, making growling sounds in his throat.

"Come on!" he said hoarsely to Reno.

"Yes, sir," Reno mumbled. "Where?"

"We're going after that tank!"

"Sir, engineers ain't supposed to fight tanks," Reno said in a hollow voice. "The lootenant said so himself."

"Nuts to that!" Bunny retorted violently. "Come on! We'll make up a satchel charge out of TNT blocks!"

He started for the dump truck, covering the ground like a fullback going over an opposing line. Reno loped along behind because, at the moment, he couldn't think of anything better to do. The remainder of the two platoons stayed in the holes where they had taken shelter; they were content to sit this one out.

Bunny was dumping the contents of his muddy musette bag out onto the ground as Reno reached the TNT truck. "Fix up a block with a detonator and fuse for me!" he snapped to Reno and began to cram explosives into the musette. Reno did so, dimly aware that across the river the tank was maneuvering now in the fog. *Getting his hind end hitched up on a rock so's he can point that cannon at us*, he thought morosely and felt his shoulder blades prickle as he waited for the screech of a shell. It didn't come.

Bunny had the musette bag packed and buckled, the short length of fuse sticking from beneath the flap. Now Bunny bent to fumble among the gear he'd dumped on the ground; came up with two cigars. He stuck one in his mouth and thrust the other at Reno, who was putting detonators and fuses into a half-dozen separate blocks of TNT.

"Meant 'em for the colonel when I paid my courtesy call," Bunny grunted, getting his stogie lighted. "My old man said it was the thing to do. Guess the colonel will have to wait, sergeant—we can use these to light our fuses with."

Reno choked a little, but felt better. Somehow, the thought of Bunny Flagg calling on Old Iron Britches Barnes with cigars cheered him as he stuffed TNT blocks into the front of his overcoat. Bunny was already headed for the bridge, going in long leaps; across the way the German tank still maneuvered for position, the snarl of its engine and the clank of its treads clearly audible now.

It seemed to Reno that it took him a million years to cross the planking, then teeter precariously across slippery stringers in the final stretch where the planking had not yet been laid. And momentarily he expected to see that tank gun flame in his face in the last instant that he'd ever be aware of on this earth. The tank's machine guns started their wicked yammer, but too late; Bunny and Reno were on the other side now, screened by brush and the shifting fog as they went forward. Above the racket Reno could hear Bunny's angry voice.

"Shoot up my bridge, will you, you vandals! Not while I'm around, you won't!"

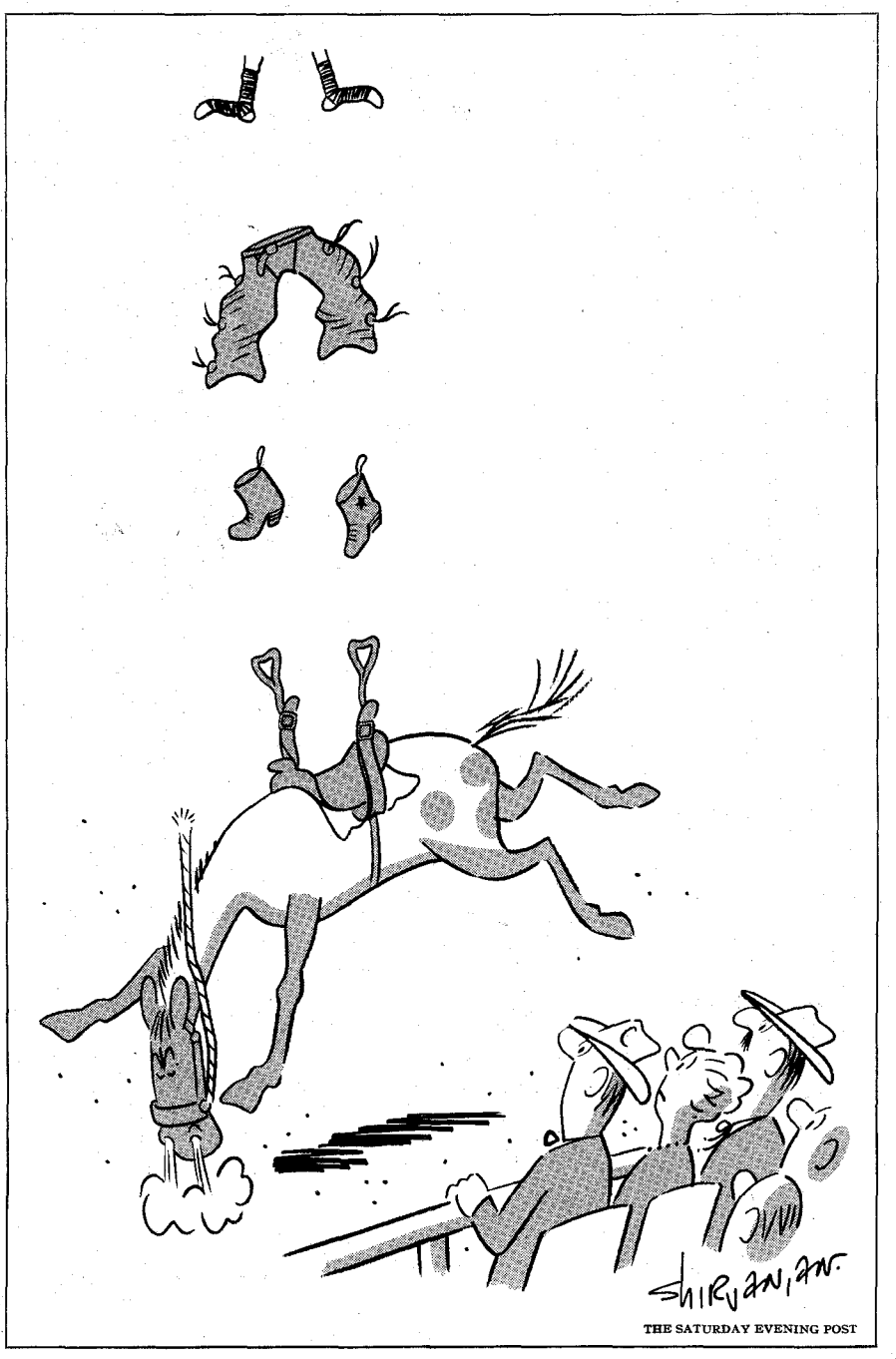
The big lieutenant burst out of the brush, and Reno, a few paces behind, saw the spit of sparks as Bunny lifted the musette bag and got the fuse to burning; then Bunny swung the bag by its strap, like a hammer thrower warming up, and let fly. The bag sailed through the air to land beneath the Panther's hull and went off with an explosion that sent the echoes racketing back and forth across the gorge.

The tank seemed to lift in the center of a balloon of smoke; the smoke cleared and Reno saw that the Panther now was canted back at a crazy angle, its guns pointing harmlessly at the sky. A second later Bunny was clambering toward the turret, a TNT block in his hand.

"Come out of there with your hands up!" he was yelling. "I'll poke this down the hatch, if you don't!"

The tank crew came, looking shaken and scared. Now Lieutenant Zimmer arrived, a carbine in his hand, and a squad, carrying M1's, following at his heels. He halted and looked at Bunny with a mixture of disbelief and admiration on his face.

"For a green second John, you sure can move sudden," he said. "What do we do now?"



Bunny was squinting at the rocky wall which hung above the riverbank here. "I think we just borrow a little more of the colonel's TNT and blow a pile of rock down on top of this tank," he said. "Just in case some more tanks get bright ideas about our bridge."

First light was beginning to seep through weeping and leaden clouds as Luther Barnes came down the broken stairs and into the CP. Captain Lopez was already there waiting for him. The colonel sat on an ammunition box; the Old Man's eyes looked like holes burned in a dirty blanket, Captain Lopez thought with compassion. He wondered how many hours it had been since the other had last slept.

"Have you found that TNT yet, Tom?" Barnes asked heavily after a moment, and Lopez had a feeling that Old Iron Britches was dreading his answer. "If it hasn't got here by now ——"

"Lieutenant Flagg brought it up the trail about a half hour ago, sir," Lopez said. "Reno and the rest of the third platoon were with him—the ravine job is completed, colonel. Sealed tight as a drum. That boy, Bun—uh, Lieutenant Flagg, knows how to handle explosives. Learned it from the book, he claims."

Luther Barnes blinked and some of the tiredness seemed to run out of him. "So the boy got here," he said, half to himself. "I guess I should have known that Cindy wouldn't ——"

His voice trailed thoughtfully off, and Captain Lopez went on. "From what Reno McNabb tells me, sir, the third platoon had—er—quite a busy night. It seems that a busted tank was blocking the trail, so young Flagg rolls it down into the canyon. The armored people will raise merry hell about that, of course."

"Let 'em," Barnes said with his old familiar growl. "Go on, Tom. Anything else happen?"

"Well, the German artillery shot the bridge out again just as the third platoon got there with the TNT," Lopez said. "Young Flagg takes charge and they rebuild the bridge, tearing down half of Jagerhaus to get materials. Likely some of the Civil Affairs brass will be wanting Flagg's scalp for that."

"Tell 'em I gave him direct orders to tear down the damn town!" Old Iron Britches Barnes snorted. "Anything more?"

"Well," Captain Lopez answered thoughtfully, "nothing much. He blew up a German tank and captured its crew and blew down a chunk of the bluff so that no more tanks could get through to the bridge. I talked to the infantry S-2 a little while ago. He'd been interrogating the prisoners young Flagg brought in."

"So?" Barnes asked softly. "Keep on going, Tom. You're doing fine."

"It seems," Lopez said, grinning, "that Bunny's German tank had already radioed back that it was down to the river and for the rest to come arunning. They did. Now a good part of the German armor is bottled up down there with no place to go until somebody clears away a couple of pretty nasty rock slides. Colonel Sharkey, the infantry C.O., is so tickled he's practically turning handsprings. Says it's added ten years to his life to get that Kraut armor out of his hair."

Barnes blinked a couple of times, recovered his aplomb with an effort. "By gad, it's added ten years to *my* life, too," he bellowed. "Where is this Bunny? I want to see him!"

"I hope you won't be too hard on the boy, sir——"

"Hard, hell!" Old Iron Britches said violently. "I want to welcome him into the family. I'll give him leave to go back to Paris so Cindy can marry him before he gets away, by thunder!"

"Now I've heard everything," First Sgt. Willie Tucker said. He and Reno McNabb stood in the shelter of a ruined shed out of the rain. "This character figures engineers don't fight. Then he blows up a Kraut tank and captures a hatful of Kraut tankers. For a pacifist, I'd say he was doing pretty good."

"Yep," Reno agreed, hauling the shawl tighter about his ears, "I figure he'll get along. I could use a drink, Willie. All in all, it's been sort of a busy night."

"It's a funny thing," Willie said, peeking cautiously around and then hauling a bottle out of the pocket of his overcoat, "but I just happened to liberate a little schnapps last night. I guess you got a swig coming, at that, Reno."

Reno McNabb had the bottle tilted and was taking a long pull as Bunny Flagg came around the corner, fresh from paying his call on Old Iron Britches Barnes. He saw the bottle in Reno's hand, and a disapproving expression crossed his square face.

"Drinking!" he said in a shocked voice. "Sergeant, don't you know what the regulations say about drink——" Bunny's voice suddenly trailed off, and a thoughtful look came into his eyes.

"Sir ——" Reno began mournfully.

"Come to think of it," Bunny interrupted, a grin splitting his face, "the hell with regulations! How about giving me a belt at that bottle, too, Platoon Sergeant McNabb?"

THE END

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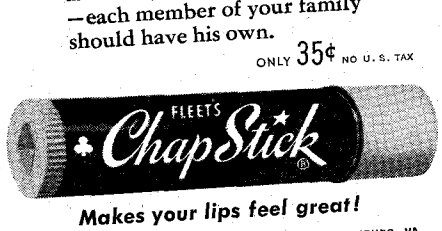

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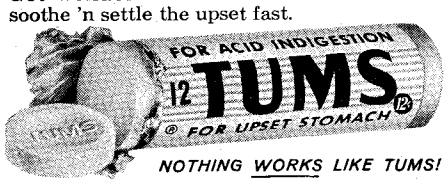

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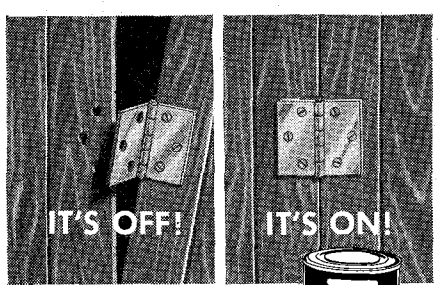

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The Case of the Waylaid Wolf

(Continued from Page 39)

mouth and shoves ham and eggs into him, then he takes off his pants and socks and shoes and dresses the corpse—just try to stand up in front of a jury of twelve reasonably intelligent individuals and sell them an idea of that sort."

Arlene Ferris was near tears. "But that's what must have happened!"

Mason shook his head and turned away.

Tragg returned to court carrying a bag.

Judge Bayton again came to the bench. Court was called to order and Carson resumed his questioning.

"You now have the clothes the decedent was wearing when his body was found?"

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to have you first produce the shoes."

"Yes, sir," Tragg said and, opening the bag, took out a pair of shoes.

"These are the shoes the decedent was wearing?"

"They are."

"What is their condition now, with reference to the condition when they were found on the body?"

"The shoes are in exactly the same condition except for identifying chalk marks which have been placed upon the soles."

Carson walked over to the witness, took the two shoes, came back and handed them to Mason for the lawyer's inspection.

Mason turned the shoes over in his hands, carefully keeping his face without expression.

"We move that these shoes be introduced in evidence," Donald Carson said.

Mason arose. "Once more, your honor, I wish to examine the witness on *voir dire*."

"Very well."

Mason turned to Lieutenant Tragg. "Have you," he asked, "any way of knowing that these were the shoes the decedent was wearing at the time he was killed?"

"Only that they were on the feet of the corpse when I first saw it."

"Did you make any effort to search the cabin or lodge to see whether there were other garments?"

Tragg's voice showed a certain amount of indignation. "Of course we did. We searched that lodge from one end to the other, Mr. Mason."

"Did the decedent have any clothing there?"

"The decedent had no clothing there, no clothing of any sort other than the following exceptions—one pair of tennis shoes, the same size as those worn by the decedent, one pair of Bermuda shorts, two short-sleeved sport jackets, two pairs of swimming trunks, one terry-cloth robe, one pair of sandals, one linen golf cap."

"Were there other clothes there?" Mason asked.

"None that would possibly fit the decedent. The decedent's shoes were size ten and a half."

"But you did find other clothing on the premises?"

"The decedent's father, Jarvis P. Lamont, had some clothes and shoes there, but the shoes of Jarvis P. Lamont were eight and a half. Loring Lamont could not possibly have worn his father's clothes."

"The place was provisioned with liquor and food?" Mason asked.

"Well provisioned with liquor, with frozen food and canned food. There were very few perishables. There was a supply of linen for the beds, plenty of blankets, a frozen-food locker well filled with frozen food. There was a bowl in which biscuit dough had been mixed, a pan containing biscuits, which had been baked in the electric oven. Six biscuits had been eaten from the pan. There were six left in the pan. There was a frying pan with grease in it, in which cooking had been done recently. The grease was ham grease. There was a smaller pan in which eggs had apparently been fried because there were bits of the cooked egg white adhering to the pan near the outer edges. There were plates from which food had been eaten——" Tragg turned to Donald Carson and said, "Do you want all of this now, or am I supposed to answer only about the clothing?"

"Tell about it now if the defense has no objection," Carson said.

Lieutenant Tragg nodded. "Two plates which contained portions of egg yolk, particles of ham grease, a can of butter which had been opened and from which some butter had been taken, a jar of jam, small bread-and-butter plates on which there were biscuit crumbs and remnants of jam. There were cups and saucers."

"How many cups and saucers?" Mason asked.

"Two. These contained small amounts of coffee. There was a percolator with coffee in it, and there were two water glasses. The dirty dishes were found on a table in the dining room, the pans and cooking utensils on the stove in the kitchen."

"I have no further questions at this time," Mason said.

"You mean that concludes your *voir dire* examination?" Judge Bayton asked.

"Yes, your honor. I have no further questions at this time on the *voir dire* examination in regard to the shoes. This does not mean that I waive my right to cross-examine the witness about these articles, nor do I waive my right to question the witness on *voir dire* regarding any other garments which may be produced."

"Very well," Judge Bayton said. "The prosecutor will proceed."

Carson said, "Now what about the trousers, lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Tragg produced a pair of neatly creased trousers.

"These were the ones the decedent was wearing when the body was found?" Carson asked.

"Yes."

"I call your attention to certain stains near the top of the trousers and ask you if you know what those stains are."

"Yes, sir. They're bloodstains."

"They were on the trousers when the body was found?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the trousers were on the body?"

"Yes, sir."

"I offer these trousers in evidence," Carson said, "together with the shoes as People's appropriate exhibits."

"No objections," Mason said.

"Do you have any *voir dire* examination on the trousers?" Judge Bayton asked.

"None, your honor."

"I think that concludes my examination of Lieutenant Tragg," Carson said.

"Cross-examination?" Judge Bayton asked.

"You said that you searched the place thoroughly. Is that correct, lieutenant?" Mason asked.

"We searched the place thoroughly," Tragg said. "We all but tore it apart."

"You looked in the writing desk?"

"We looked in the writing desk."

"Did you find some papers in there?"

"We did."

"Did you find a checkbook on the California Second National?"

"We did."

"With check stubs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know whose checkbook that was?"

"We know that the writing on some of the check stubs was that of Loring Lamont, and the checks which matched those stubs had been cashed and they were signed by Loring Lamont."

"All of the checks?"

"One of them was missing."

"What one was that?"

"A stub which purported to show that a five-hundred-dollar check had been issued."

"To whom was that check issued?"

"To no one."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The check had evidently been made out and for some reason had been torn from the checkbook after the amount had been written on the check stub. The stub had then been marked 'O.K.' to show that it was all right to have a check stub there for five hundred dollars without the name of the payee."

"That's a conclusion?" Mason asked.

"For what it's worth," Tragg said, "that's a conclusion. If you want the bare facts I will state that there was a check stub in the book showing the amount of five hundred dollars. The stub had nothing else on it except the letters O.K."

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Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1959.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

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Editor, Ben Hibbs, Narberth, Pa.

Managing editor, Robert Sherrod, Philadelphia, Pa.

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*7/5/58 to 6/27/59

ROBERT FUOSS, Executive Editor.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 25th day of August, 1959. WILLIAM C. ZIMMERMANN, Notary Public

[Seal]

(My commission expires February 3, 1961.)

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"And were those letters in the handwriting of Loring Lamont?"

"I don't know."

"The check, of which this was the stub, had been torn off on the day of the murder?"

"I don't know that."

"You don't?" Mason asked.

"No."

"There was another check stub immediately in front of that check stub payable to Orval Kingman, was there not?"

"That's right."

"And this other check would naturally have been torn off after that first check?"

"I object on the ground that the question is argumentative and calls for a conclusion of the witness," Carson said.

Judge Bayton nodded his head.

"Just a moment," Carson said suddenly. "I will withdraw the objection. I'd like to have Lieutenant Tragg answer that question."

"The question is argumentative and calls for a conclusion of the witness," Judge Bayton pointed out wearily. "The Court doesn't need the opinions of witnesses. The Court wants facts."

"Nevertheless, your honor, I would like to have Lieutenant Tragg answer so that we can have it in the record."

"Well, if you withdraw the objection I'll let the witness answer this one question," Judge Bayton said, "but I don't want to take up time having a lot of argumentative questions even if they aren't objected to. You may answer this one question, lieutenant."

"The answer," Lieutenant Tragg said, "is that in my opinion, for what it is worth, Loring Lamont started to make Orval Kingman a check for five hundred dollars on the wrong check. Then, realizing his mistake, he tore off that check and destroyed it, marked O.K. on the stub to show that it was all right to have a blank stub at that point and then made the check to Orval Kingman on the check which he should have used."

Mason smiled. "It is your opinion then that this was done inadvertently, and that Loring Lamont, running through the check stubs, turned over a check stub to which the check itself was attached without noticing what he was doing?"

"I think he must have," Tragg said.

"That's rather unlikely, isn't it? A man running through check stubs would certainly know when he came to a stub to which the check was attached."

"That's what I think happened," Lieutenant Tragg said.

"You didn't impound this checkbook as evidence?"

"No. We listed the checks; that's all."

"Where is this checkbook now?"

"As far as I know it's still in the desk. I will state that Sadie Richmond telephoned me that you had instructed her to turn the checkbook over to the police, but ——"

"Now just a moment," Judge Bayton interrupted, "this inquiry is going altogether too far afield. We're now getting hearsay evidence. If the defense wishes, it certainly is entitled to bring that checkbook into court. However, I don't know what bearing it could have on the case."

"If the Court please," Mason said, "it indicates that Loring Lamont had the checkbook with him when he went to the lodge. It indicates that he took the checkbook out of his pocket and, in my opinion, made a check for five hundred dollars to someone whose initials were O.K. That he was in a hurry and so simply put the initials of the payee on the stub."

"Was the stub dated?" Judge Bayton asked.

"It was not. Just the figure five hundred dollars and the initials were on it."

"But what if your assumption is correct?" Judge Bayton asked. "What would you expect to prove by that?"

"It would prove that someone else had been out at that lodge that evening."

"You may introduce the checkbook in evidence as part of your case if you want to," Judge Bayton said, "but I can assure you, Mr. Mason, it would take more persuasive evidence than that for the Court to feel that someone else had been out there. Do you have any further questions on cross-examination?"

"No further questions," Mason said.

"Very well," Judge Bayton said to Lieutenant Tragg. "You may stand down."

"If the Court please," Carson said, "that concludes our case. The People have no further witnesses."

Mason was on his feet. "Just a moment," he said. "We have a right to cross-examine Peter Lyons."

"Oh, yes," Carson said. "I've sent for Lyons. Just a moment—I'll call him."

Carson turned to an officer who sat beside him and engaged in a whispered conversation. Abruptly the deputy district attorney frowned and became vehement. The officer shook his head.

Carson bent closer. There was a whispered conference again, then Carson straightened and said, "Your honor, a most embarrassing situation has developed. It seems that this is Peter Lyons' day off. He is out somewhere and can't be reached. I am afraid that perhaps I am partially to blame in the matter. I told Lyons that I would need him as a witness unless the defense was willing to stipulate as to his testimony. I told him further that if the defense would stipulate as to his testimony, he would not be needed. When Mr. Mason made his stipulation I so advised my office. Someone there advised Mr. Lyons there had been a stipulation as to his testimony. I am afraid there was a misunderstanding. In fact, I am free to confess to the Court that I, myself, did not appreciate the full technical significance of Mr. Mason's stipulation until he raised the point that he was entitled to cross-examine the officer.

"Under the circumstances, if Mr. Mason will state the points he expects to bring out on cross-examination, I may be able to stipulate that under cross-examination Peter Lyons would so testify."

Mason shook his head. "I want the privilege of cross-examining this witness. That was the understanding."

Judge Bayton frowned with annoyance. "Surely, Mr. Mason, you must know the type of cross-examination you expect to make and the points you expect to bring out on cross-examination."

"Frankly, your honor, I am at the moment working on a theory of the case that I do not care to disclose until after I first have asked certain questions of the witness—after all, this witness is a police officer, he is a witness for the prosecution, and I fail to see why I should be required to tell the deputy district attorney my entire plan of attack on cross-examination."

"Do you question his testimony?" Judge Bayton asked.

"I may question his testimony and his credibility," Mason said.

"But that is absurd!" Carson protested. "This man is a police officer. At the time he tagged the car of Loring Lamont for illegal parking he had absolutely no idea that he was doing anything other than performing a routine act. The tag which he issued was a so-called nonfixable tag, and the records are there. They speak for themselves. I have talked with Peter Lyons personally and at some length. All Peter Lyons knows about the situation is what is disclosed by the records. At the time, the Loring Lamont car was simply another car parked in front of a fireplug. He sees hundreds of them every month."

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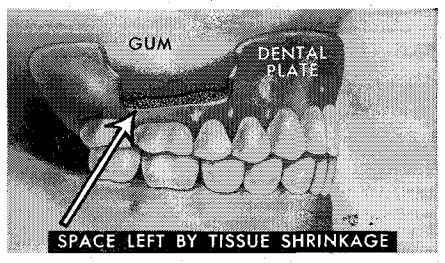

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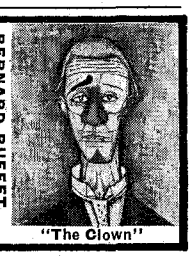
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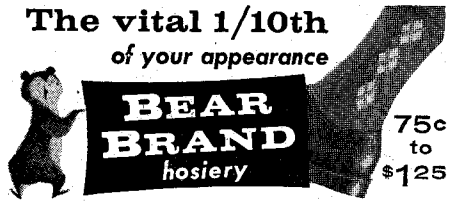

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Judge Bayton glanced inquiringly at Perry Mason.

"I still want to cross-examine this witness," Mason said doggedly.

"Well," Judge Bayton said irritably, "the law gives you the right to be confronted with witnesses and to cross-examine them. If you insist upon that right, I suppose the Court has no alternative except to continue the case until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. However, I wish to point out that in the opinion of the Court this case shouldn't have taken more than half a day. It was continued into the afternoon, and now apparently the Court will be forced to waste a large part of the afternoon and again resume the case tomorrow morning."

"I'm sorry," Mason said. "The mistake wasn't mine."

"The prosecutor should have noticed the obligation which was placed upon him to have the witness available for cross-examination," Judge Bayton snapped. "Court will adjourn until ten o'clock tomorrow morning. The defendant is remanded to the custody of the sheriff. I will point out, however, to defense counsel that unless there is some cross-examination of the officer, Peter Lyons, which indicates that the defense has some pertinent theory which it is following up, the Court will feel that it has been imposed upon. . . . That is all. Court is adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

Mason turned to Arlene Ferris. "Have you," he asked, "anything else to tell me?"

She was almost in tears as she shook her head in tight-lipped negation.

"Very well," Mason said. "I'll see you tomorrow morning."

Mason sat at his office desk, drumming silently with his finger tips on the blotter. In an ash tray a neglected cigarette was being consumed to ash.

Della Street, knowing his moods, sat on the other side of the desk, pencil poised over a shorthand book, remaining absolutely motionless, so that she would not interfere with his concentration.

Mason, his eyes level-lidded with thought, said at length, "Take this down, Della. Let us start out with the supposition that Arlene has lied to us. The physical evidence is directly opposed to her story. Why did she lie? Was it because she's guilty? If so, she would have made up a lie that would have fitted the facts. The girl is reasonably intelligent. Why does she tell a lie which doesn't fit the facts?"

Della Street completed taking down Mason's comments, then waited.

After a few minutes Mason said, "She must be protecting someone. But how would such a story protect anyone, and who is that someone? Who could it be?"

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, Mason shook his head. He pushed back his chair from the desk, ground out the cigarette in the ash tray, got up and started pacing the floor.

Suddenly Mason stopped midstride, whirled, said to Della Street, "All right, Della, take this. Suppose client is not lying? Then why don't the physical facts agree with her story? The only possible solution is we have an incomplete story."

Mason smacked his fist against the desk. "Hang it, Della," he exclaimed, "make a note! I want a sign made and I want it hung on the wall just back of my desk. TRY TO HAVE CONFIDENCE IN YOUR CLIENTS."

"You think she's telling the truth?" Della Street asked.

"She's telling the truth," Mason said, "and I have fallen into the worst trap a defense attorney can ever fall into."

"What's that?" Della Street asked apprehensively.

"Letting myself get hypnotized by the reasoning of the prosecution and thinking that things happened the way the prosecution says they happened, just because the evidence seems to support them."

Della Street, knowing that in moments like this Mason wanted someone to help him clarify his thinking, said, "You mean the evidence is susceptible of two interpretations."

"It has to be," Mason said. "The key witness is Peter Lyons, that police officer they were so reluctant to produce."

"You feel they were reluctant?" she asked.

"Of course they were," Mason said. "They tried every way in the world to keep me from cross-examining Peter Lyons. Now, what the devil does Peter Lyons have to say that is going to upset their apple cart?"

"They make him sound like a very unimportant witness," Della Street said.

"That's the point," Mason said. "They're deliberately playing him down because they're afraid I'm going to play him up. Now why?"

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"What reason could there be?" Della Street asked.

"Because," Mason said, "Peter Lyons is going to testify to something that will help my case. They've tried their best to keep me from cross-examining him. This business of Lyons' being where he can't be located is sheer nonsense. It's a stall."

"Why?" Della Street asked.

"Let's analyze why," Mason said. "A lawyer always has to look at things logically and from an independent viewpoint. Any time he gets off on the wrong track because of taking something for granted, he's lost. Now then, we know what Peter Lyons is going to testify to because Donald Carson told us."

"But did the deputy district attorney state the truth?" Della Street asked.

"Sure, he did," Mason said. "He wouldn't dare to do otherwise. He would be guilty of unprofessional conduct, of misleading the Court, of prejudicial misconduct in the case —— No, he had to tell the truth. But he didn't have to tell all the truth.

"Now, as I remember the statement made by the deputy district attorney, Peter Lyons would testify that he found Loring Lamont's car in front of a fireplug at nine-thirty, that he gave a citation for illegal parking which he tied on the steering wheel of the car—now, why don't they want me to cross-examine him about that?"

Della Street shook her head in puzzled contemplation while Mason once more resumed pacing the floor.

"Arlene Ferris tells me she left the car in front of the fireplug, so Peter Lyons' testimony would agree with hers. Now then, remember that Peter Lyons only gave one citation. He ——"

Mason stopped abruptly, turned to face Della Street, said in a low voice, "Well, I'll be ——"

"What's the matter?" Della Street asked.

"The matter is," Mason said, "I've been unspeakably naïve. I've been a babe in the woods. Of course they don't want me to cross-examine Peter Lyons! Peter Lyons is going to testify to something that will be diametrically opposed to the facts as they understand them, and—that's it! That has to be it!"

"What?" Della Street asked.

"Peter Lyons is going to testify that he came back later on before he went off duty—sometime between nine-thirty and midnight—and the car was gone."

"Gone?" Della Street asked. "How could it have been gone? It was there in front of the fireplug all night."

"It was gone," Mason said, "because Arlene Ferris left the keys in the ignition. Somebody came along, took that car away and then brought it back and parked it again right in front of the fireplug; so the two other officers who came on duty at midnight found the car there, proceeded to issue citations for parking violations and then toward morning had the car towed away."

"But why should anyone take it and then bring it back?" Della Street asked.

"That," Mason said, "is what we're going to find out, and we're going to begin looking in the place where we should have looked right at the start."

"Where?"

"We're going to talk with Edith Bristol, private secretary of J. P. Lamont, and George Albert, the office manager."

"How come?" Della Street asked.

"We're going to get the evidence in order this time," Mason said. "Remember what Arlene Ferris told us. There were lots of people wanting to go to work for the Lamont Company. The company had a waiting list of persons applying for secretarial positions, but Arlene Ferris simply told Madge Elwood she wanted a job. Madge Elwood spoke to somebody, and immediately and forthwith Arlene Ferris was given a job. George Albert said that Loring Lamont issued some sort of an executive order just before he left for South America. Thereafter the whole personnel department was brushed aside and Arlene was put to work."

Della Street's eyes widened. "That's right, chief!"

"And the devil of it is," Mason said angrily, "the whole evidence was right there in front of me all the time and I almost muffed it. Come on, Della, let's go."

"Just what are we after?" Della Street asked.

"The truth," Mason told her.

They hurried down to the parking lot, got Mason's car and drove to the executive offices of the Lamont Company.

Mason told the receptionist, "I want to see Edith Bristol, J. P. Lamont's secretary, and I also want to see George Albert, the office manager. I'm Perry Mason, the attorney, and it's important."

"Just a minute," the receptionist said.

She put through a telephone call, said, "Very well, hold on," and turned to Perry Mason. "Miss Bristol says that she doesn't think the district attorney would want her to talk with you."

Mason said grimly, "All right, then I'll subpoena her as a witness, and I'll show bias by showing that she wouldn't talk with anyone because she was afraid she'd hurt the district attorney's feelings."

"Just a minute," the receptionist said and again turned to the telephone, talking rapidly.

After a few moments she said, "Very well. She'll see you. Take the elevator to the third floor. Miss Bristol will be waiting at the elevator for you."

Mason and Della Street entered the elevator. At the third floor, as the elevator door opened, a young woman stepped forward. "I'm Edith Bristol," she said. "Will you come to my office, please?"

She led the way down a corridor, past stenographers who were clacking away at typewriters and who looked up with surreptitious curiosity as the trio walked past.

In the office Edith Bristol closed the door, indicated seats and said, "Just what is it you want, Mr. Mason?"

Mason surveyed her in thoughtful appraisal. "I had hardly expected one so young in so important a position," he said.

"What is it you want, please?" she asked once more, her tone cold with formality.

Mason said, "I want to know just why it was that Arlene Ferris asked her friend, Madge Elwood, to get her a job here, and how it happened that within a couple of days Arlene Ferris was at work, apparently by some order that was issued directly from Loring Lamont."

Edith Bristol lowered her eyes. "I'm sure I couldn't tell you," she said. "You said you wanted to see the office manager."

Mason nodded.

"Perhaps he can tell you."

"He was on the witness stand," Mason said, "and he didn't seem to have any idea except that she had been put to work on direct orders of Loring Lamont. I think someone else can tell me why Loring Lamont took the trouble to intervene. Can you tell me that?"

She slowly shook her head. "I am afraid there's not very much I can tell you, Mr. Mason. I know that occasionally persons were employed because of certain personal contacts. Miss Elwood, I believe, worked here for some two years and her work was very highly thought of. Do you intend to ask the office manager?"

"I do," Mason said.

"Perhaps we'd better get him in here."

Edith Bristol picked up a telephone and said, "Connect me with George Albert, please."

After a moment she said, "Mr. Albert, Mr. Perry Mason, the attorney, is here in the office. He is accompanied by Miss Della Street, his secretary, who is apparently prepared to take notes. Mr. Mason wants to know how it happened that Arlene Ferris was employed without going through the usual channels in the personnel department, and wants to know how it happened that Madge Elwood was able to bring to bear enough influence to have Miss Ferris put on ahead of the waiting list. Would you mind coming to my office and answering Mr. Mason's questions? . . . Yes, right away, please."

She hung up the phone, smiled at Mason and said, "Perhaps we can get the matter clarified, Mr. Mason. I'm quite certain that no directive came through this office. In other words, Mr. Jarvis P. Lamont knew nothing about it; therefore I know nothing about it. You will understand that Mr. Lamont, senior, has not been available in the office since he learned of his son's murder. However, I have been his secretary for some two years and I can assure you that any preferential treatment given Miss Ferris was not because of any directive issued by him."

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Mason, frowning thoughtfully, nodded. His manner was completely preoccupied.

They sat silently for a few moments, waiting for George Albert. Mason stirred uneasily, looked toward the door, then sized up Edith Bristol.

"I'd like to know a little about how Loring Lamont lived," he said. "He didn't live with his father?"

"No."

"He had an apartment of his own?"

"Yes."

"That was at ninety-six twelve Endicott Way?"

"Yes."

"He had perhaps a cook, a housekeeper, a Filipino boy?"

"No."

"Then he must have eaten out a good deal of the time."

"I wouldn't know."

"He took an active part in the business here?"

"Yes."

"Did he have any particular position in the firm?"

"Vice president."

"He traveled quite a bit?"

"Yes."

"And, I take it, he and his father were fond of each other?"

"Yes."

Mason smiled. "You don't seem to volunteer much in the way of information."

"I'm not being paid to volunteer information, Mr. Mason. I don't even know whether Mr. Jarvis P. Lamont is going to approve of this meeting."

The door of the office was pushed open. George Albert entered the room, smiled a greeting at Perry Mason, then glanced quickly at Edith Bristol.

"You know Mr. Albert," Edith Bristol said.

"I've met him in court," Perry Mason said. "This is Della Street, my secretary. I want to get some information about Arlene Ferris and how she got her job."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you very much more than I told you on the witness stand."

"I think you can," Mason said. "It certainly wasn't the custom for Loring Lamont to intercede personally in connection with jobs in the business. There was a personnel department, and I take it the hiring was in the hands of the personnel department."

"Yes."

"Yet in the case of Arlene Ferris, Loring Lamont issued a directive."

"That's right."

"Now, then," Mason said, "it seems that Arlene Ferris went to her friend, Madge Elwood, who had worked here at one time, and Madge was the point of contact."

"That could well be," Albert said.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that Miss Elwood could very well have telephoned Loring Lamont and asked him to put Arlene Ferris on the payroll."

"And Loring Lamont would have done it?"

"He did it, didn't he?"

"Do you know that Madge Elwood telephoned him?"

"I don't know it, no. I'm only drawing conclusions from what you yourself have said. After all, you're Arlene Ferris's attorney. She must have told you how she got the job."

"Perhaps she doesn't know," Mason said.

Albert shrugged his shoulders.

"Yet," Mason said, "knowing that Arlene Ferris was, so to speak, under the protection of one of the big executives of the company, you had no hesitancy about firing her."

"I try to keep efficiency in the office, Mr. Mason. That's my job. I can't let some young woman indulge in impudence simply because she may be friendly with one of the Lamonts. They don't pay me to run an office that way."

"When did you first know Arlene Ferris was coming to work?"

"Loring Lamont told me."

"What did he say?"

"He handed me a folded slip of paper just before he left for South America. The name Arlene Ferris was on it. He said, 'Put her to work as an expert stenographer at the top salary we pay.'"

"So Arlene went to work without any test, as far as you know, and started drawing top pay right at the start?"

"I believe those are the facts."

"And you don't know any more about the situation than that?"

"That's all."

"Had that ever happened before with anyone else?" Mason asked. "In other words, had anyone else ever been put to work in exactly that way?"

"The applications are regularly channeled through Personnel."

"I'm not asking about regular applicants. I'm asking if this particular thing had ever happened before.

Albert said, "I would have to consult the records, and ——"

"Quit hedging," Mason said. "I'm going to call you back to the witness stand if I have to. Now, there's something funny going on here."

"What do you mean?" Albert asked, drawing himself up belligerently.

"You know what I mean," Mason said. "You're stalling around. You're covering

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up, both of you. When Miss Bristol asked you to come in here, she didn't pick up the phone and say to the operator, 'Ask George Albert to come in here.' Instead, she asked for you personally on the phone; then when she got you she didn't say, 'Can you come into my office for a minute,' but she went on to tell you all about Mr. Perry Mason, the attorney, being in the office, all about what I wanted, all about my secretary being with me. Even then you didn't come in here right away. You stopped to think things over and have the answers ready. Now let's quit stalling around on this thing. How many other people came to work in this office because of directives of Loring Lamont?"

"I only know of one," Albert said.

"Who?"

"Madge Elwood."

"George!" Edith Bristol exclaimed, her voice a whiplash of sharp rebuke.

"I can't help it," Albert said. "What's the use of stalling? You haven't seen him in court. I have. He'd do exactly what he said. He'd get me in court and bring it out on the witness stand."

"What I want to know," Mason said, turning to Edith Bristol, "is why you were trying to keep that under cover."

Edith Bristol said coldly, "I think, Mr. Mason, we are going to terminate this interview. I am not at all certain that Mr. Jarvis Lamont would approve of it. You now have the information you want. I may state that you have all the information we can give you."

"All right," Mason said, "if you want to put it that way, we'll put it that way."

He whipped two documents from his pocket, handed one to Edith Bristol, one to George Albert.

"What are those?" Edith Bristol asked.

"Subpoenas to appear in court at ten o'clock tomorrow morning in the case of the People versus Arlene Ferris, and testify on behalf of the defendant as defense witnesses," Mason said. "I'll expect to see you there. I'll resume my interrogations at that time. Good afternoon."

Mason and Della Street left the office.

"Now what?" Della Street asked.

"First we telephone Paul Drake and see what he's learned," Mason said. "There's a telephone booth there on the sidewalk."

Della Street put through the call, got Paul Drake on the line, then motioned excitedly to Perry Mason.

"Paul has something on Otto Keswick," she said. "He's checked on Keswick's alibi."

She extended the receiver to Mason, who entered the telephone booth. "Hello, Paul. What is it?" Mason asked.

"A couple of things," Drake said. "I checked up with Mrs. Arthur Sparks, who has the house where Otto Keswick rooms. Keswick was correct in saying he does odd jobs around the place.

"On the night of the fifth they were watching television all right, but Mrs. Sparks wasn't with him after eight o'clock. She sat and watched television with him until eight. Then she had a splitting headache and went to bed. She says that Keswick could have gone out, although she doesn't think so. She knows that he kept the television on because she couldn't get into a really sound sleep. She would doze off for a while, then snap wide awake. She heard the television every time she wakened. Finally it was turned off at ten-thirty, because she remembers the program finishing. But that doesn't mean that she can testify Keswick was there between eight and ten-thirty."

"I see," Mason said thoughtfully.

"Now then," Drake went on, "here's something else. A fellow who has the adjoining piece of property on the north has a nice little cabin on the property. He works as a bookkeeper, and the Lamonts don't consider him in their social class at all. In other words, they aren't neighborly. He may have a slight resentment on account of that. It's hard to tell. Anyway, he had cut a road on the south side of this property. That side adjoins the Lamont property on the north. Last year some storm water ran down this new road and washed a ditch. That ditch had thrown water on the Lamont property and they threatened to sue him.

"On the night of the fifth, knowing that it had started to rain, this fellow was a little concerned about whether the embankments he had thrown up would keep the water out of the road and off the Lamont property. He went out just to make certain. He says that shortly after he turned into his property and had switched out the lights on his car, another car came along the road and went through the gate at the Lamont property. Now, he says that the gate was open—that the car drove slowly through and came to a stop, that he knows the car driven by Otto Keswick, that it has a peculiar piston slap, and he's positive this was Keswick's car. He says he heard voices, and he thinks he heard the voice of Sadie Richmond, but he can't swear to it."

"What's his name?" Mason asked.

"George Banning."

"Now, that's terribly important," Mason said. "I want to talk with Banning, and I want to have him subpoenaed as a witness for the defense. I want him in court tomorrow morning."

"I've already served a subpoena on him," Drake said, "and I've made arrangements for him to attend. I've fixed it up so he doesn't feel sore at all, but is going to testify to what he knows. I know he's a little bit peeved at the Lamonts."

"How long did this car stay in the place?" Mason asked.

"He doesn't know. Banning just looked around enough to make sure that his new drainage system was keeping the water out of the road and sending it on down to the east, so that it would miss the Lamont property entirely. The water had already begun to wash a channel. He stayed only long enough to check on that and then drove back to the city.

"He says lights were on in the Lamont bungalow all the time he was there, and that lights were on when he left. He also says the gate must have been open, because the car didn't stop at the gate, and he knows that an automobile was in there when he drove out."

"What time was it?" Mason asked.

"He can't fix the time exactly. It was right around eight-thirty."

Mason said, "O.K., Paul, I think we've hit pay dirt. That indicates Otto Keswick was lying. That last check for five hundred dollars must have been made to Keswick. I think he failed to present it at the bank because he knew Loring Lamont was dead and therefore the check was valueless."

"And why did Lamont do such a hurried job on the check stub?"

"Because," Mason said, "he —— Paul, there's only one reason for him to do such a hurried job on that check stub and that's because he was in a hurry."

"I'll keep digging," Drake said.

"Do that," Mason told him. "Now, here's something else, Paul. I told Madge Elwood to be in court this afternoon. She didn't show up. I'm going to run down to Santa Monica and see if I can contact her at her apartment, but I wish you'd start looking around a bit and see if you can pick her up."

"And if I do?" Drake asked.

"Throw a tail on her."

"Will do," Drake said and hung up.

Mason and Della Street drove in silence until they reached the Kelsington Apartments. Mason rang Madge Elwood's apartment repeatedly, but got no answer. He then went to the manager. "I'm trying to get in touch with Madge Elwood," he said. "It's very important. She doesn't seem to be in, but I would like to check and make certain."

"I don't think she's in," the manager said. "I saw her leaving this afternoon. She had two suitcases. Apparently she's going some place and intending to be away for some time. Have you inquired at the place where she works?"

"Do you know the place where she works?" Mason asked.

"No. She has a secretarial job here somewhere with an advertising firm. Anyway, they'd be closed now. I'm sorry I can't give you any help."

"Would it be possible for you to use your passkey and just take a quick look in the apartment to see if she's ——"

The manager shook her head. "I'm sorry. We don't pry into the affairs of tenants. They pay their rent. They come and they go as they please. We try not to take an undue interest in what they do, and we are very careful not to give out information. I may have told you too much already, but—I recognized you, of course, from your photographs and I know you're interested in a case in which Miss Elwood is involved in some way, so I thought it would be all right to tell you that she took two suitcases and left."

"Thanks a lot," Mason said. "Do you know whether she drove off in her car or whether she took a taxicab?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you that. I just happened to see her coming out of the elevator with these two suitcases. They were too heavy for her to carry both at once, so she took them out one at a time. I guess that must mean she went somewhere in her own car. If she had gone in a cab, the cab driver would have picked up one of the suitcases."

Mason said, "Do me one more favor. Does she pay her rent by check or with cash?"

"By check."

"And do you remember the bank?"

She said, "There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you that, I guess. Her account is in the neighborhood bank right around the corner. It caters to office workers and stays open until seven-thirty every night except Saturday."

"You say it's around the corner?"

"Go to the right as you leave the apartment, turn right again at the first corner and it's midway in the block."

"Thanks a lot," Mason said.

He and Della Street left the apartment and went to the bank.

"I want to talk with the manager," Perry Mason said. "It's a matter of some importance. My name is Perry Mason, I'm a lawyer, and ——"

"Oh, yes. Just a minute. If you'll step right this way, please, and wait for just a few minutes."

Mason followed the young woman into an office, waited about two minutes and was then introduced to the manager of the bank as he came bustling in.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Mason?" the manager asked.

Mason said, "This is perhaps a little irregular, but I can assure you that it's highly important. I want to know something about the status of Madge Elwood's account."

The manager shook his head. "I'm sorry. We can't give out any information of that sort."

Mason said, "I'm very much concerned because I have reason to believe she cashed a check this afternoon, and I think the check may have been a forgery."

"Well, of course, that's different," the manager said. "We're always interested in detecting forgeries."

"If you'll consult your records," Mason said, "I think you'll find that the check she cashed this afternoon is worthless. I'd like to get in touch with her before she draws on the account."

"Just a moment," the manager said, his voice showing great concern. "You wait right here, Mr. Mason."

When the manager had left, Della Street glanced quizzically at the lawyer. "What makes you think she cashed a check this afternoon?"

"If she's going some place she needs cash," Mason said.

"Then why wouldn't she simply make a withdrawal from her account?"

"She would. In that case the bank manager will let us know, either by telling us so or else by inadvertently letting the cat out of the bag. He'll come back and say, 'You're mistaken, Mr. Mason. She didn't deposit any check. The only check which went through her account this afternoon was her own check.'"

Della Street nodded.

"On the other hand," Mason said, "if someone has financed her flight, there's just a chance we'll find out who that someone is."

Della Street thought the situation over and smiled. "It's what you call a daring approach and a direct approach."

"Those approaches sometimes pay off," Mason said. "Bear in mind that in this case we're dealing with a branch bank that caters to payroll deposits. It probably has no very large transactions, and the manager would be particularly embarrassed if he sustained any loss through a forgery. He ——" Mason broke off abruptly as the manager, looking very disturbed, re-entered the office.

"Mr. Mason," he said, "this is highly unusual and highly irregular. Can you tell me what makes you believe that the check was forged?"

"Frankly, I cannot," Mason said. "I have reason to believe, however, that she, in all innocence, may have cashed a check which was a forgery. If there was such a deposit, I suggest you take steps to verify the transaction."

The manager said, "Just a minute." He once more left the office, then came back and seated himself at the desk. His face very plainly showed worry.

TO BE CONTINUED

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

A wife who's always on a soapbox is never on a pedestal.

Standing committees are the best kind. When they sit down, they get nowhere.

The trouble with being punctual is that people think you have nothing important to do.

You can usually tell by a woman's clothes how much she thinks her husband should be making.

If possession is nine points of the law, daughters obviously own the bathrooms.

The latest trouble with Sunday traffic is that you can't avoid it any day of the week.

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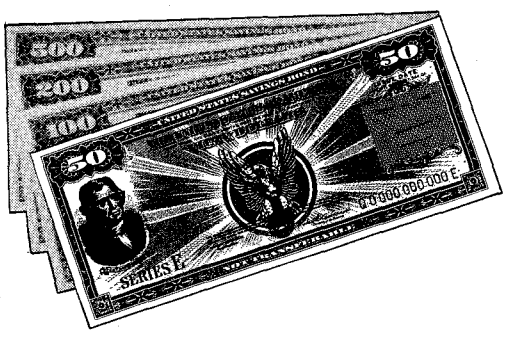

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My Father F. D. R. (Continued from Page 17)

strong sense of history which he liked to share with his children; second, he needed help in walking and preferred on this particular occasion to be assisted by a member of his family.

It would be putting it mildly to state that Mr. Hoover was not happy with father. It was obvious that he had taken his defeat as a personal humiliation. Perhaps he remembered World War I days in Washington when he was the Food Administrator and father, then the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was one of his admirers. In those days father considered him good Democratic Presidential material—Mr. Hoover had not come out yet as a Republican—and even wrote a mutual friend: "He is certainly a wonder, and I wish we could make him President. . . . There could not be a better one."

In any event the outgoing President had made repeated attempts to involve father in sharing responsibilities for the country's deteriorating economy, and father for obvious reasons had sidestepped, though he did attend one pre-inauguration fiscal conference at the White House.

All this did not tend to create a congenial atmosphere on the afternoon father, mother, my wife and I paid our courtesy call. We made our way to the Green Room, tea things were brought in, and Mrs. Hoover, an extremely gracious lady, appeared.

Then we sat. To the best of my recollection, fully thirty minutes went by. It seemed even longer. Father was imperturbable and betrayed no irritation. It was easy to see, however, that he did not like it.

At last President Hoover made his entrance. To father's astonishment—for there had been no hint that this would be anything but a social call—he was accompanied by the outgoing Secretary of the Treasury, the late Ogden Mills, father's conservative Dutchess County neighbor and one of the principal architects of the fiscal policies to which father did not intend to be pinned. It was an obvious eleventh-hour attempt, on Mr. Hoover's last full day in the White House, to involve father in some sort of footless contact with the subject he was determined to avoid.

I sat there fascinated as father gave me one of my earliest lessons in how to avoid political booby traps. As soon as Mr. Hoover made reference to the fact that Secretary Mills had been invited because his presence might be helpful, father cut in firmly, but politely, and observed that he certainly would not presume to bring up any serious discussions on this purely social occasion; that, before he would undertake to discuss any fiscal matters, he would want his own advisers with him.

That pretty much broke up the party. We downed our tea, mother and Mrs. Hoover made desultory conversation, and then it was time to go.

At this point father attempted to make a graceful gesture. "Mr. President," he remarked, "as you know, it is rather difficult for me to move in a hurry. It takes me a little while to get up, and I know how busy you must be, sir, so please don't wait for me."

Mr. Hoover just stood up, looked at father bleakly, and said in his low monotone, "Mr. Roosevelt, after you have been President for a while, you will learn that the President of the United States waits for no one." With that, and with no amenities, he strode from the room, Ogden Mills behind him. Mrs. Hoover looked embarrassed; she shook hands all around and then she left, too, leaving the prospective "new tenants" on their own to make their departure.

Father was not so much angry as he was appalled. As for my feelings—well, I was young at the time, and my good friend Grace Tully, father's private secretary, has recorded that father told her, "Jimmy wanted to punch him in the nose." I certainly would not claim that my own father had misquoted me.

My earliest memories of father go back to the prepolio years when he was the very embodiment of physical vigor, a romping, racing, tireless playmate to his children. My first vivid recollection is of father as a man of tremendous strength. I was about six years old, and we were living in Washington, where father was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. We had

Author James Roosevelt, whose two previous marriages ended in divorce, with his present wife, Irene, and their adopted son, Delano, at their home in Bethesda, Md. James, 51, is a congressman from California.

an automobile—a Marmon—and one of my favorite pastimes was to sit at the wheel of the parked car and pretend that I was driving. Because of pneumonia, later followed by a heart murmur, that I had contracted as an infant, I was not a strong child. I always had blamed the pneumonia on the fact that mother, a fiend for fresh air, used to hang me outside the bedroom of our New York town house in a homemade window box, but mother insists it was because I would not—or could not—eat properly. In any event, I could not push in the clutch pedal, not even if I cheated and pushed on it with both feet. When I rode next to father and saw how he dominated the clutch with no effort at all, I can recall my exalted, little boy's feeling that my father must be the strongest man in the world.

My sister and my three brothers also have their own revealing first images of father. Anna (Sis)—first-born of the five of us—has told me her earliest recollection goes back to when he was a rambunctious young state senator in Albany and she had been given permission by him to sit—"but quietly!"—in our living room while father plotted strategy with his political lieutenants in a hot anti-Tammany battle. All the politicians were puffing cigars, except father, who smoked a pipe in those days. Suddenly Sis had to run from the parlor to avoid being asphyxiated by the cigar smoke, and from that time on politics really was synonymous in her mind with a "smoke-filled room." Many times have I heard Anna's story supported by our magnificent though occasionally overpowering grandmother, Sara Delano Roosevelt. She would recall with queenly distaste the "horrid, blue tobacco smoke" that, as granny told it, was so thick it seeped right through the ceiling, so that the nursery just above had to be moved elsewhere to preserve baby Elliott (Bunny) from nicotinic poisoning.

Elliott's earliest memory is of seeing father give me the first and only spanking I ever remember receiving from him and thinking how "dreadfully cruel" it was—Bunny really is notoriously tender-hearted—for father "to use the bristle side of the hairbrush on Jimmy's backside." On the other hand, Johnny, the youngest, remembers father's unfailing compassion whenever one of the children was in trouble—"we would go and cry on his shoulder, and pa would melt."

The memory that stays with Franklin Jr. (Brud) is of a scene that I, too, never shall forget—standing on the porch at Campobello, watching father being carried out on a stretcher, and recalling how he tried to wipe away the scare of it by smiling wonderfully at us and cheerily singing out, "I'll be seeing you chicks soon!"

It has been no easy thing to grow up in the limelight. Ever since I can remember, people have been asking questions or reporters have been writing about the doings of the five restless, tempestuous Roosevelt kids.

One of the most frequently asked questions is: What was it really like to have Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt as parents? The simple truth is this: If you strip away the circumstances that father was President, a maker and molder of history, and that mother became a sort of roving one-woman task force for social reform and international good will, we Roosevelts were a family with human problems not much different from those of any average family. We had the same yearnings, frustrations and exasperations. Father and mother had the same high hopes and ambitions for us and experienced the same pride—and the same disappointments—as any parents.

By the rulebooks, pa certainly had some shortcomings as a father. These were things forced upon him by a variety of circumstances—his own rather rarefied upbringing and education, never far from the supervision of an overadoring mother; the cruel handicap that crippled him at the peak of his physical vigor, and the exhausting obligations of the Presidency. He should have been a lot tougher with all of us. He should have whaled the daylights out of us many times; he should have put us—and kept us—in the doghouse for some of the dreadful things we did after we got too big to spank; he should have counseled us more instead of leaving us free to steer our own courses, and, above all, he should have tried harder to make us realize that there is a certain number of pennies to every dollar and that dollars do not grow without limit on family trees—even if you are a Delano and a Roosevelt.

Yet, in lieu of these things we did not get from him, he had other superlative parental qualities. He gave us love: in our own headstrong, often rebellious, thoughtless ways every one of us adored him. We wanted his love and respect; we not only loved him but we liked him—a form of affection harder to come by.

He—and mother, too—gave us the priceless security of their loyalty. I would be a fool to argue that none of us ever did anything which did not bring father pain and occasionally shame. Though our exploits often were exaggerated, there were times when a less tolerant and loving father would have shown some of us the door and suggested that we please just go away and not complicate his tremendously important life any further. Elliott, Anna and I were divorced while he was in the White House. Anna and Elliott, respectively, worked briefly for newspaper and radio chains which fought father, and Elliott criticized father's administration on the air. My business activities—though I opened my books and defended every allegation against me—came under criticism, as did some of Elliott's financial transactions. Elliott had fist fights; Franklin Jr. was ticketed for speeding and on at least one occasion smashed a press camera. Johnny—though he always inisisted the incident was greatly overmagnified—was accused of dumping a bottle of champagne on a French mayor's head.

But always when we were in trouble pa stood by us. With him we never were presumed to be guilty until proved innocent.

There were times when father—the President of the United States—publicly came to our defense, though it was to his political detriment to do so. Never to my knowledge did he complain to anyone about what we were doing "to him."

Looking back on it all, I would not swap the tiniest part of the great humanity which father gave us for all the rulebook upbringing in the world.

At heart father was as tradition-loving as any Daughter of the American Revolution—even though he once jolted that august society by reminding it that "you and I . . . are descended from immigrants and revolutionists." The difference was that pa mixed his reverence with irreverence. He refused to be stuffy about his ancestors—the Roosevelts and Delanos (originally de la Noyes)—who came to this country in the 1600's.

When he was around anyone who took the ancestor business too seriously—granny, for instance—he loved to whack away with devastating slashes that let some of the sap run out of the family tree. Sometimes when "important people" were dining at Hyde Park, I've heard him spin outrageous stories about ancestors who he claimed were drunks, horse thieves or worse. Poor granny, for whose benefit he was concocting these

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slanders, would fairly throb with indignation—sometimes she even stalked from the table. Yet, when I was one of his White House secretaries during his second term, if someone wrote a letter requesting information on some ancient or obscure Roosevelt or Delano, I always knew who would have the answer on the top of his head—pa.

To me, father's outstanding personal triumph was not merely his place in history or that he was the only four-term President. It is the fact that he rose above his unworldly, overprotected background and became the great humanist he was.

The environment that father had to surmount was the Hudson River, patroon-descended aristocracy and all that went with it—pony carts, English and German governesses at Hyde Park, summers of sailing at Campobello, eight trips to Europe before he was fifteen, and very proper schooling at Groton and Harvard. His elderly father, James Roosevelt, a widower when he married Sara Delano, was a muttonchopped country squire who might have sprung straight from the pages of Dickens. His indomitable mother—half her husband's age—all but smothered her only child with care and coddling. Even when he became President she still deluged him with incredible bits of gratuitous advice—she would remind him to wear his rubbers when it rained, write him to "keep yourself in order and your blood cool in going through strange climates," advise him what and what not to eat and drink, and pass disparaging remarks about his political associates. Father loved his mother dearly, but I firmly believe that his great reluctance as a parent to advise his own children or to interfere in their lives in any way was an instinctive reaction against his mother's lifelong attempts to envelop him.

Before father and mother moved into the White House, we Roosevelts resided—or visited—in so many places that in my growing-up years I sometimes felt as if I were a white-collar gypsy. We seemed constantly on the move between New York, Albany, Washington, Hyde Park, Campobello, Warm Springs and other places.

My first residence was the New York City town house on then fashionable East 36th Street—hand-picked for my parents by granny—in which I was born two days before Christmas of 1907. Mother frequently has told me—a fact echoed in her autobiography—how happy she was to see me, as not only father but granny were getting impatient for a male child to name after Grandfather James.

Actually there was a bit of tradition-flouting, going back to father's birth, in the fact that I became James, rather than Isaac, Roosevelt. There had been a long-standing custom in the Roosevelt family of alternately bestowing the names Isaac and James on the first-born son of each generation. My Grandfather James was the son of Great-Grandfather Isaac, but when his son by his first marriage—father's little-known older half brother—was born, he broke the chain by calling him James Roosevelt Roosevelt.

When father came along, grandfather was all set to square himself with tradition by calling him Isaac. Granny, however, detested "Isaac" and was determined her son would bear a really distinguished name. So father became Franklin Delano Roosevelt, after one of granny's favorite uncles.

In due course, when I was born, the family blithely reverted to James on the convenient theory that it was father, not I, who should have been tagged Isaac. My main regret about the whole thing is that, had tradition been respected, there would have been an "Ike"—Ike Roosevelt!—in the White House long before the advent of a certain military man.

All I know about the house in which I was born is what mother has told me of her "curious arrangement" for airing "the chicks," as we were called, in the city. Mother had come under the sway of the three health principles to which granny was passionately dedicated—fresh air, castor oil and wholesome home-grown food, all to be absorbed in enormous quantities. To read some of the early Roosevelt family correspondence, it would seem that we always were being stuffed with food, flushed with castor oil and exposed to the elements. In any event, when Anna and I were infants, Mother dreamed up some sort of chicken-wire, boxlike contraption to hang out of a window, and in it she periodically deposited us (separately) for airings. Anna, awakening one morning in the chicken-wire box and liking it not at all, screamed so violently that an irate neighbor threatened to

(*Continued on Page 97*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I don't really need a haircut. I just want to see how they handle this situation."

ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

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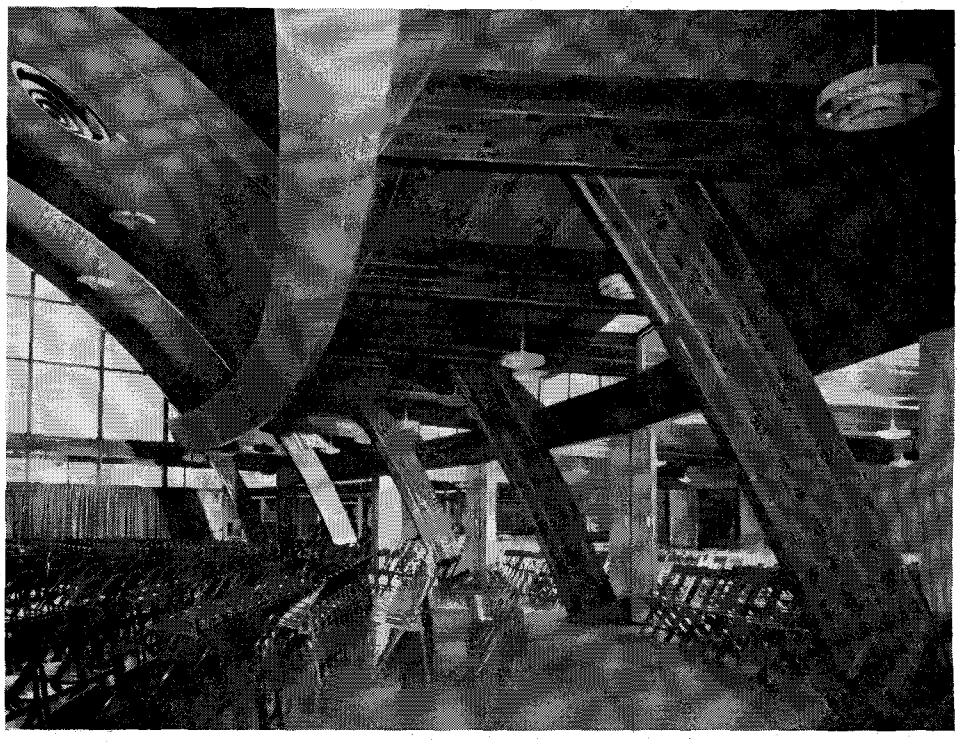

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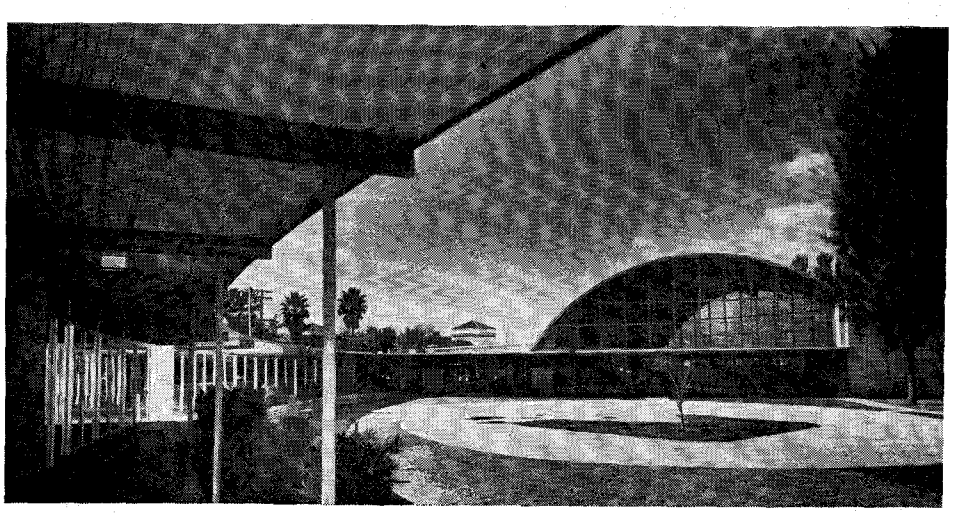

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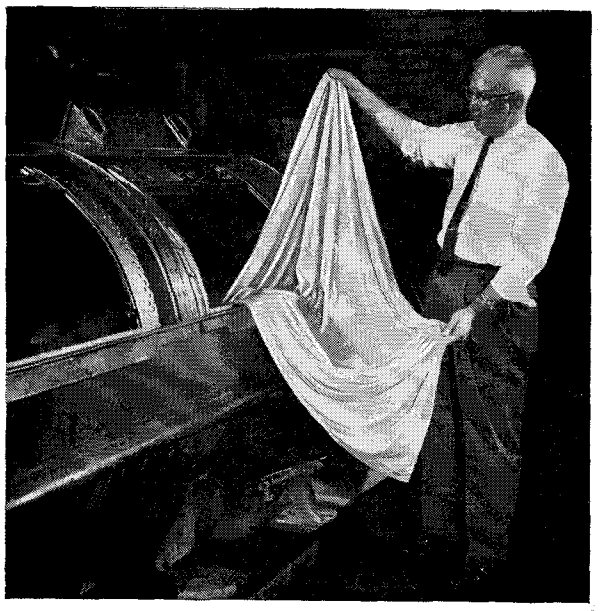

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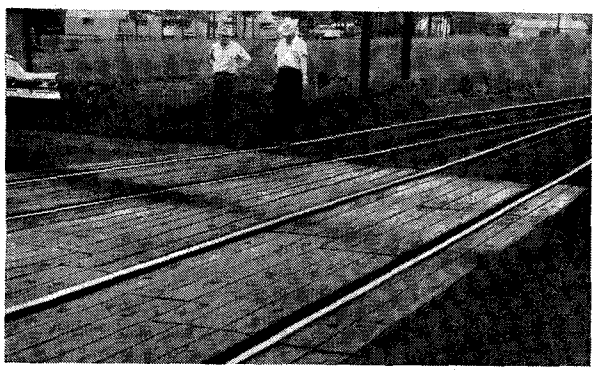

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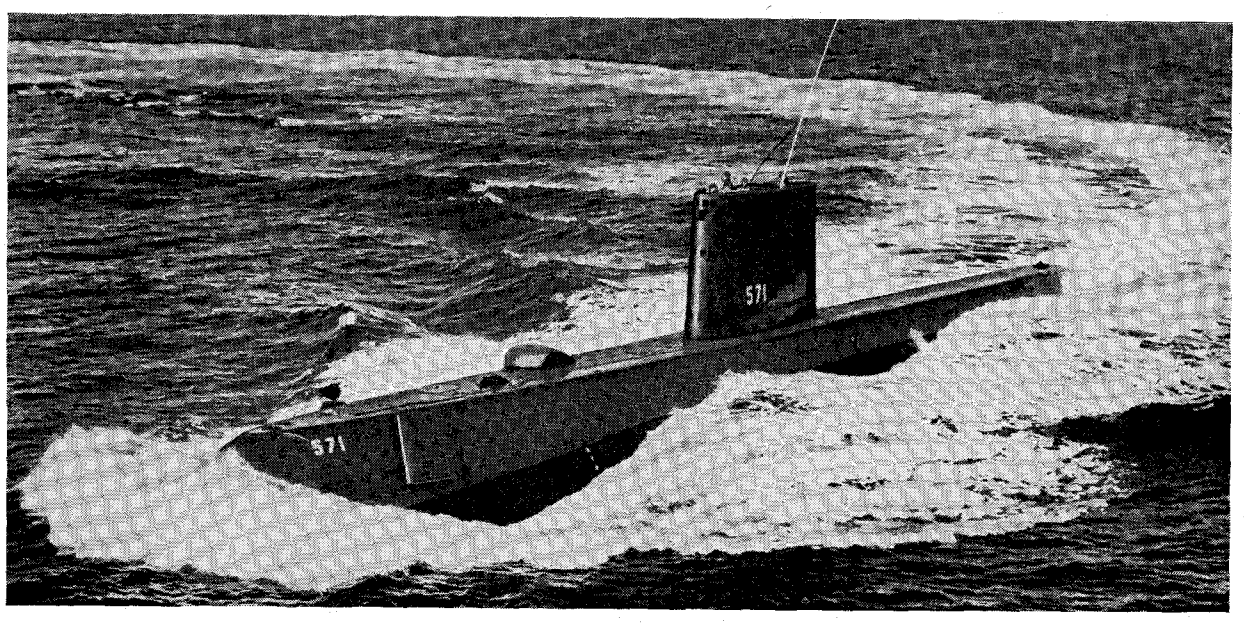

Koppers Piston Rings help power nuclear submarines

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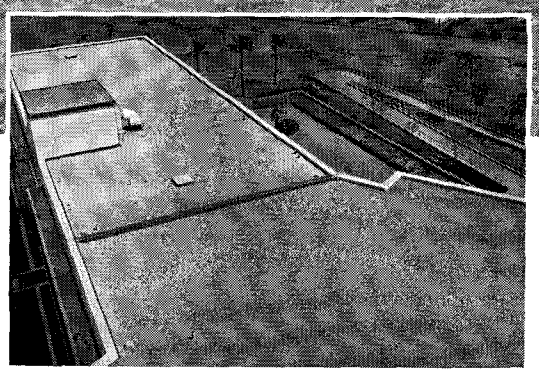

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(*Continued from Page 94*) report mother to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. That put an end to the chicken-cage airings.

As mother has observed, during the first ten years of her married life she "was always just getting over a baby or about to have one." Our first little house was speedily outgrown, so granny, always the aggressively bountiful provider, set to work to build us a new town house at 49 East 65th Street. While she was at it, she constructed herself an adjoining residence, with connecting passages, so we really could be all together. Father, who always enjoyed building anything, joined enthusiastically in the planning. Mother, who liked neither the house nor the idea of all that propinquity, unhappily withdrew from the whole affair.

The adjoining houses remained in the family until after Sara Delano Roosevelt's death in 1941. Our portion was the scene of some lively escapades. Anna and I were specialists in dropping water bombs—paper bags filled with water—on the heads of approaching callers; all of us were skilled in concocting stink bombs, and Elliott and Johnny once tested a new air rifle, quite accurately and effectively, against the horribly expensive stained-glass windows of our neighbor, a Mrs. Laidlaw. For a high-strung person with a potentially volatile temper, father was remarkably patient and controlled. However, those early boisterous years provoked him to occasional explosions, which in turn kept poor mother—in those days almost obsessively shy, timid and eager to please everyone—fluttering about nervously in her efforts to keep us reasonably subdued.

Of all the places in which I lived as a boy and later as an adolescent and a young man, grandmother's estate—father's birthplace—at Hyde Park was the spot that was really "home." My happiest, most carefree memories of childhood and of father, who loved Hyde Park better than any other place in the world, all were centered there upon the old-fashioned gray-stucco, white-trimmed mansion on the green brow overlooking the beautiful Hudson.

Hyde Park was the refuge to which father would come during the abrasive wartime years to recharge his tired body and spirit. It worked a sort of magic on him, and he would return to Washington with his energies restored. He came there for the last time—to be buried—on April 15, 1945. His body now rests under a simple monument in the garden where grandmother loved to tend her roses. The home itself has become a national historic site.

At Hyde Park all of us had rooms that really were "ours." Mine was the room that once had been father's. I slept in the same brass bed he had used as a boy. In his closet and in his antique maple chest I would leave, year-round, my most precious possessions—a favorite sweater, a woolen stocking cap, my baseball glove, my ice skates, a book which once had been father's—so these things would be there for me when I came to visit. It was in this room that I, a tall, skinny boy of ten or eleven, was awakened one night by a fearless and suddenly stern father, who appeared with his shotgun—there had been a local epidemic of burglaries—to sit by the open front window till dawn and wait for a marauder who never came.

In the wintertime there was ice skating and hockey on the pond, and coasting down the long hill leading to the river. Father was like a kid himself on these sledding expeditions, chasing us, after every slide, back up the hilly road at a pace so fast our lungs would ache with the hurt of the cold air. Spills, sprains and bruises were frequent, but it was part of the code that no one—father included—gave anyone else the slightest sympathy.

In the summers father taught us to swim in the pond on an adjoining estate. Pa's method was pretty basic—he tied one end of a rope to a strong pole, hitched the other end around our waists and threw us in the pond. After swallowing a certain amount of water and flailing about while pa dangled us like minnows from his pole, we discovered it really was possible to stay afloat. Of course, if we remained under for any length of time which father regarded as excessive, he would yank us up for air. It was a wretched way to teach anyone to swim, but it was the way father had learned and the way he was going to teach us.

Riding was another popular diversion. Father, an incorrigible practical joker, had gone to great lengths to teach his favorite horse, Bobby, some disconcerting tricks. He trained him so that on certain stretches of terrain no amount of whipping or spurring could induce him to execute anything more than a slow walk. Coming to another spot, however, Bobby, with no urging, would break suddenly into a wild gallop. Ever so innocently father would invite unsuspecting guests to ride "my favorite mount." Inevitably they would return—usually on foot—with their confidence badly shaken. Even poor mother was duped one day when Bobby ran away with her at father's secret spot. All of us still tell mother she was traumatized by father's horse, and I believe she still blames Bobby for the fact that she never has been at home in the saddle.

At Hyde Park I became aware that, in so far as lines of authority were concerned, ours was no ordinary family. This was granny's home, and we all knew it. She laid down the rules, and all of us—even father and mother—accepted them. We "chicks" quickly learned that the best way to circumvent pa and mummy when we wanted something they wouldn't give us was to appeal to granny.

In matters involving public issues and personalities, father permitted no interference by his mother. When she undertook to "advise" him on affairs of state—and it was as natural as breathing for her to attempt to do so—he either ignored her or, if she persisted, shut her up sharply. When he said, "Mama, I don't want to hear any more about that!" the discussion was closed.

However, on family matters, granny's ace in the hole was the fact that she held the purse strings. For years she squeezed all of us—father included—in this golden loop.

What many persons do not realize is that father was not a rich man; in fact, for a long period he was extremely strapped—particularly when he was pouring his own funds into the development of Warm Springs as a place where polio victims, such as he, might fight their way back to health and usefulness. He and mother had some inherited income of their own, and, of course, father earned a good deal of money. But under the terms of grandfather's will the bulk of the estate was controlled by granny—and how well she knew it! Father himself, conditioned since childhood to an expensive standard of living, grew up largely dependent on his mother—a circumstance which I am convinced drove him into some of the wilder business ventures of his middle years.

I do not want to give the impression that father was just a guest at Hyde Park or that he accepted granny's orders supinely. She paid the bills, but he planned and directed the operation of the place—except when he came up against granny on some point on which she would not yield. For instance, he tried for years to persuade her to curtail our ridiculously large dairy herd, arguing that one could import champagne and caviar for what it cost to produce the Roosevelt milk and butter. Granny told him with a finality that brooked no further argument that Grandpapa James had started the dairy, and that Roosevelts always had produced their own *safe* milk and butter. Inevitably she closed the discussion with the dictum: "And so long as I am alive, Franklin, it is a matter of no consequence to me whether the cows make money or not." And that's the way it was.

Father also lost a debate with granny over my earliest venture at earning money by raising vegetables at Hyde Park. Her idea of teaching me self-sufficiency was to provide the land and the seeds, then purchase my crop at prices 50 per cent above what the market was bringing. Father contended with some asperity that it was unrealistic to pay me 150 per cent of parity, but all he got was a hurt response that surely "dear James" should be encouraged in his commendable display of initiative. Needless to say, I sided with granny.

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All through our lives, imperious, lovable, well-meaning, overgenerous granny gave father and mother a bad time in regard to spoiling the children. It was granny—not our parents—who took us on our first trips to Europe. When we wrecked or ruined our automobiles and father put his foot down about replacing them, a sob story to granny would bring us a new car for Christmas—and undo all parental discipline. When the younger boys, Franklin and Johnny, were deprived of their pony for some outrageous misbehavior, it was granny who presented them with two horses. Father fumed and sometimes had words with his mother. But never did he say firmly to us: "You are *my* children, and *I* am going to say what you may or may not have!" Thus all of us became accustomed to getting pretty much what we wanted and when we wanted it, without having to earn it or without learning that we could live without it. It was a jolt when granny no longer was around to provide it for us.

Christmases were especially wonderful times at Hyde Park. How I and the younger children would thrill at father's hearthside reading of Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. I still can almost hear his clear, familiar voice, soaring into the higher registers as he piped the lines of Tiny Tim, and quavering into a snarly distortion for mean old Scrooge.

One Christmas, at an enormous family dinner which called for two turkeys, there was a carving contest between father and me. Both of us had been taught at Groton, as part of the proper education of a gentleman, the art of carving a fowl. Over the years, however, father had added a sort of Rooseveltian-Dutch-economy twist to his technique: he sliced his white meat so thin that, as he boasted, "you can almost read through it!" I was to serve one end of the table, father the other, and the contest was to determine who could carve and serve the quickest and still have some meat left on the carcass. Pa beat me hands down on the speed element, but he was so stingy with his portions that the customers at his end had eaten and were sending their plates back for more while I was still serving. My plodding liberality balanced off his speedy conservatism, and we argued for years over who had won the contest.

Another Hyde Park Christmas custom was the tree-trimming ceremony. Though fear of fire was father's only physical phobia, he adhered to tradition by insisting on placing candles instead of electric bulbs. As a fire guard, he equipped himself with a bucket of water and a large sponge tied to the end of a cane, so he could instantly douse any vagrant sparks.

Before polio, father—a perfectionist—placed each candle himself, and there would be much loud-voiced, joyous bickering among all of us as to the artistic merits of his creation. After polio, he could place the candles on only the lower limbs. Even when I became a grown man with children of my own, it sometimes would hit me like a blow in the stomach to see pa sitting there in his wheel chair, unable to reach the higher branches.

Next week Mr. Roosevelt tells why F.D.R. was "the world's worst disciplinarian" and how the children were taught the "facts of life." —The Editors

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Hunting the Invisible Killers

(Continued from Page 30)

that it is, on finding its way past our antibody defenses and thence into some susceptible cell where it literally borrows the life it needs to perpetuate its kind.

To cope with the virus in the cell is quite a different problem. The old microbe hunter could rely pretty much on his microscope, cell stains and cultures of lifeless jellies and broths to reveal his quarry. The virus hunter, on the other hand, needs to know physics—how to operate a towering electron microscope and how to uranium-plate a virus so that the big scope will show it. He needs to know blood chemistry, cell chemistry, the techniques of microbiological quantitation, and preferably genetics, for viruses sometimes behave like genes. Above all, he must be able to cultivate and count his viruses in test tubes containing living, growing cells obtained from animal or man.

The virologist, we see, is like every other specialist in modern science: "A man who knows more and more about less and less . . ." But the rest of the well-worn quip doesn't seem to fit, ". . . until he knows everything about nothing." Today's virologist is learning an incredible lot about an incredible little. What he is learning about this little thing called a virus will make a great difference in our day-to-day health.

For an example we can take the common cold. It is not only the world's most common disease but it encompasses the uncommonly complicated problems that the virus tracker must solve.

The health problem, of course, is as obvious as a running nose. A little arithmetic demonstrates its size. Most medical authorities would agree that, on the average, we have about three colds a year. Some "never have a cold." But small children have five times as many as adults. All told, the estimate for colds plus kindred kinds of infections of the upper breathing passages comes to a total of 600,000,000 a year in the United States.

There always has been debate about what a cold is or is not. To most of us it means a head cold and its attendant discomforts—a nasal drip, a chilly feeling, sneezing, coughing, nose blowing, a thick, stupid feeling and a desire to lay down our load. Yet, confusingly enough, we also have sinus colds, sore throats, laryngitis, ear infections, eye infections, croup in children, bronchial colds, chest colds, summer colds, grippe and intestinal flu. Some would separate the common cold from any other respiratory infection that produces fever. Yet the distinction is not clear, because often the temperature does rise a degree or so with an ordinary head cold.

Modern researchers conceive the common cold as not one disease or another, but a complex of infections characterized by a sudden, temporary alteration in the function of the mucous membranes lining the nose, sinuses, ears, eyelids, throat and air passages into the lungs. At one place or another the membranes become inflamed and swollen and discharge abnormal amounts of mucus.

Apparently any kind of physical or psychological stress can lower the body's usual resistance to cold infections. Various fascinating experiments have been performed to show that sitting in a draft or getting one's feet wet does not necessarily lead to a cold, even in cold weather. But the results are still debatable, for freezing weather is certainly one form of stress, and winter is the time we have most of our colds. There are these subtleties in the problem of understanding colds. For instance, people commonly feel chilly when "taking cold," but it is actually hard to say whether they are catching a cold because they feel chilly or feel chilly because they are catching a cold.

Viruses cause colds. German and American scientists established this fact as early as 1914 and 1916. It since has been verified by, among other things, the fact that the antibiotics, generally effective against bacterial diseases such as pneumonia, have no effect on colds.

Recent research has shown that some cold viruses compare with those of influenza in size—about four one-millionths of an inch in diameter. Possibly others may be almost as small as the polio virus—one one-millionth of an inch across.

Viruses cause colds—but which viruses? This is the crux of the matter that faces virology in seeking a vaccine that will prevent any substantial number of colds.

Some top-notch microbiologists have had a crack at the problem over the years. Dr. Alphonse R. Dochez and his Columbia University group spent the better part of ten years on it. His first success was his most lasting one. In 1930 Dochez transmitted human colds to chimpanzees, the only animal apparently susceptible to a man-sized cold in the head. At today's prices—about $700—an ape is hardly a suitable guinea pig, however.

The following year Dochez filtered a cold virus that survived for a time in an early form of tissue culture. But it died out and was lost to further research. Cold viruses in nature often fail and fade away in this manner. In isolated communities colds may be epidemic for a time following contact with the outer world and then again become scarce until there is fresh exposure from outside.

With the 1931 introduction of the Goodpasture technique of cultivating viruses in hatching eggs, there was new hope that the cause of the common cold could be cornered and tamed. Flu viruses flourish in chick embryos. From time to time between 1936 and 1950, medical scientists heard the research equivalent of a "trail bark" or even a "tree bark"—thrilling sounds that require no interpretation to hunters to hounds. In each case, however, the hunter lost track of his ultramicroscopic will-o'-the-wisp. The virus could not be dried or frozen and mailed from one laboratory to another for contemplation by other scientists.

In view of all these past failures to master the cause, there is admittedly some reason for a sense of futility about the common cold, a feeling captured very early by the model physician, Sir William Osler: "There is just one way to treat a cold, and that's with contempt."

Many doctors shook their heads over the excitement several years ago about antihistaminics and sourly remarked that band-wagon jumpers who were saying good-by to the common cold would soon be saying hello again. And so they did. Paradoxically, recent pessimism has stemmed not so much from lack of progress but from the confusingly rapid expansion of virus knowledge since 1948.

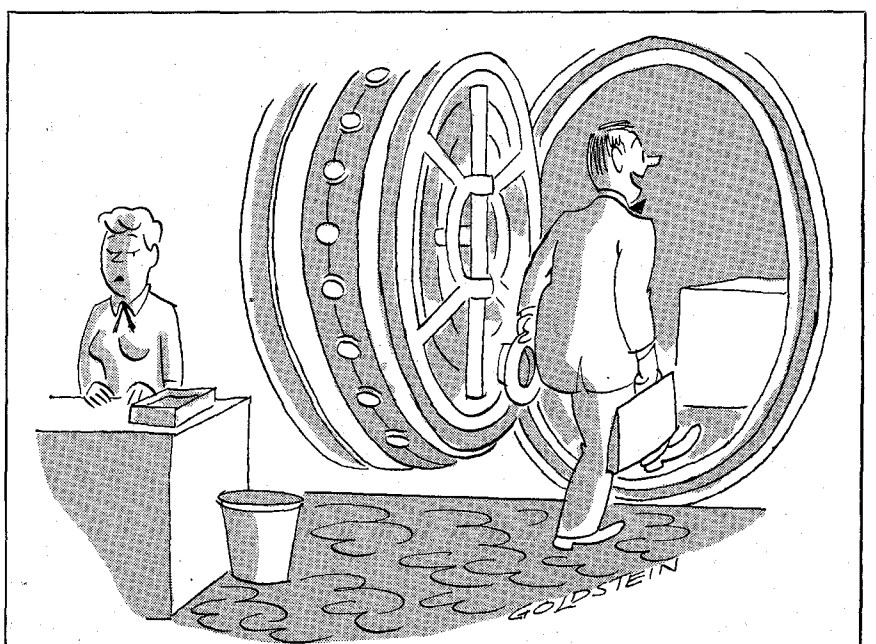
That was the year John F. Enders, Harvard's "green thumb" virus culturist, and his young men found a practical method for test-tube culture and ready detection of polio viruses. Soon virologists began uncovering strange viruses by the dozens and scores in their tissue cultures, all laced with penicillin to keep out the bacteria.

Enders' laboratory discovered the first of the so-called ECHO viruses in 1951. At last count there were twenty-five of these, all sufficiently different to produce different antibodies in the blood. Those most recently found, those numbered above "20," definitely cause some head colds.

ECHO stands for "Enteric Cytopathogenic Human Orphans," meaning that these viruses were found in the human intestine, destroyed living cells, and were not known to cause disease—"orphan viruses in search of a disease," some whimsically called them. Actually it was the virus hunters who were searching. The ECHO viruses were already causing disease. During the fall of 1958 the type known as ECHO-9 was a popular number, but not with its dragging victims, some of whom thought they might have polio.

To be precise, another large group of "new" viruses already had been discovered by Dr. Gilbert Dalldorf in 1948, at about the same time Enders' laboratory was scoring its tissue-culture breakthrough. Dalldorf, now the National Foundation's research director, was then laboratory director for the New York State Health Department in Albany. From two boys in the Hudson River Valley village of Coxsackie (population: 2722), both thought to have paralytic polio, Dalldorf isolated quite a different virus. Though later many of the Coxsackie viruses were shown to be adaptable to tissue cultures, he made his discovery by injecting his samples in baby mice. They weakened, moved in circles, became paralyzed and died in a day's time. The virus did not faze adult mice.

Two groups and twenty-four types of Coxsackie viruses have been counted.



"Mr. Kilburn, you certainly are a hard man to see."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Certain ones cause what used to be called "nonparalytic polio." But now, if the polio virus can be excluded and the Coxsackie or sometimes an ECHO virus implicated, doctors usually call the disease aseptic meningitis—a meningitis not caused by meningococcus bacteria but by a virus. Complicating the anticipated conquest of polio, a few cases of "paralytic polio" also have been shown to follow Coxsackie infection. On the other hand, Coxsackie viruses are responsible for many grippelike or coldlike infections as are the ECHO's too.

So today, instead of one possible explanation for "colds," we have many—each a new virus. The Laboratory of Infectious Diseases of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in Bethesda—it can be properly described as a world center of common-cold research—has classified three different families of viruses living in tonsils alone. Some of these viruses can be found in the adenoids of nine out of ten children at one time or another during the year!

Dr. Robert J. Huebner, chief of the laboratory and one of the "new virus" hunters, appraises the situation thus: "In recent years the isolation of a new viral agent has gradually been reduced from an exciting technical feat of high order to an almost exasperatingly commonplace occurrence." In 1957 Huebner said it was "possible to speak glibly of at least fifty new viruses of man." In early 1958 he raised the count to seventy and then, within a few months, put it at eighty. His crack research team had just uncovered two new "myxo" or mucus-producing viruses related to those of flu but, more significantly, a source of many head colds. These were over and beyond some twenty-four new adenoviruses, Heubner's major claim to fame.

Huebner, forty-five years old, calls himself a general practitioner of virus research, and as such is a good example of the typical virus hunter who doesn't specialize in a single kind of virus, but moves from one to another as they pop up in epidemics or tissue cultures. He is a big, muscular man with a square head, low hairline and nose as crooked and precipitous as an Adirondack ski trail.

Witty as well as perspicacious, Huebner says, "I have made a profession of looking stupid," explaining that he is more interested in finding new facts than in dreaming up theories to explain them. In this new-virus science, theories bear about the same relation to facts as tenpins to bowling balls—theories continually get knocked over.

Huebner divides his time between the two dozen and more viruses he and his colleagues have discovered and his eight children. The Huebners live on a 160-acre Maryland farm in Frederick County, thirty-three miles northwest of Bethesda. They could not afford a farm in rich, nearby Montgomery County on his $14,000 annual salary as a Government scientist.

In 1951 Huebner made the down payment on the farm with a $1000 prize he had won for a Q-fever study, plus unused leave pay saved up from military service. During their first summer on the farm, shortly before Berdine Huebner had their seventh child, the barn burned while Huebner was in Texas investigating an epidemic of virus infection known as pleurodynia, or "devil's grippe." (A muscular rheumatism of the chest, devil's grippe often provokes its victims to cry, "I can't breathe.")

After rebuilding the barn, the Huebners found themselves mortgaged for more than the farm was worth. Otherwise, with the calm, comely and competent Mrs. Huebner operating the tractor between having babies—now aged five to eighteen—and Father Bob helping with the chores before and after his day in the laboratory, the farm has been something of a success as a place both to bring up children and to raise Black Angus cattle. The latter are a means of financing the education of the former.

Huebner arrived at this state of eminence as father, farmer and, as he says, "hardy virus man," by a series of circumstances that should be of great encouragement to boys with natural scientific talent and no money. He was born and brought up in Cheviot, Ohio, near Cincinnati, the eldest of a movie-theater operator's family of nine children. His boyhood habit of working hard, plus his astounding energy, together with some tuition help from an uncle, got him through St. Louis University School of Medicine. Huebner not only worked his way through but had to work his way around the dean, who had a rule against allowing first-year medical students to take jobs; periodically the dean attempted to throw Huebner out for this infraction.

Huebner risked the dean's wrath again in his second year when he met and secretly married Berdine, then a nurse. Somehow this romance escaped the dean's attention, although Huebner became a father before obtaining his medical degree in 1942. Two years later, following service in the Coast Guard, the thirty-year-old Huebner accepted a Public Health Service commission as a regular medical officer.

That same year, 1944, Dr. Richard G. Henderson, thirty-one, died as the result of an accidental infection with scrub typhus. This is not a virus disease, but Henderson's death brought Huebner into virology. He was chosen to succeed Henderson, who had been working in the old Infectious Diseases Laboratory in Bethesda.

There had been a number of such laboratory accidents to Government microbe hunters. The result, in 1947, was a model laboratory in Bethesda for work against dangerous diseases. This new Laboratory of Infectious Diseases is not one laboratory but six, each in a separate wing and completely isolated from the others. Each wing is sealed, air-conditioned and ventilated with a one-way air circulation moving out of the corridors into the workroom and into hoods over the workbenches and on into vents and through filters and sterilizers that return the air outdoors. Always the air moves away from the worker.

It was a noble effort to protect the hunters from the hunted. Some of the more intricate details proved unimportant, but the new laboratory was a great boost to virus research. Some risk still remains, probably because familiarity breeds contempt. In his work Huebner has been accidentally infected with murine typhus, Q fever, pleurodynia and two kinds of adenovirus infection. Luckily for him, all were mild attacks. A good virus hunter needs good luck.

One of the six laboratory wings was assigned for study of the common cold. It isn't that colds are dangerous, but an epidemic-proof laboratory is essential in keeping experimental animals free of cross-infections and unintended immunities. This was one of the laboratory's grand objectives—to find a more suitable laboratory host for the common cold than the chimpanzee.

By the time Huebner became chief of this unit in 1952, the Enders tissue-culture method had solved the host problem. Cold viruses grow fairly well in test-tube cultures of monkey kidney or other living cells. The next problem was establishing a cause-and-effect relationship between

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new viruses and old diseases. Viruses often behave as fellow travelers of the particular type causing an illness, creating some confusion. In the search for scientific truth, guilt by association gets the accuser in trouble.

In 1953 Huebner and Dr. Wallace P. Rowe, a Johns Hopkins medical graduate then only twenty-seven, found a virus of their own. Rowe and Huebner got to wondering about adenoids. Like the nearby tonsils, these lymph-gland tissues in the back of the throat are at the four corners of upper respiratory infection. What kind of tissue cultures would they make?

The scientists chose to collect adenoids snipped from children's throats in Washington hospitals and find out. By the next spring they knew. The adenoid cells grow well in test tubes for the first week or so after being placed in the incubation room. But in three weeks of continuous culture something else happened. More than half the cultures showed cell degeneration. There was complete destruction of cells in another week or ten days. Normal tissue cultures containing no virus just go on growing. What went on? Had these adenoids come to the scientists with viruses already installed? The adenoid tissues had appeared normal; but now, of course, they were no longer served by the blood and antibodies of their original owners.

When Huebner and Rowe had observed an identical cell destruction through seventeen subcultures over a sixty-nine-day period, they were pretty sure they had unmasked a new virus. They went on to show that it met every test for a virus. And indeed it was a hardy virus, for it grew in a wide variety of tissue cultures. But they could not produce a disease with it in various experimental animals—not even a chimp. Some of these animals, particularly rabbits, did show a strong antibody reaction to the virus. This provided them with an immune serum that would neutralize this virus's growth in a fresh adenoid culture.

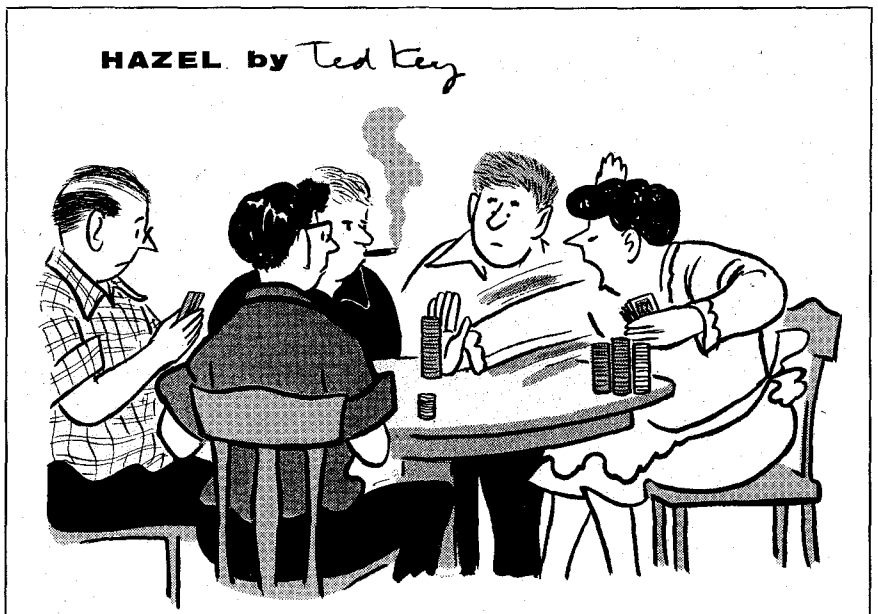
This is how a virologist identifies his new viruses—by matching them with the antibodies they produce. It is a sort of trick of raising himself by his scientific bootstraps. If he can infect an animal with a virus, that animal will produce antibodies against the virus. Now, immune serum from the animal's blood, when mixed with the virus, will prevent it from infecting another animal or a fresh tissue culture. The reaction is ordinarily quite specific—one kind of antibody for each virus.

In the beginning our hardy virus men had an adenoidal virus and no disease to tie it to; but during the summer of 1953 Huebner and one of his helpers, Dr. Janet W. Hartley, developed a conjunctivitis, or eye inflammation, also known as "pinkeye." They isolated an adenovirus, as it eventually was called, from the infected eye in each case. Subsequently this particular adenovirus—Type 3—kept turning up in the hospital staff at the National Institutes of Health Clinical Center and in some of their patients. Commonly they had a fever, inflammation in the upper throat and an eye infection. Finally the Huebner team had a chance to study an outbreak of this feverish kind of cold in an epidemic at a Virginia summer school.

By the end of the year, when they reported their new virus to the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine, they had counted six distinct types, all from infected eyes and some noted in swimming-pool outbreaks. Now Rowe and Huebner found they had competition. Their report was published in the December, 1953, "Proc Soc," as the society's *Proceedings* is called. In January, 1954, Proc Soc published a report from Dr. Maurice R. Hilleman, then at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in Washington, across town from Bethesda. Hilleman and a crack team of women researchers also had isolated a new virus, this one from an epidemic of feverish colds and virus pneumonia in an Army camp.

Now came some trading of specimens, cross-testing and comparison of notes. It became evident that the Huebner and Hilleman teams had been looking at the same kind of adenovirus from different sides of town, except that Hilleman was finding Type 4 mainly, instead of Type 3. Within a couple of years, eighteen adenoviruses for humans and six for animals were counted.

As more facts piled up, it became apparent that adenoviruses are especially troublesome only in three classes of people: (1) children under six, who have at least fifteen times as much adenovirus illness as adults; (2) youths going to boarding schools or summer camps of any kind; and (3) that special class of young adults known as military rookies, or raw recruits.



"You boys crave action."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Men newly arriving in military training camps have a way of taking in each other's microbiological wash. In an eight-week-basic-training program, four of every ten men will have feverish colds, two of the four severely enough to hospitalize them for an average of ten days. This constitutes a tremendous loss of time, a particularly grave cost during war. Adenoviruses are mainly responsible.

Dr. Joseph A. Bell, Huebner's chief epidemiologist and vaccine man, and Hilleman each went ahead and developed and tested a killed type of adenovirus vaccine containing the most prevalent strains. Tests at Great Lakes Naval Training Center, Illinois, and Fort Dix, New Jersey, showed the vaccines were extremely effective in reducing fevers and hospital admissions among recruits. However, such a vaccine is of no great importance to the adult civilian population. Probably no more than 5 per cent of its "colds" and "flus" are caused by adenoviruses. Most people already have adenovirus antibodies in their blood, and these apparently are boosted by repeated exposures. The situation is quite similar to that with polio. Over the years many people become naturally immune to polio through inapparent infection and repeated exposure, with no diagnosable illness.

The current trend in fighting the cold-like and flulike infections is toward development of family-package and tailor-made vaccines—vaccines that could conceivably cover a multitude of virus sins—and toward vaccines made to meet special problems, such as for military recruits or student groups meeting at the virus crossroads for short periods. The underlying problem is economic feasibility, inasmuch as these are nonfatal illnesses. To be practical, a cold vaccine must have wide application.

Huebner and Bell now have turned, with pharmaceutical-company help, to the creation of a multistrength vaccine that will contain from twelve to fifteen viruses causing common respiratory infections. They have found that these dozen or so viruses, including some of the old flu viruses and the new adeno and myxo viruses, account for 40 per cent of cold-like illnesses among children in Washington, D.C. They are proceeding with this small-gauge-shotgun remedy in a befittingly conservative manner, well aware that cold remedies come and go, but the common cold goes on.

The prospect of new and more soundly conceived vaccines is not the only promise of new-virus research. When and if the virus hunters solve the common-cold complex, some point out that they also may have the answers to many questions of susceptibility and resistance to acute and chronic diseases that still baffle science.

Many virologists now believe that there never was and never will be a single explanation for the common cold. The evidence indicates that some of the most dangerous viruses, capable of infecting the brain or paralyzing spinal nerves in some people, merely produce minor colds in others. The same viruses that produce runny noses with fever in some, may produce runny noses without fever in others.

This is the way it looks, but why is this so? Do these presumably unstable, multitype viruses mutate and "change their spots" periodically? Or do the same viruses simply give up the uphill struggle against all the accumulated antibodies in the population and go into hiding for various periods of time, perhaps many years?

There is still another possibility. Related viruses often move through the body at the same time, and sometimes infect the same cells simultaneously. They undergo a chemical mingling, sometimes sufficient to give old antibodies the slip. Thus, these changeling viruses behave as immunological escape artists. Chemists are now working on the possibility of producing a pure chemical combination that would produce an omnibus antibody protective against all viruses.

The astonishing reports from the virus underworld have been a great stimulus to thought in the field of immunology. Immunochemists have yet to see and take apart a single antibody, as virologists have done with a single virus. But they are approaching much closer to this fundamental problem of protein analysis now.

One of the nation's Nobel Prize-winning microbiologists suggests that the most important factor in immunity may be variability of the host, rather than variability of viruses. "But don't quote me," he quickly added, alarmed at his lack of evidence.

What science learns about our defenses against viruses may eventually shed light on the causes of important diseases that as yet have defied analysis. Recently strong arguments and some circumstantial evidence have been advanced that several severely disabling, often-fatal diseases are of virus origin. Hodgkin's disease, leukemia, other types of cancer, multiple sclerosis and ulcerative colitis are examples.

Adding to these speculations, Dr. Jonas Salk suggests that weak backs, abdominal-muscle weakness, high blood pressure and stomach ulcers ultimately may be traced to the accumulated effects of minor damage done to our brain cells and spinal nerves by the long series of virus infections that we have as children. Huebner in turn speaks of possible "human erosion" diseases, an aging and breaking down of tissues in the chronic disabilities of older people, as perhaps the result of earlier floods of virus infections. These are flights of fancy, as Salk stressed, but they take off from the glimpses of the unknown provided by the Virus Age.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the search for factual underpinning is the evidence that viruses can hide in the cells, beyond the virus hunter's present ability to detect them. It is known that a virus sometimes masquerades as a component of the cell itself, even to the point of taking the place of a gene in the cell's nucleus and thence acting as a transmitter—albeit a somewhat defective one—of a cell characteristic during the cell's reproduction.

Does this mean, to engage in a further flight of fancy, that it is possible to have a virus as a father? Earlier we saw the analogy between sperm-and-egg-cell union and virus invasion of the "mother" cell. The possibility appears so farfetched as to sound facetious, though viruses have been found to father certain hereditary characteristics in bacteria. Among these is the gene-transmitted capacity of some diphtheria germs to produce disease, as against others which do not. Nonetheless, a virus is generally regarded as a cell destroyer, not a fertilizer.

But strange things happen. At the Department of Agriculture laboratories in Beltsville, Maryland, Dark Cornish hens vaccinated against fowl pox subsequently laid eggs that, while technically nonfertile, when incubated developed chick embryos. They almost but not quite, hatched. In this instance of parthenogenesis, or unisexual reproduction, the fowl-pox virus aspired to the rooster's place, and indeed was the father of abnormal cell growth. Again we come close to a virus explanation of the origin of cancer. But the evidence is neither direct nor complete, and the facts still elude us.

What this example does indicate is the vast potential that virus research holds for the future. Science has only begun to learn what viruses can do to us, and what we can do about them. But it is learning, and fast.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Williams. —THE EDITORS

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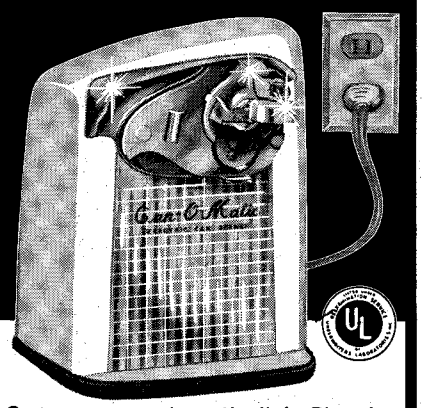

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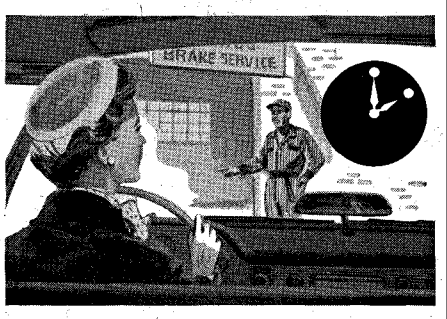

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Keeping Posted

With the Virologists

Greer Williams' current series on viruses (page 30) was extracted from a monumental work which took him two years to write. After a 35,000-word cutting of his manuscript, there still survived a 500-page book, *Virus Hunters*, which Knopf publishes November 16. The author's research, involving consultation with many of the world's great microbiologists, resulted one night in his being seated at dinner between two Nobel-prize winners, Wendell Stanley and Selman Waksman. "Since I had spent considerable time in Stanley's University of California laboratory, he professed disappointment at finding me his dinner partner." Greer Williams adds, "I gathered from his remarks he would have preferred Greer Garson." The author did his writing at home in Hingham, Massachusetts, and his wife, reading chapter after chapter describing virus diseases, got to watching her children tensely for symptoms of any dread infection that might be going around. Deborah, five, and Kevin, four, survived the ordeal in blooming health.

Williams says that most of the eminent scientists, including several

Greer Williams and his family beside the sea, not far from their Massachusetts home.

reputed to be publicity shy and aloof, talked frankly and fully. Being human, they like deserved recognition; but they fear being given credit for what they didn't do, or for more than they have done.

Rip Van Kersh

Gerald Kersh, who used one of his *Post* stories to capture the Mystery Writers of America "Edgar" for 1957, has settled down to live permanently in nearly seventy different places, and now he and his wife are making their permanent home at the foot of the Shawangunk Range in the Catskill Mountains. "Rip Van Winkle was my boyhood hero—he, too, loved skittles, schnapps and long periods of sleep." Kersh likes his neighbors, especially their salty humor. One day, he recalls, a vacationer asked a local character, "What do you farmers do when we city folks go home?" "Fumigate," said the farmer. The author's new tale on page 28 was told to him, in part, by a ninety-four-year-old lady in Cumberland, England, in 1918.

Tales of the Authors

The Bonners in their compound in India.

Harold Mead: for a long time a Japanese prisoner of war.

Since a reporter is supposed to get his news by legwork, it's more or less logical that **Arthur Bonner** covered more than a hundred miles in walking trips in India with Vinoba Bhave (page 32). The author, who also logged 2000 miles on train trips, says that he himself enjoyed the walking tours, but sometimes his feet didn't. Bonner, a foreign correspondent for CBS-TV, has worked in New Delhi and lived with his family in Old Delhi for five years.

When **George Sessions Perry's** death was announced in 1957, tributes to this hundred-times contributor to *The Post* ranked two of his early-day novels among the finest examples of his high talent. These books, *Walls Rise Up* and *Hold Autumn in Your Hand*, are now being reissued in a single volume by Doubleday.

During World War II **Harold Mead** (page 18) was captured by the Japanese while serving as a British infantry officer in Malaya. For nearly four years his wife, then teaching school in a London suburb, did not know whether she was a widow or not. The telegram that said "not" arrived about a month after the Japanese surrendered, and the husband arrived one day after the telegram. Mead's military career being ended by disability, he decided to try writing, which proved a good idea. The author is also associated with the University of Southampton in England, and his family circle includes two sons who are busy acquiring an education.

Free-lance writer **Al Silverman** (page 25) manages a Little League baseball team, the Ardsley, New York, Mules, and he does his typewriting by a window overlooking a neighborhood diamond. Late on summer afternoons Al tells his wife Rosa that he's going out to hoe the garden, but she knows that in no time he will be over playing ball with the young fellas. The three Silverman boys are too young to be drafted by the Mules, but they're aging rapidly.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Changing Role of the Family Doctor"

How the "new look" of the general practitioner affects both physicians and patients.

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